This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Per. 1419 e. $\frac{2933}{25.17}$

THE DOLOROUS WAY, JERUSALEM.

from a sketch on the spot by Dr Johson

THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1871.

SECOND SERIES.—VOL. XVII.

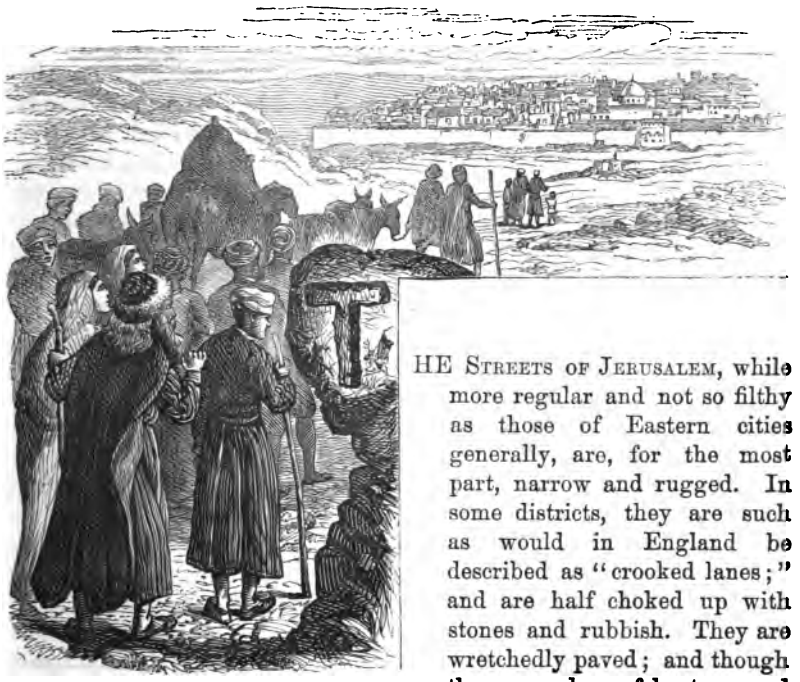
LONDON:
WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,
2, CASTLE-STREET, CITY-ROAD;
SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1871.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.



THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM, while more regular and not so filthy as those of Eastern cities generally, are, for the most part, narrow and rugged. In some districts, they are such as would in England be described as "crooked lanes;" and are half choked up with stones and rubbish. They are wretchedly paved; and though they may be safely traversed in daylight, when the visitor can see how to pick his steps, yet, amidst the solemn darkness of an Eastern evening, they are perilous to the stranger who may venture forth to explore them.

There are two main streets crossing one another in the middle of the city at right angles. One of them runs from west to east, commencing at the Jaffa Gate, approached from without by the great maritime road, leading now, as of old, from the plains of Philistia and Sharon by the Mediterranean, and within running directly across the city to the chief entrance of the Haram, called by some, "the street of David." The other principal street extends from the "Damascus Gate" at the north to "Zion Gate" at the south. These streets divide the city into four quarters, each of which is occupied by a distinct and separate community. The north-east is inhabited by Turkish

Mohammedans, who, though not more than half as numerous as the Jews in Jerusalem, conduct themselves as its conscious lords and possessors. The north-west is the Christian quarter; the south-west is occupied by Armenians; and the south-east by Jews. The whole population of the city, at ordinary periods, and apart from pilgrims who crowd to it at Easter, may be numbered at from sixteen to twenty thousand; of whom, by general estimate, one-fourth are Mohammedans, two-fourths Jews, and one-fourth Christians of various sects. Some other streets also would claim notice, as guides to the topography of the city. One is a short, narrow street, running northwards from the "street of David," soon after entering it from the Jaffa Gate, and leading to the Holy Sepulchre. This is named "Christian-street," having small Frank-shops, right and left, in which both Eastern and Western goods are displayed. Another is a street, or way, leading on the western and upper side of the city, past the Protestant Church, and by the Armenian Convent to the Cemetery at the south-west corner, where is the Cœnaculum over the tomb of David, the interior of which is shown in the Vignette at the end of this article.

But the most picturesque and by far the most interesting street in Jerusalem, to a Christian visitor, is a narrow zigzag lane, which extends from the termination of "Christian-street" at the north-western corner of the Holy Sepulchre to St. Stephen's Gate in the middle of the eastern wall of the city, named Via Dolorosa, or "the Way of Sorrow," along which Jesus is said to have gone forth bearing His Cross. This, no doubt, like many other reports on "holy places" at Jerusalem, is a monkish tradition, and cannot implicitly be relied upon. Still, the localities of Pilate's Judgment-Hall, and of Calvary, may, perhaps, be viewed as so far authenticated that (without receiving all the details) it is difficult to reject entirely the idea that somewhere near to that street the Divine Redeemer of mankind bore upon His scourged and fainting body the Cross to which He was nailed by His hands and feet, and upon which He offered Himself a sacrifice for sinners. There can be little doubt that the Roman Hall of Judgment was at the north-west angle of the Temple site by the Castle of Antonia; and from thence Jesus would be led forth westward for the Palace of Herod, and for Golgotha, if, as supposed, that place of a skull was outside what would then be the north-west wall of the city, since enclosed. But, certain it is, that the present street as to its buildings is very different from that which occupied this site eighteen hundred years ago; for it is Saracenic in its style of architecture, and bears marks, as do the gates and walls encircling the city, of the time of the Crusaders. So that the childish tales told of the "eight stations" within the street, marking the principal events and circumstances related by the Evangelists of Christ bearing the Cross, are manifestly false.

There is, however, in that street what deeply affects the mind of the Christian visitor. Its solitariness and gloom, in some parts, where it is arched over for chambers which cross it; and its strong contrasts, in other parts, of patches of sunshine and shade, with the long, narrow ribbon-like strip of deep blue sky above; and its stones worn by the feet of pilgrims beneath, — all contribute to make it solemnly impressive.

Our coloured Illustration is from a sketch taken from the lower part of this street, looking westward. Commencing at the eastern end with the Palace of Pilate, now the Governor's house, immediately on the left are some old arches built up in the wall, where the *holy stairs* leading to the Judgment-Hall are said to have been, until they were removed by Constantine to the Basilica of St. John Lateran at Rome; and up which weary pilgrims of all ages and conditions of life may be seen clambering on their knees by way of penance. Opposite to these, on the right, is the *Church of the Flagellation*, where, it is said, Christ was scourged at a pillar still shown, and had fixed upon His sacred head the crown of thorns. A few steps onwards stands the Ecce Homo Arch, represented in the above Wood Engraving, which spans the street, having in its front a wooden-framed window, from which Pilate, as he brought forth the Saviour to public view, exclaimed, "Behold the Man!" Proceeding westwards a little further, and turning sharply round on the left, the narrow street is entered at a point from which the Coloured View is taken, and where are clustered together numerous "holy places" within the space of a few yards. At one spot, you are told, that there Jesus Christ fainted in bearing His Cross, and an indentation in the wall is said to be the impression made by His shoulders as He leaned against it to keep Himself from falling. At another, He is said to have addressed His mother in ever-

memorable words. And, then, a few steps forward, is shown the house of St. Veronica, from which that illustrious woman is said to have come forth with the handkerchief, which, having been used to wipe from the face of Jesus the bloody sweat, bore ever afterwards the indelible impression of His face and head encircled with the crown of thorns. Other stations are marked for observation, such as the place where Simon was compelled to bear the Cross, and where Jesus addressed so pathetically the weeping daughters of Jerusalem. But these are all such barefaced monkish inventions, and so absurd, even as traditions, that they cannot command credence with any Protestant. Still, notwithstanding all this glaring falsehood and absurdity, this narrow street, with its crowded traditions, its prison-like walls on either hand, here and there pierced with a thin grated loophole, or broken with a projecting latticed window; with a succession of arches casting their deep shadows over the road, as they recede in the long fading perspective, is highly picturesque and solemnly impressive. When shall the time come that superstition shall cease to feed and strengthen itself in the streets of Jerusalem, and the city, freed from false traditions now upheld by a mercenary priesthood, be again holy to the Lord? F. J. J.

"A TALE THAT IS TOLD." (PSALM xc. 9.)

MEDITATIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

WHATEVER the last year was to us at its close, that it will remain for ever. We cannot change the past. We cannot obliterate any of its details, they are imperishable for ever. Our opportunity is in the present. To a great extent this is in our own power. We may make it what we will. Too often this fact is forgotten or ignored, and the carelessness which characterizes much of our life is the result. We lose sight of the fact that every moment gone leaves the number of our moments less, and we look forward to life as though it had only just begun and would never end, or at least, not for many years. It is well for us that there are seasons when thoughts of the end are thrust upon us. As we now look back upon the departed year, how true do we feel the words of the Psalm to be. It does, indeed, seem to us like a dream, or "a tale that is told," or "a meditation," as it is expressed in the margin of our Bibles. Let us note in what respects this is true.

In "a tale that is told," incidents which in actual occurrence seemed long, are briefly narrated.—So in the retrospect of the year, the longest incidents seem but short. Our view of these depends upon the standpoint from which we take it. In anticipation they seem long; in actual occurrence they seem long or short according to accompanying circumstances; in the retrospect, they invariably seem very short. One has said, "When young our years are ages; in mature life they are three hundred and sixty-five days; in old age they have dwindled to a few weeks."

From the retrospect of the year, then, we learn the shortness of time. The words of the Psalmist have been so rendered by some as to teach this exclusively: "We spend our years as an *exclamation*." "*O!*" and it is gone. Like a bubble, it bursts, and we see it no more. Like a breath, it is breathed and cannot be recalled. It is so short that we must feel the loss of every year. We cannot regard the swiftness of passing time without some anxiety. It is ever lessening our opportunities, and bringing the hour of our death nearer. The stream of time carries us rapidly along, and soon casts us into the ocean of eternity. And when we consider time in reference to *the work of life*, we get a still more solemn view of its brevity. There is much work for all to do, and only just sufficient time in which to do it. There would be quite enough if every moment were improved, but who is not conscious of many arrears? Much of the work that should have been done years ago still remains undone. Well will it be for us if in the future we can fill each moment with its appropriate work; but alas! we cannot make up for lost time, for life is barely long enough for life's work.

How important is it, then, that we should "redeem the time," and assiduously strive to fill every hour with its proper proportion of labour.

Again, *in "a tale that is told," incidents which in actual occurrence seemed important, are passed over as of little consequence.*—So with very much of the year's retrospect. Things look much less when in company than when alone. It is disappointing in casting up the year's account to find

how little some things, from which we expected much advantage, have added to the sum of life. It appears to us that some things which have engaged much of our attention, and occupied much of our time, have not yielded so much as others which have consumed less. Regarding this as not imaginary, but real, we may partly account for it by the fact that man is often mistaken in his estimate of probable results. He thinks that a certain course of action will produce consequences which it never will, and never can. Hence his disappointment. How many mistakes of this kind do we make every year, and how much time is thus wasted. We need Divine guidance in every step of life. This alone will prevent these errors, and enable us to do the right thing at the right time, in order to gain the desired end. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

It may be, however, that this difference is only imaginary. The labour which seems to us to have been so unproductive, may after all, directly or indirectly, add much to the sum of life. We may at least conclude that no sincere labour is absolutely vain. It may be mistaken, and consequently fall short of the contemplated end, but it will not be disregarded by Him by Whom and for Whom we live. Yet it is very humbling. We aim at a good mark, but miss it. Failure is always depressing, though it may often do us real good; it shows us our frailty and infirmity, and this is a lesson which we ever need to learn. In looking back upon the past year, we may discover much failure arising from frequent mistake, but it will not be all lost if we learn from it a lesson of real humility.

Again: "*A tale that is told*" *is interesting or otherwise, according to the character of its details.*—So the retrospect of the year is happy or miserable, according to the kind of actions with which it has been filled. If the year has been spent in selfish or ungodly pursuits, the retrospect cannot be a happy one, for though the object sought may have been attained, yet, the end is so unsatisfactory that it causes more pain than pleasure. A year so spent is felt to be wasted. And so it is, for though a little present advantage may have been the result, yet that result adds nothing to the real or prospective happiness of the man. He feels that in gaining one advantage he has lost a greater, even the favour of God. With such a feeling, the year's retrospect cannot be a happy one. But if instead of living for self and in sin, we have lived for God and for others, our reflections at the close of the year will be very agreeable. God's approbation will give the greatest joy, but comfort will be gathered also from the thought of the happiness we have conveyed to others. If in the year's narrative, the "tale that is told," there should be accounts of sinners brought to Christ through our instrumentality, of comfort imparted to the sick and dying, of repeated acts of self-denial from which others have derived good, of hours spent in secret intercourse with God, and of Christian acts fruitful of good, how happy will our meditations be. To the approbation of God will be added the blessings of those whose burdens we have lightened and whose happiness we have promoted. Happy if the tale told should have such a conclusion!

Lastly: *A good tale always gives point to a good moral.*—So the retrospect of the year teaches very important lessons. It teaches us what to do, and what to avoid, if we would make our future happy. We cannot recall the past. It is gone for ever. But we may make the experience of the past tell upon our conduct in the future. Let us commence the New Year by giving ourselves up to God. Let us, then, by Divine help, seek to avoid the follies and sins which have marked and marred the past. Then the tale will not have been told in vain.

Malton. _____ J. F.

MY MOTTO—"READY!"

I FREQUENTLY find it pleasant and profitable to read over the correspondence of former years, thereby bringing back to memory many valuable hints, useful anecdotes, or Christian advice. Especially do I like to do this, when, from some cause or other, the writers have ceased to favour me with their communications, and "old letters" are all I have in remembrance of "long, long ago." Such a document have I just been reading; it proved to be a New-Year's Letter. My friend writes:—

"I have been wondering what motto to send you for the New Year, and have just now heard that a noble lady, who spends much time in this neighbourhood in seeking to benefit the poorer classes, has this morning announced in a Mothers'-meeting, that her motto for the year is, 'Ready!' That motto I commend to you."

What were my precise feelings and reflections when I received that letter I do not pretend to remember; but the re-perusal of it has set me thinking. "Ready!" it is derived from an old Saxon word, which signifies prompt, prepared, willing; perhaps the best definition of the word is, *prepared;* for certainly a great deal of what is termed readiness is nothing else but rashness.

"Move that chest of tea," said a grocer to one of his men who was able and accustomed to lift heavy weights. "*I* will, Sir," said a stripling apprentice, and, in a twinkling, the chest was put in its proper place; but the apprentice never moved another heavy weight, for he had overtaxed his strength, and serious illness was the consequence. "Poor fellow," said many a sympathizing neighbour, "he was too ready." I think he was *too rash;* that same promptitude in his own department of labour would have been commendable, but in the department of another it was blame-worthy. Clearly, then, if "ready" is my motto, I must understand it to mean, "Prepared" to do what it is my place to do.

> "Placed according to God's will
> Let me all my work fulfil;"

and take care, as Paul advised Titus to teach the Christians of Crete, "to be ready to every good work."

A ready utterance is frequently coveted, but I find many ready enough to speak, according to the common acceptation of the term, but not according to the true idea, *prepared.* I think I must make my motto apply to my talking powers, only it must not be in opposition to the Apostle's advice that I should be "slow to speak." My readiness must be a preparedness to say the right thing, in a right manner, at a right time, and in the right place. It was when David's heart was "inditing a good matter" that his tongue was as "the pen of a ready writer." The "things touching the

King," called forth his eloquence. Here, then, where many fail, and where I so often have been sinfully silent, let me think of my motto, and be "ready" to "tell of the wondrous faithfulness," and grace, and love of Jesus; and "ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh a reason of the hope that is in" me, "with meekness and fear." When the heart overflows, "the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly."

"My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name."

But to a renewed soul, working for Jesus is very pleasant; speaking of and for Jesus is sometimes a necessity, for when the "heart is full of Christ" it "longs its glorious matter to declare;" but, methinks, it requires more grace to be "ready" to suffer; and yet if this motto is mine it certainly must take in suffering. There are many kinds of suffering in the world, and that which is most difficult to bear, is that which is the product of our own sin.

A little girl had been told not to touch a sharp knife that lay on the table; she disobeyed the command and cut her fingers; for many days she suffered much, but little Margaret whenever she told the tale of her misfortune finished with the doleful lament, "And I did it myself." Yes, there was the sting! she had no one to blame. There is no doubt that my friend's motto must apply to suffering, but it must be such suffering as is sent by my Heavenly Father. It may be pain, poverty, persecution, bereavement, but if it come from Him who "doeth all things well," I may be ready or prepared to meet it. The Word of God helps me much, for what says the Apostle: "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons;" for the present it may be "grievous," but let me think of the "yield" it will have "afterward," when—

"The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character Divine,
The stamp of perfect love."

Then let the Bridegroom come when He may, I shall be "ready" to go "in with Him to the marriage."

ALPHA.

THE GLORY OF DECAY.

"THE glory of decay." Witness it in the decay of nature; walk forth on some bright autumnal afternoon into the country, and look on the landscape, and see the trees, with their rich tints of red and brown, and the falling leaves, while the sun sheds its glorious radiance over them, tinging with a soft gold their already beautiful hues. Watch it till your heart is constrained to praise the Creator, and you will exclaim, "even in the decay of nature there is glory."

Watch the infant whom that mother is bending anxiously over, waiting to catch its last breath, feeling that she can even be thankful that God is taking it from this world, for she knows that now no care-worn lines will ever be drawn on that sweet face, no shame be written on that fair brow, no spot of sin ever sully that pure soul. And as it draws its last breath, there settles on its face a sweet smile, as if it were already in its Saviour's bosom; and as the tearful mother gazes her last upon it, she feels that there is both beauty and glory in decay.

Look at the fair young girl, as she

lies on her couch of languishing and pain, with her white brow and flushed cheek, a victim of consumption. There is not a fairer picture to be seen. She has relinquished all her bright hopes for this world, just as life was bursting in beauty upon her. The struggle was hard and long, but the victory is won, and now no hopes of the future can disturb the calm and holy joy she feels as she lies there, waiting for her Saviour's call, and slowly fades away from our view. Our hearts are strangely melted within us as her clear voice tells of the home to which she is going, of the peaceful resting-place she will find in the Saviour's arms; and a voice whispers in our hearts, "there is glory in decay."

See that youth, stricken by the hand of death in a foreign clime, away from home and friends, and all that he holds dear. No kindly hand to wipe the death dew from his clammy brow; no mother to kiss his cold lips, and help him in the dark hour of death; no sister to clasp the icy hands upon his breast, and shed over him the mourner's tear! No, he is alone, with no friendly hand to help him. Yet, as he passes away from earth, there is stamped on his features a glory that never rested there in life, a glory telling that the Sun of Righteousness has shed its rays over his dying bed. And even the stranger who looks on "him that is dead," feels "there is glory in decay."

Tread softly, a mother is dying; earth is very bright to her, and as she takes the last gaze at her little ones, there is a look of agony on her face, and her heart cries out, "how can I leave them?" But the promises of her Saviour come as refreshing waters to her soul, and she feels she can leave them in His hands, and sweetly submits to His will. Then she parts with her husband, the one to whom she has given her best earthly love, and calmly waits the call to that better land. And as her spirit passes away to its heavenly home, her husband bows to the will of God, and exclaims, "Even so, Father: for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." And he, too, feels that "there is glory in decay."

But come with me, and watch that strong man die: he feels his pulse, and knows that soon it shall beat no more; that other hands than his shall wield authority where he has been wont to reign. He will be sought in vain in the counting-house, and on the Exchange. And notwithstanding he knows that there are those dependent on him whom he loves more than life, that his wife and children shall feel sorrow which his strong arm would have kept far from them, knows that the time is not far distant when his sightless eyes shall be closed, and his tongue can no more speak the thoughts of his heart; that soon the bell will toll for him, and he will be carried to his last resting-place, to return no more for ever; yet he casts his care upon the Lord, Who has promised to be a Husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless, feeling that He will fulfil His promise. And from the depths of his heart he cries, "I will praise Thee, O Lord, for Thy manifold mercies to me!" and then resigns his soul into the hands of his Maker, while traces of glory are upon his face and brow.

See the aged Christian warrior, drawing near to the confines of the eternal world, and with his feet touching the cold stream of death;

he looks upon his past life, and reviews the mercy with which God has crowned it. He has been in the heat of the battle, and at times sorely discouraged by the assaults of the enemy, but he has never been forsaken. No fear of death troubles his soul, and as he stands on the bank, he tells to all around the goodness of his loving Redeemer, and beseeches them to meet him on the other side of the river, and join with him in singing the praise of the Saviour; and then, with a look of heaven-born glory, he passes away triumphant, exclaiming, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." And those around feel awed by the strange mysterious glory that fills the place.

But would there be any glory in decay, if we had no bright future to look forward to? no spring after the autumn; no new life in Christ after death; no meeting after the parting; no clasping hand to grasp us on the other side; no Christ; no heaven? O! if this were the case, what sorrow in decay; what woe and anguish, instead of glory; what fearful pain and darkness, instead of joy and light. Surely, Christ sheds His glory on decay; for by Him we look for new life, we know that after death there will be joyful re-unions, joyful clasping of hands and hearts; where there will be no more pain, no more parting; *and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.* B.

Southampton.

BINDING FAGOTS.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

FAGOTS are not now very extensively used in this country, and therefore men are not often seen binding them. In some parts, a labouring man may be observed coming home, after his hard day's toil, with a heavy load of dry sticks which he has had permission to gather from under the trees in one of the woods belonging to the Squire; or some old woman, bending beneath a smaller load which it has been half-a-day's task to collect. But wood has become comparatively scarce, and modern skill has reached larger treasure-chambers of coal, so that fagot-binding is somewhat rare. The business has well-nigh disappeared in company with the spinning-wheels so industriously employed by our grandmothers, and the hand-looms once common in Lancashire and elsewhere.

There is, however, a kind of fagot-binding which is as prevalent now as in former days. The Saviour referred to the entire trade of which this may be regarded as a branch, and its deplorable abuse, in very solemn words: "They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers." (Matt. xxiii. 4.) The assigning to our acquaintances burdens of various size, seems to be a very ancient employment. It has been done with considerable charity, with little charity, and, as in the case of those rebuked by Christ, without any charity whatever. But many are in our day engaged in this task. The work is performed in all sorts of places. In affairs ecclesiastical, there is much done in back-parlours, where two or three intimate friends refresh themselves with tea or tobacco; in vestries, by men more partial to business meetings than prayer-meetings; and in solitary rooms occupied by those whose special gifts have not yet been

appreciated. In these and such places there is much fagot-binding. Now, inasmuch as, to some degree, really estimable people may injure themselves as those wicked men so largely did in Christ's days, it may be well to consider at our leisure the entire subject. But only a few hints can now be given.

I. *Those make the largest bundles who do not intend to carry them.*—When duly formed and fastened they are to be laid on "*other* men's shoulders." Sometimes a man is so strong, and can carry a large weight so easily, that he has very little sympathy with the feeble folk around him. He therefore is disposed to grumble that people carry so little, and walk so slow, and stagger so much. In a few years, and perhaps sooner, the man will be wiser. Though a veritable fault-finder, he is manfully sustaining burdens for the Master, and will be taught in the Master's good time, more than he guesses just now. A time may come when, to him, "the grasshopper shall be a burden." Such a time has come to as brave men as he is and as vigorous. But leave him to his Lord's teaching. If he has little sympathy at present for feeble folk who are trying to carry what, for them, is very heavy, what sympathy can the man have who never carries anything? The idler has abundance of leisure to arrange burdens for other people, and to find fault with their performances. How can he feel for them? Some hard-working people are too quick to discern weaknesses in others, but a lazy lounger can do the grumbling for an entire church. He has nothing else to do. Ministers and lay-preachers, leaders and stewards, teachers on the Sabbath and week-days, he can call to account. He is the man for making large bundles. They are never too big for him.

II. *In making bundles for others much tenderness is needed.*—There are many people not so strong as they seem, and some will not disclose their ailments even if they are scolded for not carrying heavier weights. There are many who have burdens to carry which the volunteer fagot-binder knows nothing of. He will never be allowed to penetrate their secret, though he does fully express his disdain for their efforts. No doubt it would be advantageous if preachers would always be first-rate in the pulpit, downright clever in business, and indefatigable in attending to everybody; if leaders could nurse every member like a sick child without ever being tired; if professors always spoke genially and respectfully to everybody however they were treated, whatever the weather, and in every state of business. But to be at all times what we ought to be involves much, to say nothing of the mere fancies of the fagot-binder. In judging of others we should employ much tenderness.

III. *Binding fagots for others to carry will generally prove unprofitable.*—In some cases it becomes a man's duty to assign tasks to a few around him. A parent is required to give directions to his children. A Minister is under obligation, to the best of his ability, to preach practical godliness, and prudently apply it to individual cases. So there are others whose enlarged experience and knowledge may be of service to those around them. But, unless it be our manifest duty, we had better abstain from authoritatively declaring how much other people should carry. When it is our manifest duty, let us fulfil it. But to assume

an authority to direct and censure, for which we are unqualified, and to which we are not called, will result in no gain; we shall neither be thanked by men, nor rewarded by God.

IV. *Let us be cheerfully willing to do our utmost for God.*—While we extend tenderness towards others, and hope for tendernes from them, we must employ all fidelity in our judgment of ourselves. It is meet that we should cherish a holy ambition to do much for our Lord, and on behalf of those who have been redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. Jesus, when at the well of Samaria, said to His disciples, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of...My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work." Let us strive to gain somewhat of the spirit of our blessed Master. There may be nigh to us, at times, those who unkindly judge our performances, and who would not be satisfied if we did our utmost. Our Lord is not thus "austere." We may, by Divine grace, approve ourselves to Him. We are under infinite obligations to yield ourselves without reserve to His service, doing our work heartily as unto the Lord. Thus may we please Him whom we love, and secure a "full reward."

THE MAGNITUDE OF METHODISM.

WHO will deny, for instance, that Methodism has exercised a potent and beneficial influence upon other churches. Episcopal, Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist Churches, have all been largely indebted to thodism, either directly or indirectly, for many of the best isters and agents they have ever

It is a remarkable fact, that during Wesley's lifetime, of the six hundred and ninety men who acted under him as itinerant preachers, two hundred and forty-nine relinquished the itinerant ministry. These two hundred and forty-nine *retirers* included not a few of the most intelligent, energetic, pious, and useful preachers that Wesley had. Some left him on the ground of health, others began business, because, as itinerant preachers, they were unable to support their wives and families, but a large proportion became ordained ministers in other churches. In some instances the labours of these men and their brother Methodists led to marvellous results. To give but one example: David Taylor, originally a servant of Lady Huntingdon, was one of Wesley's first preachers, but afterwards left the work. Taylor, however, was the means of converting Samuel Deacon, an agricultural labourer; and the two combined, were the instruments, in the hands of God, of raising up a number of churches in Yorkshire and the midland counties, which, in 1770, were organized into the New Connexion of General Baptists, and that Connexion, seventy years afterwards, in 1840, comprised one hundred and thirteen churches, having eleven thousand three hundred and fifty-eight members, a foreign Missionary Society, and two theological academies.

Sunday-schools are now an important appendage of every church, and have been a benefit to millions of immortal souls; but it deserves to be mentioned, that Hannah Ball, a young Methodist lady, had a Methodist Sunday-school at High-Wycombe, fourteen years before Robert Raikes began his at Gloucester; and that Sophia Cooke, another Methodist, who afterwards

became Mrs. Samuel Bradburn, was the first who suggested to Raikes the Sunday-school idea.

Let the reader think of twelve millions of people at present enjoying the benefits of Methodist instruction; let him think of Methodism's twenty-one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five ordained Ministers, and of its tens of thousands of lay-preachers; let him think of the immense amount of its Church-property, and of the well-nigh countless number of its Church publications; let him think of millions of young people in its schools, and of its Missionary agents almost all the wide world over; let him think of its incalculable influence upon other Churches, and of the unsectarian institutions to which it has given rise,—and then let him say whether the bold suggestion is not strictly true—that "Methodism is the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ." *

GOOD SAYINGS.

Self-surrender in Prayer.—Prayer is love's yearning to pour out everything into the bosom of God. It is the act of trustful resignation, which leaves everything in His hands. Nothing is too insignificant to bring thus before God, if it has but become of real importance to us. Our secret relation to God proves and expresses its vitality in this intercourse of prayer. Without this it is but dead. Surrender to God in prayer is the essentially necessary expression and proof of love. In prayer we resign ourselves, and all that interests us, to God. This is the highest degree of giving. But the highest act of giving is at the same time the highest degree of receiving; for while in prayer we forsake this perishing and transitory world, we enter the eternal world, and breathe its air.—*Luthardt.*

The Accuser of the Brethren.—It is not harder to keep the flies out of your cupboards in summer from tainting your provision, than Satan out of your consciences. Many a sweet meal hath he robbed the saints of, and sent them supperless to bed. —*Gurnal.*

God in Nature.—Ask the world, the beauty of the heaven, the brilliancy and ordering of the stars, the sun that sufficeth for the day, the moon the solace of the night; ask the earth, fruitful in herbs and trees, full of animals, adorned with men; ask the sea, with how great and what kind of fishes filled! ask the air, stocked with what multitudes of birds! ask all things, and see if they do not, as it were by a language of their own, make answer to thee, *God made us.*—*Augustine.*

SONNET.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "WILD FLOWERS," ETC.

INTO green pastures hast Thou led me, Lord,
And where the waters quiet glide along,
Bearing a lighter burden than my song,
Which scarce beneath the joy finds voice or word.
Over the mountains have I stray'd, a sheep
Finding no echo to my bleat, till Thou,
Seeing me yearning for the fold, didst keep
My feet from further wand'rings; and I now,
Sweet Shepherd, praise Thee for the love which sought,

* From the Rev. L. Tyerman's invaluable new work, "The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A."

And out of many wilds deliverance wrought.
O, by these gentle means restore my soul,
That, as the lamb for sacrifice was white,
And offer'd without blemish to the sight,
I may upon Thine altars be laid whole!

SARSON.

FAR AWAY.

The land that is very "far off:"
But now "made nigh by the blood of Christ."

THEY tell us of a land all steep'd in splendour,
Free from earth's death-cloud, and its sorrow's shade,
Whose glorious attributes divinely render
Perpetual sweets and joys that never fade.

And in the future, faith has caught the gleaming
Of golden flood-gates, and a silver tide,
Of dimless radiance through ages streaming,
Of white-robed forms the surgeless sea beside.

But far away appear'd the walls eternal,
A dreary distance o'er a rugged way;
Nor nearer seem'd we as the march diurnal
Slow ended at the weary close of day.

But on, near by us, ever freely flowing,
A crimson current pour'd its rapid line,
The new and living way to heaven showing,
The only path to endless bliss Divine.

And now upon its further margin standing,
Close lies the country that we mean to win,
Some of our host upon its shores are landing,
And we are waiting to be taken in.

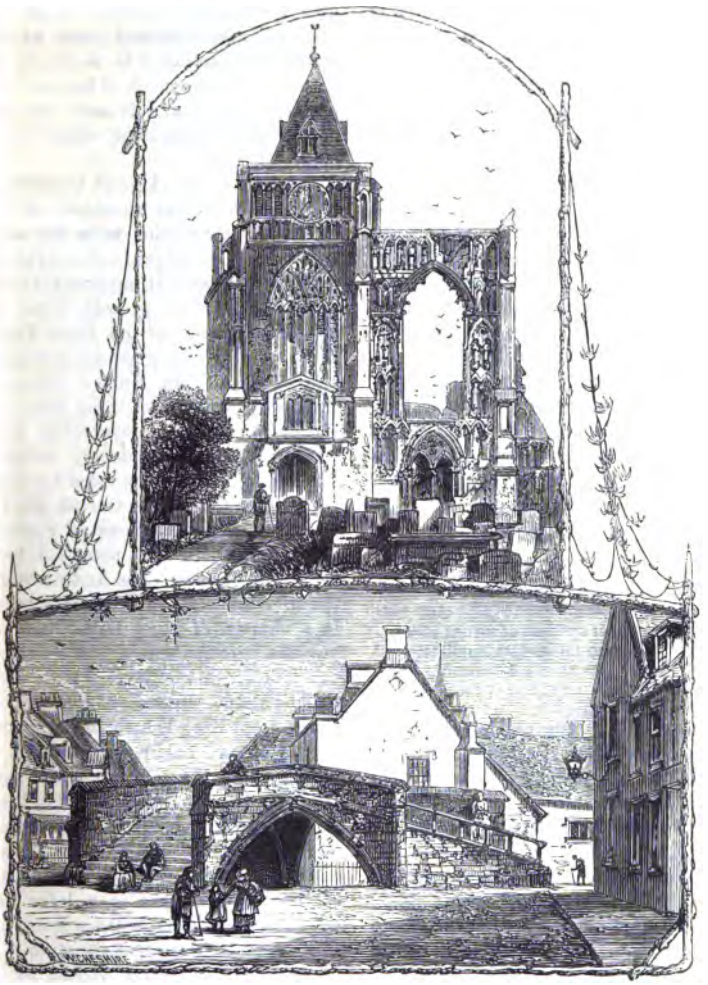
Waiting yet working, for to each is given
A task assign'd by God's beloved Son,
Whose spotless side with cruel rage was riven,
That all mankind the gates of death might shun.

And we, to those we left behind are calling,
Bidding them plunge into the fountain free;
Holding the helping hand to aid from falling;
Inviting all the inner home to see.

Uttoxeter. M. A. H.

CROWLAND ABBEY.

THE story of the foundation of Crowland Abbey, which is still preserved, in pictorial representation, in a quarterfoil over the old western gateway, is rather remarkable. Its patron saint, Guthlac, was born A.D. 673, somewhat less than a century after the celebrated visit of Saint Augustine to our shores. He is said to have been the first Saxon monk who betook himself to a hermetic life. A young nobleman of the kingdom of Mercia, he was trained to arms, but at the age of twenty-four laid aside his sword, and retired to the Monastery of Repton. He went to Crowland, which was anciently called Crulande, or Crudeland, and more modernly Croixland and Croyland, in compliance with a vision, in which he was directed by the Spirit to fix his station at a place where he should find a sow suckling her pigs. Accordingly he set out, with his friend Cissa, a priest, and Satwin, a boatman, and sailed to the Isle of Crowland, which, it was said, no man could ever inhabit, by reason of its swarming with demons. Here, however, they found the sacred sign of the sow and pigs under a willow tree, and Guthlac erected his cell on the island, on the site of which afterwards arose the magnificent abbey. The legend also tells how the saint compelled the devil to fetch him stones, ready cut, from a



distant quarry, to build his oratory, and represents him as administering discipline to the tardy messenger, with the whip of Saint Bartholomew. Satan did not forget this, for after the death of Guthlac he contended with a good angel for the possession of the departed, but was defeated in the contest.

The original monastery was built by King Ethelbald, soon after his advancement to the throne, in fulfilment of a vow which he had made to the patron saint in his lifetime. In connection with it a seminary was established at Penkirk, by Turketul, the monk, which Dr. Stukeley regards as "the source of the two Universities of Cambridge and Stamford."

Successive Saxon kings greatly enriched the abbey, and it was presided

over by several learned and notable abbots; but after the Danish invasion it was burnt to the ground, a valuable library of books destroyed, and the monks slaughtered, excepting such as had previously escaped. Hereward, who has been called "the last of the English," because he had declared that when the Conqueror was made king, he would be the last man to own it, after a life of great dissipation and many fruitless attempts to dispute the authority of the Norman king of England, was buried at Crowland Abbey. Notwithstanding his many failings, Hereward was held in much esteem by the Saxons, who were smarting under the subjugation to which they had been reduced by the haughty Normans, and when his body was conveyed to its last resting-place by a number of monks and women in a boat, they loudly bewailed his loss, as the following lines record:—

"And on by Ponsand, and by Asendyke,
By winding reaches on, and shining meres;
Between grey reed ronds and green alder beds,
A dirge of monks and wail of women rose
In vain to heaven for the last Englishman;
Then died far off among the boundless mist,
And left the Norman master of the land."

Hereward left one child, a daughter, who married Earl Hugh, of Evermere, whose son, Richard of Rulas, the old chronicler informs us, was "the first of the new English who, by the inspiration of God, began to drain the fens."

Twice again the abbey was burnt, but each time restored and made more magnificent than before. In the year 1460, when civil war raged, King Henry VI. spent three days and nights at Crowland, and another royal visit was paid by Edward IV. in 1467.

The abbey was surrendered to the Crown in 1539 by John Welles, *alias* Bridges, the presiding abbot, who received a life pension of £133 6*s*. 8*d*. At the time of the Commonwealth the abbey was fortified for the king, but Cromwell's troops took the town, the painted windows were broken by the soldiers, and from thenceforth the building was allowed to go to ruin, excepting the north aisle, which was used for a parish church. In the year 1860 effective measures were adopted, under the direction of G. G. Scott, Esq., for conserving so much of the old building as remained, and it now stands one of the most interesting ruins in the land.

The triangular bridge at Crowland is always regarded as an object of great interest in connection with the abbey. It is said to be unique in the style of its construction, and is supposed to have been built in its present form as a standing emblem of the Holy Trinity. It is certainly designed to convey the idea of Trinity in Unity. There are three ways under and three ways over it, yet the bridge is composed but of one arch, very ingeniously arranged. It was originally surmounted by a cross, from which the monks started on their periodical perambulations of their property, and where they preached to the people out of doors. The first mention of the triangular bridge of Crowland occurs in a charter of King Edred, A.D. 943, but the present bridge was erected in the fourteenth century. At the foot is a stone statue, which has been supposed to represent King Ethelbald, the founder of the abbey, holding a glove in his hand; while the common people say it is Oliver Cromwell with a loaf of bread. A more probable conjecture is that of a learned antiquarian, that it is a statue of our blessed Lord in glory, and that its original position was in a lofty place over the abbey, from whence it has been transferred to its present situation.

Crowland was early visited by the Methodist preachers, who were a good deal persecuted by the inhabitants, but Methodism soon took root here, and still continues to flourish. It is now the second place in the Peterborough Circuit, and the present chapel, which is the third that has been erected, will seat over six hundred persons. The Methodists, too, were the first to provide for the instruction of the children of the parish, but the day-school has given way to a large Church of England school,

erected a few years ago. There is still, however, a good Methodist Sunday-school, which is largely attended.

C. H. GOUGH.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

VII.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

IN the year 1767, the island of Tahiti was taken possession of by a British captain in the name of his Sovereign, King George III. Soon after that event, the renowned Captain Cook visited the same island for scientific purposes. The great voyager went to the South Seas to observe the transit of the planet Venus. Afterwards, the voyage was repeated to search for a southern continent, and finally, to find a passage from the Pacific into the Atlantic Ocean, more eligible than that round Cape Horn. Important discoveries were made during these voyages. The interest thus awakened in the breasts of many was various and mighty: whilst some considered the latitude, the climate, and the produce of the islands for purposes of science and commerce, others made the moral state of the inhabitants the subject of their conversation and study, and thus the isles of the South Sea became a new scene of labour to those who felt interested in the universal diffusion of Christianity. What could have been a greater boon to a sinful people, than the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and its attendant blessings?

John Williams now comes before us, whose history as a Christian Missionary it may be profitable to study. He, too, rose from a humble beginning to very distinguished eminence, and all because Jehovah was the portion of his soul. He was apprenticed to an ironmonger in London. One Sunday he was going to break the Sabbath, when his mistress met him, and asked him to go to chapel with her, and he consented. The preacher was the renowned Matthew Wilks. That service proved the turning-point in the history of Williams, both for this world and the world to come. He was awakened to a proper sense of his guilt and danger as a sinner against God; and he sought the Lord's forgiveness through faith in Jesus Christ, till he could rejoice in a sense of Divine mercy. He afterwards placed himself under the pastoral care of him whose ministry had been blessed to his spiritual good.

Matthew Wilks stood by the South-Sea Mission in the infancy of its existence, and at a crisis in its history. Because positive results did not follow the labours of the first Missionaries there, so soon as its supporters expected and wished, some of them proposed to abandon the Mission altogether. But the pastor of Mr. Williams was amongst those that took the other side of the case. He said, "he would rather sell the garments from his back than that the Mission should be given up." A timely sentence sometimes rules the decision of an assembly in doubt, and leads to results for which nations will have to be thankful for generations to come. In due time Mr. Williams was a candidate for the Christian Ministry, requesting to be employed as a Missionary in the South-Sea Islands. In the year 1817, he joined the Mission in the island of Raiatea, about one hundred miles from Tahiti. The scene of his labours at that time was enough to call forth all the piety, zeal, and talent which he could command. He beheld human nature in the depth of its fall and the strength of its sinful propensities, and the people around him "loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

Superstitious practices were then ruling the people, under the influence of slavish and tormenting fear. Infanticide, fratricide, and parricide were commonly practised by the people, under the influence of various motives. One mother when asked how many of her children she had put to death, replied, "I have destroyed *nine*." Another had murdered *seven*, another *five*, and a father had butchered *sixteen*. Mr.

Williams says the extent to which the practice was carried at the Tahitian and Society Islands almost exceeds belief; and in the last-mentioned group, "he had never conversed with a female who had been a mother previous to the introduction of Christianity there, who had not destroyed some of her own children, and frequently as many as from *five* to *ten*." The licentiousness of the people in their heathen state outraged all decency, so that the mind revolts from the contemplation of it. Their wars were desolating the islands at a rapid rate. In one of them, the people for a while kept an account of the battles they had fought, and the number reached *one hundred and ninety-seven*. The laws of their warfare were to "burn, kill, and destroy." In another island, the horrid practice had been so fully carried out, that it was almost without inhabitants. The wives, the daughters, and sisters were treated by their husbands, their parents, and brothers as inferior beings. Human sacrifices were offered to their supposed deities on different occasions, and sometimes for opposite purposes, so that human life was always in danger, and was regarded as a cheap thing. Cannibalism, too, was amongst their hideous practices.

We here see the disease of fallen human nature so deep and wide, so mighty and ruinous, that a remedy no less than Divine was necessary to its removal. The Gospel when rightly preached has ever proved itself to be "the power of God unto salvation," in the experience of those that have attended to its requirements. What did it do when preached by Mr. Williams and his colleagues? It opened the eyes of those degraded islanders, so that amidst the light of the teaching of the Holy Spirit, they saw and felt their guilt and danger as sinners against God. It taught them the folly of idolatry, and they gave it up, burning their gods and destroying their temples. It taught them the wickedness of killing their relatives, of war, cannibalism, human sacrifices, and polygamy, and they abandoned all these crimes. It showed them the claims of woman and her place in society, and they acknowledged those claims. It made known to them the Christian Sabbath and its design, and they held it sacred to God, and to their own interests as spiritual beings. They were thus led to centre their affections in Jehovah. They embraced Jesus Christ by faith as their salvation. They yielded to the Holy Ghost to be taught Divine things, and to obtain Divine blessings. They *heard of heaven* and *learned the way*. They sought a title to its joys, and a fitness for its blessings. They built houses in which to worship the Triune God. They erected schools, in which they and their children might learn different branches of needful knowledge. They instituted family worship in their respective homes; they became kind to their relatives who were enfeebled by age or affliction; they learned the language of Canaan by beginning at its alphabet, and going on to its words, its sentences, its paragraphs, and chapters; and now they can speak that language, and tell of "the things of God." They now raise amongst themselves teachers, and means to carry the Gospel into regions beyond themselves: thus adopting the Scripture principle, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

"What a scale of miracles is here!"

Disinterested spectators, who have made no pretentions to piety, have seen and owned many of these facts, and European Christians who have mingled with the converted natives have seen and hailed them too. Those who go to the South-Sea Islands only to trade, know the dangers to which they were exposed before the natives embraced Christianity, and the safety they enjoy now that the people are followers of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Williams, as a pioneer Christian Missionary, appears to advantage in more respects than one. The qualifications which his office and position required, included much more than ability to teach the truths of Christianity. If he had known nothing more, his life would not

have been so useful as it was. But like William Carey in India, and Felix Neff amongst the Alps, John Williams in Polynesia could be a preacher of the Gospel at one time, a mechanic at another, and a husbandman at another, and all to raise a deeply-debased people to knowledge and civilization, to humanity and Christianity. The people now bless his memory, not only because of their spiritual state and prospects, but also on account of the temporal comforts and blessings amidst which they are living.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," and if John Williams in the South-Sea Islands could not obtain for money those conveniences which in this country would easily have been at his command, he would not yield to circumstances, but would try to make the best of what he had.

He built a smith's shop, constructed a forge, made a pair of bellows, and was smith, carpenter, etc. He also built a ship in which he could visit other islands, where the people were still "sitting in the region and shadow of death." With a vessel thus constructed, he put to sea; and with such sailors as the islands could furnish, he undertook a voyage of discovery, stretching over many hundreds of miles, amidst the dangers which belonged to the navigation of the Pacific Ocean, when nautical knowledge there was in its infancy. Such an enterprise was not all sunshine. This noble man was repeatedly "in perils of waters." The reefs there often make it difficult to land in safety, and sometimes as dangerous an undertaking to leave the shore.

On one occasion, Mr. Williams tells us, "a billow rolled in and overwhelmed them, so that the boat and the crew were dashed upon the reef." He was "twirled about in a whirlpool and sank to a great depth." It was well for him that he could swim, and so when he came to the surface he struck out towards the shore, and thus, by the aid of two natives, was enabled to reach the land before the next billow discharged its sweeping power. When writing an account of his danger and deliverance, he says, "Thus for the sixth time I was rescued from a watery grave." "Immortal till his work was done!"

Languages before unknown, he and his colleagues mastered and reduced to a system; a code of laws, based on the teaching of the Bible, was made and given to the people for the regulation of their conduct in the affairs of life. Trial by jury was instituted, instead of that system of oppression which was so common amongst the people before they embraced Christianity, and which made the will of the ruling chief the law of the land, whether right or wrong. Before the people became Christians, their civil polity was interwoven with their sanguinary idolatry; but when true religion triumphed, both those evils fell together. Thus *might* ceased to be *right*, and the feeble and the oppressed found a defence in Christianity which they never before enjoyed.

Civilization and the usual blessings of social life followed rapidly in the train of Christianity. One of the governing principles of Mr. Williams was, "not to descend to the level of the people in their heathenism, but to raise them to his own elevation as a Christian." And he carried out his principle in common things as well as in higher matters. He showed the people that Christianity was a temporal good as well as a spiritual gain to all who embraced it.

He made known to his converts the USEFUL ARTS,—such as smiths' work, house-building, ship-building, lime-burning, pruning, sofa- chair- and bedstead-making, sugar-boiling, etc.: the cultivation of VEGETABLE PRODUCTIONS,—such as a variety of valuable esculents, pumpkins, melons, sweet potatoes, etc.; oranges, lemons, pine-apples, custard-apples, coffee, cotton, and indigo. He also introduced several ANIMALS,—such as goats, sheep, horses, asses, cattle, and pigs; also turkeys, geese, ducks, and domestic fowls.

The "Narrative" published by Mr. Williams has done much to advance the cause of Christian Missions to the

heathen world. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, when Bishop of Chester, after having read the book, was on one occasion addressing a religious meeting, when he said, "he would rather lose half the folios of his library than be without the book called 'Missionary Enterprise in the South-Sea Islands.'"

The death of Mr. Williams, by the clubs of cannibals, when known, produced a deep feeling of sorrow in this country. Others thought such a distinguished Missionary life had its appropriate close in a martyr's death. Be that as it may, we know he has gone to heaven, where he will for ever enjoy a Missionary's reward and a martyr's crown.

When he was in England, writing his very interesting work on the toils and triumphs of himself and other labourers in the same field, he could even then say that he had travelled a *hundred thousand miles*, and spent *eighteen years* serving his generation, and doing the will of his Divine Master in heaven.

CITY MUSINGS.

TRIFLES.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

MANY a time we have wondered that in the construction of our cities so little provision is made for the yearnings within us after the beautiful in nature. Who amongst the dwellers in the city that has ever heard the leafy harpings and tinkling grasses in the forest's orchestra, would consider that a trifle which might almost recall the music of Eden? and yet if you notice the curl in the lip of some of your sharp money-making business men when such language is used, you will see at a glance that they consider all such "yearnings" poetic trash.

Amongst the thousands who annually go from distant villages and country districts to swell the population of our large cities, how many feel the aching heart-cry, "O! that there were something near me daily, if only a trifle, that would remind me of the old homestead, the hills and dales, the fields and flowers, which gladdened my heart in the days gone by, it may be for ever"? Now there is nothing, morning, noon, or night, for the home-sick wanderer to gaze upon but stones, bricks and mortar, mortar, bricks, and stones, and these not moulded into forms of symmetrical beauty, in imitation of the great Master Builder, but commonplace erections, made on the principle, "How many goods or human beings will they hold?" Warehouses, dwellings, and shops, on the same economic principle, miles on miles, until the soul, wearied with searching for something with which it is in unison, turns upon itself to grind its daily round of thought.

Many a soul, in its efforts to find some trifle with which to link its early reminiscences of the glad, the peaceful, the holy spots of other days, has got hold of a weary-looking flower, requiring a stick to support it, and encased in a broken flower-pot, and when the bustle of the day was over, has sat gazing on it, and watching the pictures passing in beautiful review which it was recalling from the past, till the eye has been dimmed with tears, and aspirations have trembled into existence crowned with the halo of better days in this world, and of glory in the world to come. O man, in the creation of thy towns and cities, why dost thou let the money-making selfishness so far impede thy nobler instincts, that the tape-line is applied to the ground-plan and width of the street, and no place in thy calculation is given to the necessities of the human soul!

Not long since we had the pleasure of transferring chattels, self, and family to a house very near the centre of this large city, having that rather scarce appendage to a city home, a garden! This house was possibly built in the old times, when the present city was a village. At any rate, we have felt that the pleasure of having a garden in the midst of machinery, smoke, scramble, dust, din, and confusion is no trifle;

and here we often sit and muse, and as we observe nature's lights and shadows and endless variety of tints, and watch the nodding of the branches, or listen to the whisperings among the leaves, we are away to the forest, or to the sea, or anon are rushing to the music of the sleigh-bells across boundless plains, and dash along over the untrodden snow, leaving landmarks far behind, and keep pace with the wind; and O, what longings we feel toward the Infinite; what consciousness of the greatness of that God in whose presence "the nations" are but "as a drop of a bucket!" If ever we had a notion of a limited heaven and limited glory, it is dispelled in the presence of felt infinity. Notwithstanding the small dimensions our garden might assume in the eyes of the owner of orchards, conservatories, and so forth, it is no trifle which can thus lift us above the cares of life, and gradually raise us to that region where faith revels in the "palace of the Great King." It is rather doubtful, after all, whether ours should be called a garden; a patch would be a more appropriate term. The flowers and shrubs look downcast, as if some of their dearest friends were about to die: they are like plumes in hearses, all drooping. What a mercy it is that human nature is so constituted that it tries to make the best of everything, and accommodate itself to all circumstances; that even a "patch" of garden, with its doubtful adornings, can gratify and bless, and narrow circumstances exalt even trifles to importance.

We are inclined sometimes to blame ourselves for attaching worth to trifles, but not when the trifle was new, and the circumstance which made it valuable at hand. It has been despised only when distance from the object placed it in a different light. Little things are only little by comparison; half-a-crown may be a trifle to the man with £60,000 a-year, but it is no trifle to the man who can with difficulty procure the necessaries of life. That flower may be a trifle to the man of many acres, or to him who treads them daily beneath his feet; but it is no trifle to one whose perpetual surroundings are man's imperfect productions. It seems only a trifle, that penny given to a poor person, but "a cup of cold water," or a kindly word, "shall in no wise lose" its "reward." The gleam of satisfaction which shone on the countenance, the smoothing away of the wrinkles off the care-worn features, and the light which beamed from the sightless eyeballs, have been even here a vast recompense and indubitable evidence that trifles are sometimes invaluable. That penny has lit up a cheerless room, and caused the dying to smile. The *trifle* has chased bitter thoughts away, and linked both thought and feeling to happier days, and cheerful looks, and kindly hearts, and lifted the doubting soul to faith in humanity, and faith in God. Thank God with Him there are no trifles!

This habit of thinking small things trifles has ruffled tempers, set the passions on fire, and brought poverty, disease, and death to many a home. A cheery-looking wife and a bright fire are the best welcome for a weary husband; the working-man knows their value. Clean hands, a clean face, a tidy dress, and a tidy house are valuable trifles, closely allied to godliness. We have never seen the grace of God enter the dirty home but it has swept the fireside and washed the faces of the inmates. Where there is the profession of Christianity and immense dirt, we are justified in shaking the head doubtfully. We can understand the conjunction of poverty and piety, but not of godliness and filth. Wives, mothers, be cleanly; and husbands, give in return the love of a grateful heart. The kindly look and word may seem trifles, but their absence makes home but a name of mockery. Life is made up of what appear to be trifling acts, trifling looks, and trifling words; but they make, combined, the sum total of human life. We shall be for ever what they have made us. Seeming trifles go far to make or mar the world, and you can almost tell the value to society, and to the Church,

of the man or woman, boy or girl, by observing the importance they attach to trifles. "Jane, do not buy such an expensive ribbon, it does not suit your purse, nor yet your station as a working girl." "O, Maria, you are so Quakerish; don't you know it's the same shade Miss —— wore on her marriage-day; and then it's but a trifle dearer than a common one." But it is not in the matter of a ribbon alone that Jane goes a trifle beyond her means and beyond her position, but in the dress, the boots, the bonnets, the veils, the gloves. All these little over-steppings toward vanity are, in her estimation, only trifles; but, by and by, you find her on the high road to finery, folly, and crime. "It's only a trifle," said Josiah B——, the other day, as he tossed down with the "air" of an independent gentleman, sixpence for a couple of cigars, forgetting his poor old mother and her straitened circumstances at home, who had for years patched her worn coat that he might have one without patches, and had long eaten her bread with very little butter, that she might have something extra for her boy. Ah! how much good that trifle of a sixpence would have done at home! "It's only a trifle," said a young beginner, as he took occasionally a little brandy and water; but the trifles, somehow, are *now* beginning to follow one another very rapidly; now for a cold, and again for over-heating, after dinner as a digestive agent, and latterly, as a stimulant for a weak constitution; and through these trifles he is on the direct way to become a confirmed drunkard. To every man there ought to be no trifles, to the Christian there can be none. Life's every point, however small, makes up the forge where souls are shaped and moulded for bliss or woe; life's every day, every hour, every moment, is the spring-time where thoughts and feelings, words and deeds, are sown, and they shall bring forth at the great "harvest home" a fearful amount of produce. Looks, words, and deeds are imitated by children, companions, friends; they are handed round in society, and are the small coin of the moral world; they are doing a mighty work, confirming the good or stereotyping the evil, and making the recipients either better or worse; and these in turn are becoming distributors, and as they pass away into eternity they leave to succeeding generations the reaping, and the diffusing over a still-widening area, what they have sown. None are isolated, each contributes his and her quota. Brother Christian, what are your looks, words, actions doing? are they each and all leaving impressions you would wish perpetuated, handed down as a legacy from sire to son? Are they rippling with a benign impulse life's vast expanse, till the sound of the last breaker shall commingle with the archangel's trump? Let us not, then, despise the smallest outward circumstance which might contribute to the general good, nor consider any evil as trifling, since the smallest is combined in essential unity with the mighty hosts which are at war with man, with goodness, with God.

Belfast. J. M.

EARLIEST HISTORICAL NOTICES OF PARIS.*

Before the commencement of the Christian era, Paris was a collection of wretched huts, built upon an island in the river Seine, and called by the Gauls who inhabited it, *Louton hezo*; that is, "a dwelling in the midst of waters." This stronghold, well adapted in those barbarous days for purposes of defence, was peopled, in the days of Julius Cæsar, by the Parisii, one of the sixty-four tribes of the Gauls. By a slight modification, its name was afterwards changed into Lutetia. Its inhabitants were chiefly huntsmen and fishermen. In this city, Julius Cæsar convened an assembly of the Gallic people. Extant remains attest that heathen temples, at least those of Jupiter and Mercury, existed within it. In the year B.C. 55 the Gauls burned their city, to prevent its becoming a prey to the Romans.

* "Paris, Ancient and Modern."

The conflagration was, however, in vain, for speedily afterwards the Romans took possession of the island, and gave it the name of *Lutetia Parisiorum*. Towards the year A.D. 360, Julian the Apostate, who called the city "his dear Lutetia," assigned to it laws and privileges, and greatly enlarged its fortifications. Many of the Roman emperors took up their temporary residence here, whilst engaged in military operations against the northern barbarians. Amongst others may be mentioned Constantine, Constantinus, Valentinian, and Gratian; the last of whom lost his throne in a battle fought in its vicinity.

The legend of St. Dionysius, or St. Denis, though immeasurably too absurd for grave modern belief, even amongst the most superstitious, demands to be related, since it affords a specimen of the fables which the large credulity of the dark ages voraciously devoured. The name of this saint has been ignorantly identified with that of Dionysius the Areopagite, the Athenian convert of the Apostle Paul. The real person, for a real person he probably was, though the appendages to his name are ridiculously fabulous, was probably the first preacher of the Gospel in this locality. A chronicler of the ninth century relates that St. Denis, after being beheaded on the hill of Montmartre, which thence derives its name Mount Martyr, took his bleeding head into his hands, and walked with it to a place afterwards called, in his honour, St. Denis, accompanied by a choir of angels. This is said to have been about the year A.D. 250. Dagobert is reported to have erected a temple on the spot. One of the worst effects of Romanism is, that, as on this occasion, it has often brought real goodness into contempt and made virtue ridiculous.

The Roman government appears to have continued in Gaul, though in a state of continually increasing weakness, till towards the close of the fifth century, when Clovis, the chief of a colony of Franks, settled at Tournay, defeated Syagrius, governor of the Soissonnois, and made himself master of Paris. In this campaign the following well-known occurrence took place:—Among other treasures taken in this foray from the Church at Rheims was a silver vase, which, with the rest of the booty, was to be distributed among the soldiers at Soissons. This sacred utensil was regarded with peculiar favour by St. Remy, bishop of Rheims, who earnestly besought Clovis to restore it. Overcome by his solicitations, the young warrior consented, on condition that he could obtain the concurrence of his soldiery. When, however, he pleaded the request with his followers, one of them, roused by the supposed injustice of the demand, lifted his battle-axe and shivered the vessel in pieces, declaring he had no right over the property of his warriors. For the moment, the chief took no notice of the transaction; but when, subsequently, he was reviewing his troops, he took occasion to find fault with this same soldier for some neglect in the condition of his weapons, and as the retainer stooped to pick up from the ground his rusted battle-axe, which Clovis had contemptuously thrown down, the king cleft him asunder with a blow, exclaiming, "Thus didst thou to the vase of Soissons!"

The early history of Christianity in Paris is extremely doubtful. Though St. Denis, to whom we have already made reference, may have been a real person, he appears to have effected by his preaching very few conversions. Before the year A.D. 372, according to the testimony of Sulpicius Severus, St. Martin had preached the Gospel to the Gauls; but at that time the most widespread idolatry prevailed in the cities, and especially in the country. "It is evident," says Dulaure, "that to St. Martin, more than to St. Denis, belongs the honour of having converted the Gauls to Christianity." *

Among the early bishops of Paris mention is made of Victorinus, its

* "Histoire de Paris," etc., p. 32.

sixteenth prelate, said to have been the first who formed a Christian organization within the city. A council was held at Paris about A.D. 360 or 361, but nothing is known respecting the details of its proceedings. Another prelate of Paris bore the name of St. Marcellus. His fame and renown survive to this day in the somewhat altered name of Martel. A large number of Pagans are reported to have been converted by his preaching, and special miracles to have been performed by his intervention, such as changing water, drawn from the Seine, into wine and balsam. He is, moreover, reported to have slain a dragon which infested the city,—a fable which Dulaure says "is always the emblem of numerous conversions, the triumph of Christianity over the demon, who is an enemy to religion, and who is always represented under the figure of a serpent." * Marcellus died A.D. 436. A church was erected to his memory, which was destroyed either by time or by the Normans, and was rebuilt about the close of the eleventh century, but demolished in 1806.

On his marriage with Clotilde, daughter of the Arian King of Burgundy, Clovis nominally embraced the Christian faith. Soon after, when fighting at Cologne with the Germans, he obtained a signal victory, granted, it was believed, to his prayers. From this time Clovis attached himself to the orthodox party, and in return for his adherence to their opinions, received from the clergy of Gaul the title of "Most Christian King," a designation still claimed by his discrowned successors.

About the middle of his reign, Clovis transferred the seat of his empire to Paris, in which city he caused to be erected a church in honour of St. Peter and St. Paul. Another personage, however, made her appearance during the reign of this monarch, to whose memory this edifice became subsequently dedicated. This was Ste. Geneviève, whose miracles, as retailed by monastic tradition, exercised over the minds of the ignorant multitude a powerful influence. Ste. Geneviève, or Ste. Genovefa, was a native of Nanterre, near Paris, and was born about the year A.D. 452. She has become associated with many marvellous legends, though Roman Catholics themselves speak doubtfully of their pretensions to authority. "The author of her life, St. Germanus," says Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," "tells us that the holy virgin—*i. e.*, nun, of course—begging one day with great importunity that she might go to church, her mother struck her on the face; but, in punishment, lost her sight, which she only recovered two months after by washing her eyes twice or thrice with water which her daughter fetched from the well, and upon which she had previously made the sign of the Cross. Hence the people look upon the Well of Nanterre as having been blessed by the saint." Ste. Geneviève is reported to have practised great austerities, and to have performed many pilgrimages; as a consequence, she was greatly honoured by Clovis. When Attila, with his army of Huns, attempted a descent upon Paris, the inhabitants were greatly terrified, and threatened to abandon the city. But the prayers of the saint, it is alleged, proved the means of diverting the course of the conqueror towards Orleans. Hence, Ste. Geneviève is regarded as the patron saint of Paris. The following account, gravely related, through referring to a period somewhat later than that of which we now write, will indicate the nature of the claim this saint is supposed to possess on the gratitude of the inhabitants of the French metropolis:—"The city of Paris has frequently received sensible proofs of the Divine protection through her intercession. The most famous miracle is that called the miracle Des Ardens, or of the burning fever. In 1129, in the reign of Louis VI., a pestilential fever, with a violent inward heat and pains in the bowels, swept off, in a short time, fourteen thousand persons. Nor could the art of physicians afford any relief

* "Histoire de Paris," etc., p. 32.

Stephen, bishop of Paris, with the clergy and people, implored the Divine mercy by fasting and supplications. Yet the distemper began not to abate till the shrine of Ste. Geneviève was carried in a solemn procession to the cathedral. During that ceremony, many sick persons were cured by touching the shrine, and of all that then lay ill of that distemper in the whole town, only three died; the rest recovered, and no others fell ill. Pope Innocent II., coming into Paris the year following, after having instituted a careful scrutiny into the miracles, ordered an annual festival in commemoration of them on the 26th of November, which is still kept at Paris."*

The wonders of the dark ages are too far removed from the searching criticism of modern times to enable us to discover what amount of truth, what of undiscriminating enthusiasm, or what of pious fraud may be embodied in such legends. It is certain that "the prayers of saints," meaning by that term real believers in the Saviour, have power with God; but it is by no means so certain that the heroes and heroines of monastic adulation always deserved that spiritual appellation.

The remains of Clovis and of Ste. Geneviève were interred in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul.

(*To be concluded.*)

* Butler's "Lives of the Saints," Jan. 3d.

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"

"It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." (James iv. 14.) A vapour is simply a floating cloud that passes before the eye, arrayed in light and shadowy garb, and then almost imperceptibly vanishes away; but not before it has fulfilled its mission, the purpose of its being; for vapours and exhalations, drawn by the sun from the sea, and having their salt taken from them, are carried by the winds round the world in a circuit of blessings. A portion is wanted here, another there; the snows of Iceland, and the vineyards of Italy; the orange groves of Spain, and the river which pours over the mighty rocks at Niagara, —all must be fed at their appointed seasons. Such is a vapour: transitory, yet having a mission to perform.—*Literary Pearls.*

AN OLD EPITAPH.

(*Communicated by the Rev. Thomas Jackson.*)

Whoso him bethought,*
Inwardly and oft,
How hard it was to flit
From bed into the pit;
From pit into pain
That ne'er will cease again;
He would not sin one sin
All the world to win.

* Formerly pronounced *bethoft.*

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

JOSEPH HELLIWELL.

Joseph Helliwell, born at Micklewood, in the parish of Bingley, March 8th, 1799, died at Halifax, Saturday, September 17th, 1870, in the seventy-second year of his age. When but two years old, he fractured his knee-pan. Through neglect, he became a confirmed cripple, and walked on crutches the first twenty years of his life. Subsequently, he so far recovered as by artificial means to regain the partial use of the limb. He removed to Keighley, and thence to Halifax. His residence in the latter included a period of thirty years. By trade he was a wool-comber. While in Keighley he attended revival services, and was much impressed, but objected to go to "the penitent form." Richard Muckleton, a Class-leader, seeing him linger, said, he must either remain to the Class-meeting or leave the place. Much distressed on account of sin, his father, mother, and sister prayed with

him, and recommended him to go to the Class. He did so, and obtained and retained peace with God, and the joy of salvation. The Superintendent of the Halifax Circuit discerning his grace, and knowing his zeal in voluntarily doing the work of a Home-missionary, in visiting the sick, and in exhorting sinners to flee to Christ, requested him to accept a Class-book, and try to gather a Class. Most reluctantly he received it; but such was his mental agony, that in returning to his home he was almost induced to throw the book into the rivulet, and give up all idea of leadership. Calmer and better thoughts gained the ascendency, and he was appointed accordingly. For a period of between ten and eleven years he sustained the office, having first one, then two Classes, commencing with three and increasing to forty-three members. Latterly, on account of growing infirmities, he resigned one. Unable to leave the house, he continued to meet the other in his room to the close of life.

Let it be observed: that all those persons were won from the world, and led to Christ, by the Divine blessing on his single-handed efforts. His success is chiefly attributable to the abiding sense of his personal interest in Christ, the simplicity of his creed, the singleness of his intention, and his faith. He had no time to discuss the outpost evidences of Christianity, but brought the testimony of Scripture to bear directly on the conscience of the sinner. Heavenly light shone on his words, and those who would have debated and sinned for years, at once became trophies of grace. If he knew not the philosophy of the power which he professed, he nevertheless apprehended the way to use it. Not a few of those whom he thus influenced will be his crown in the day of Christ's appearing. As of old, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence." And he exerted a power for good in the neighbourhood in which he resided. The afflicted willingly received his visits and his prayers. The Minister who persuaded him to accept a Class-book visited him on the day preceding his departure. Unable to articulate, his wife said, "If you know Mr. Loutit, hold up your hand." He at once did so. Mr. Loutit then said, "Brother Helliwell, you are going to Christ." When he held up both hands, and was solemnly commended into the hands of the Chief Shepherd. This soldier of the Cross was interred in the South Parade Cemetery, by the Rev. William Ford, on Tuesday, the 20th of September, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life." J. L.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

THE desolation of a wintry scene is but a faint emblem of that which the spirit feels when awakened to a true conviction of its state without God. The bright promises of spring-time seem suggestive of the glorious hopes dawning upon the new-born soul.

How fraught with cheering expectations a spring season of religious revival in the Christian Church, especially after a period of comparative deadness. The Spirit has been blowing over the garden of the Church; spiritual blessings have been descending in refreshing showers, and the lovely blossoms of early piety are displayed: yet anxious thoughts mingle with glad ones. As years roll on, may we trust to witness in each member added to the Church a fruit-bearing character, proving a living

union with the Living Vine? or will this bright promise be followed by a decay far more gloomy than that of autumn leaves or of withered flowers?

This anxious fear is not, indeed, confined to ministers and teachers. In seasons of despondency the sad thought will come across many a mind, "Shall I not some day fall by the hand of the enemy? Will my piety, already so feeble, wax dead and cold?" Such thoughts make specially welcome Bible promises which speak of stability, and give to the conditions attached to them peculiar interest. It is to one of these that we wish to invite attention at this opening of the New Year, the season of renewed consecration and solemn resolutions. The promise to which we allude is in the first Psalm: "His leaf shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." It will be remembered that this promise is made to those who, forsaking the society of the ungodly, delight themselves "in the law of the Lord; and in His law meditate day and night."

Need we do more than quote so precious a promise in urging upon young converts an earnest resolution that they will allow no slight inconvenience, or engrossing occupation, to hinder them in a daily prayerful study of the Scriptures? A little help may, however, prove useful in deciding upon a plan of Bible-reading. To those whose knowledge of the Scriptures is as yet superficial, difficulties which in time past presented themselves to the writer's own mind, may probably occur. We may express them thus: These Epistles, how full and deep they are! I fear it will be long before I get them fixed in my memory. I have been advised to read the Old Testament in the morning, and the New in the evening, Psalms, etc., middle day; but, some nights I am so tired I scarcely comprehend these chapters in the Epistles while I read them. The Old-Testament narratives are easily remembered, but is it wrong that I do not feel quite satisfied when I have finished a chapter? In the early morning hour, when my mind feels so fresh, clear, and bright, I want a little more, some piece from the Prophets or the New Testament. These chapters of genealogy—is it wise, till I know the Bible better, to give my reading-time for them? These difficulties were met in my own case thus:

The Epistle chapters, divided into small portions, were planned to be studied thoroughly, and learned by heart at an earlier period of the day. To the historical chapters, a portion from the devotional books, or from the New Testament, was added, and, as increased acquaintance with the Scriptures permitted, these were selected so as to occasion no actual break of the subject in turning from one part of the Bible to another. Genealogical chapters, etc., were left for examination in leisure moments, but not included in the time set apart to hold communion with God.

In the arrangement of the accompanying Bible-plan, three objects have been kept in view, which are,—First, The taking advantage of the light thrown by one part of Scripture upon another. Secondly, The illustration of the exact fulfilment of prophecy as exhibited by the Scriptures themselves. Thirdly, The treasuring in the memory of parts specially suited for frequent meditation.

The histories of the Old Testament are illustrated by the references to them in the New, and in the Psalms; the ceremonies of the Mosaic economy, by comparison with the Epistle to the Hebrews. The writings of the Prophets are compared with the histories of the kings in whose reigns they lived. The typical character of the Psalms is kept in view by comparison with New-Testament quotations. The travels of Paul as recorded in the Acts, are compared with the references to his ministerial experiences in the Epistles.

More than a hundred prophecies have been compared with the record of their fulfilment.

The two first columns of the plan are throughout illustrative of each other; for a part of the plan, the fourth also. The

verses of the third column are not intended to be thus compared, excepting those of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

The planning of only four verses in the third column will, perhaps, at first sight, seem too little, but opportunity is left by this arrangement to recall frequently what has been already committed to memory; and to many minds, this repeated calling back for a time of what has been learned, is necessary to its becoming so securely fixed in the memory as to be readily brought to mind. This certainly involves a little trouble, but the thorough acquaintance which may thus be attained with Scripture truth will be found well worth the effort. That devoted Missionary, the Rev. John Hunt, urges the learning of Bible passages by this striking remark, that "we never speak so effectively either for God or to God as when we do it in His own words."

JANUARY.

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
1.	Gen. i.	Psalm civ.	Rom. viii. 1—4	Matt. i. ii.
2.	ii.	Matt. xix. 3—6; Eph. v. 22—33	5—8	iii.
3.	iii.	Rom. v. 12—21	9—12	iv.
4.	iv.	1 John iii. 10—24	13—16	v.
5.	v. 21—32; vi.	Heb. xi. 1—7; Ezek. xiv. 12—20	17—20	vi.
6.	vii.	2 Peter iii. 1—14	21—24	vii.
7.	viii.	Psalm xlvi.	25—28	viii.
8.	ix.	Lev. xix. 32; Prov. xxx. 17; Deut. v. 16	29—32	ix.
9.	xi. 1—9, 27—32; xii. 1—9	Heb. xi. 8—16	33—36	x.
10.	xii. 10—20; xiii.	Psalm i.	37—39	xi.
11.	xiv.	Heb. vii. 1—22	The whole chapter to be recalled to memory	xii.
12.	xv.	Rom. iv.	Psalm i.	xiii.
13.	xvi.	Psalm cxxxix. 1—12	Rom. xii. 1—4	xiv.
14.	xvii.	Rom. ii. 17—29; iii. 1, 2	5—8	xv.
15.	xviii.	Heb. xiii. 1, 2; James v. 16	9—12	xvi. xvii.
16.	xix.	Jude 1—7; 2 Peter ii. 4—19	13—16	xviii.
17.	xx.	1 Peter iii. 10—17	17—21	xix.
18.	xxi.	Gal. iv. 21—31; v. 1—6	The chapter to be recalled to memory	xx.
19.	xxii.	Heb. xi. 17—19; vi. 11—15	Rom. xiii. 1—4	xxi.
20.	xxiii.	1 Peter iii. 1—6	5—7	xxii.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE, *continued.*

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
21.	Gen. xxiv. 1—28	Prov. xix. 14 to xvi. 1—9	Rom. xiii. 8—10	Matt. xxiii.
22.	xxiv. 29—67	Prov. xxxi. 10—31	xiii. 11—14	xxiv.
23.	xxv.	Heb. xii. 14—17; Luke xii. 29—34	The chapter to be recalled.	xxv.
24.	xxvi.	Prov. xv. 1—17	Isaiah liii. 1—4	xxvi. 1—35
25.	xxvii. 1—29	Prov. iii.	5—8	36—75
26.	xxvii. 30—46	Gen. xxxvi. 1—8; 2 Chron. xxi. 5—10	9—12	xxvii. 1—53
27.	xxviii.	John i. 43—51	The chapter to be recalled	xxvii. 54—66 xxviii.
28.	xxix.	Psalm cxiii.	1 Cor. xiii. 1—4	Mark i.
29.	xxx.	Prov. x. 1—17	5—8	ii.
30.	xxxi. 1—25	xii.	9—13	iii.
31.	xxxi. 26—55	xv. 18—33	The chapter to be recalled	iv.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For January, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871. Jan.	*Rises.* H. M.	*Sets.* H. M.	*Sets.* H. M.	*Sets.* H. M.	*Rises.* H. M.	*Sets.* H. M.	*Rises.* H. M.
1	8 6	4 2	5 35a	4 23a	11 8a	6 41m	7 28m
11	8 2	4 14	5 29	4 50	10 46	5 56	6 54
21	7 54	4 30	*Rises.* 7 10m	5 21	10 20	5 13	6 19
31	7 41	4 47	6 22	5 54	9 48	4 32	5 44

PHASES OF THE MOON.

6th, Full Moon .... 9h. 24m. after. | 21st, New Moon .... 0h. 32m. morn.
14th, Last Quarter .... 6h. 57m. morn. | 28th, First Quarter .... 1h. 15m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Jan. 2d ..... 4h. morn., Apogee; distance 251,901 miles.
„ 18th..... 6h. morn., Perigee; „ 226,931 „
„ 29th..... midnight, Apogee; „ 251,375 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 239,285 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

January 1st ..... 90,141,380 miles.
February 1st ..... 90,360,810 „
Increase of distance for the month ..... 219,430 „

The Sun will be at his least distance from the earth, 90,141,150 miles, on the 2d, at ten o'clock in the morning.

On the 6th, the Moon will be partially immersed in the shadow of the Earth from 7h. 46m. to 10h. 47m. in the evening. The middle of the eclipse occurs at 9h. 16m., when nearly seven tenths of the Moon's diameter will be obscured. She will enter the penumbra at 6h. 27m., and leave it 6m. after midnight. Throughout the entire of the time she will be above the horizon of Greenwich.

Uranus will be occulted by the Moon on January 7th, and *Saturn* on the 19th. Neither phenomenon can be seen by us. It may be well to notice in advance that an occultation of *Uranus* may be witnessed at Greenwich, on February 3d; disappearance at 6h. 14m., and reappearance at 6h. 57m. afternoon; and another on March 3d, disappearance at 3h. 25m., reappearance at 4h. 19m. morning.

Mercury will be at its greatest elongation from the Sun, nineteen degrees eastward, on the morning of the 2d. As it sets about that time more than an hour and a half after the Sun, it will be visible to the naked eye for a few evenings, after sunset, low in the south-west. On the afternoon of the 6th it will rise above the plane of the Earth's orbit. On the 8th, the apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from *direct* or eastward, to *retrograde* or westward. On the morning of the 11th, it will be in perihelion, distance from the Sun 28,190,000 miles: the aphelion occurs on February 24th, when the distance from the Sun will be 42,784,000 miles: the least and greatest distances from the Sun are therefore nearly in the ratio of 2 to 3; and, consequently, the light and heat are as 9 to 4; that is, at perihelion, the Sun would appear to an inhabitant of Mercury more than twice as large, and the light and heat, other conditions being equal, more than twice as great, as at aphelion. This planet will be near Venus on the afternoon of the 13th, and in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 18th. If it could be seen on the latter occasion, it would be as a thin crescent, above the Sun, with the cusps turned northward. It will be stationary for the second time this month on the 29th, a little before noon—the apparent motion changes from *retrograde* to *direct*.

Venus will begin to show herself after sunset, toward the end of the month. Being in the remoter part of her orbit, and near the horizon, she will suffer from comparison with Jupiter, which is much more favourably situate for examination. Seen with a telescope, she is nearly full.

Mars is in Virgo. On the 7th it will be near a standard star in that constellation between the third and fourth magnitude.

Jupiter will be near the Moon on the 4th and 31st. Two conjunctions with the same star, at an interval of twenty-seven days, may seem to some to be inconsistent with the known length of a lunar month, which is about twenty-nine and a half days; but this is the time elapsed between two successive conjunctions with the Sun, which is a longer interval than the former, as the Sun moves eastward among the fixed stars as well as the Moon, and is, therefore, not so soon overtaken by the Moon as is a fixed star or a slowly moving planet.

Saturn rises a little before the Sun.

Uranus will be in opposition to the Sun on the 15th, and of course will be on the meridian at true midnight; altitude sixty degrees.

Neptune can be seen up to midnight in the early part of the month.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. VII.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

When the good ship, "American Lass," landed seven other Wesleyan Ministers and the writer in Sydney, on the Queen's birthday, 1854, the whole of the southern coast-line,* from Sydney to the junction of New South Wales with Victoria, a distance of just three hundred

* The entire coast-line of New South Wales, from the Queensland boundary on the north, to the Victoria boundary on the south, is, as the crow flies, eight hundred

miles, contained but two Wesleyan-Methodist Circuits. These were Wollongong, occupied by the Rev. Samuel Wilkinson; and Moruya, occupied by the Rev. James Somerville. We have now six Circuits on that littoral line, which all form portions of the Sydney District. The following are the names of these Circuits, with their respective distances from Sydney:—Wollongong, sixty-four miles; Kiama, eighty-nine miles; Shoalhaven, one hundred and eight miles; Ulladulla, one hundred and fifty miles; Moruya, one hundred and ninety-eight miles; Bega, two hundred and fifty-five miles.

The Rev. James Somerville was long an incessant itinerant in this extensive district, where his name is most deservedly cherished. None but a hardy, wiry, untiring Missionary either could or would have laboured as he did. Labour was his delight. The people who heard and saw no other Missionary, saw and heard him, and they well knew that to reach them and to teach them he had sacrificed the small modicum of ease which falls to the lot of an ordinary Missionary, and had, for their good, made his saddle his easy-chair. He will never be forgotten in this district as a real bushman, a fearless rider, and a daring swimmer of the rivers. Such habits were worth more than gold, both to himself and to the people of his charge. As may be presumed, such a life was neither without its dangers nor its deliverances, one of which will now be narrated.

Numerous salt-water creeks pervade the Shoalhaven district. They are much affected by the tides, and are great impediments to travel. They are not bridged yet, and many years are likely to elapse before they will be. Mr. Somerville was well acquainted with these numerous crossing-places, but floods often altered them, and in that fact lay a great danger to the traveller. On one occasion, Mr. Somerville came to a crossing-place where his horse could ordinarily slip in gently, and carry his rider over without swimming, or at worst, gently lose his foothold, and swim steadily through the still water. This stillness is caused by the backing up of the downward current by the tide, which counteracts it. All appeared as usual to the sagacity of man, but not so to that of the horse, which I have admired a thousand times. Under such circumstances, it is perfectly evident to an equestrian like a colonial Methodist preacher, that the noble horse possesses some means of information which man has not. I beg the reader to mark this. The horse was naturally obedient, docile, kindly, and fearless of water, but he steadily refused to enter the stream. He endured the blows and spurrings, which presumed obstinacy that must be mastered induced even a very experienced bush and creek man, with a very

miles, with an average breadth of five hundred and fifty miles. It embraces four hundred and fifty thousand square miles, which equals eight Englands, or five Victorias.

kindly heart, to bestow unrelentingly on the poor steed. He winced and groaned, but enter the stream he would not. At last, wearied with the hopeless conflict, and also surprised at it, Mr. Somerville desisted, and gave his horse the rein to go and do as he liked. The animal immediately commenced a course along the bank of the creek until he came to what appeared to be a far less inviting spot, and there safely crossed, scarcely wetting his rider.

Mr. Somerville afterwards discovered that the crossing-place he had first attempted had been washed away, and examination at low water proved, that had the horse been prevailed upon to enter, he must have plunged at once down an almost perpendicular bank into some twenty feet of water; he, of course, would first have sunk with his rider to the bottom, probably turned partly over, and our friend's life would have been placed in the most imminent peril. In all probability horse and man would both have perished. Mercifully—for nothing happens apart from Divine supervision—this eminent servant of God was riding a peculiarly sagacious beast. Some horses excel others in sagacity, as they do in pace, speed, and other matters. They behave very differently both on land and in water. Some appear much more at home in water than do others, even structurally as well as in the matter of sagacity. Some horses swim with little more than their nostrils out of the water, and would drown their riders; others swim breast high. Some turn over on their sides in swimming. It would be strange if the Missionary's record, like the exhumed stones of Nineveh, did not contain a verification of Scripture statement. With all his sagacity and marvellous endowments for the benefit of man, it yet remains true that "an horse is a vain thing for safety." (Psalm xxxiii. 17.) But this, of course, refers to absolute and continuous safety, and is no impeachment whatever of the value of this superb auxiliary to man, which ranks next to him. The Church and the world are both under untold obligations to him. The sagacity of some horses is marvellous. My friend, Mr. Christopher Lean, would swim the river Williams to his estate in the darkest night and foulest weather, but his noted horse could estimate the force of the current, and so shape his course as to land at the *only* landing-place, to have missed which would have been disastrous indeed. Other family horses have I known possessing like extraordinary powers. But they are not common, and their owners rarely part with them. They live and die on the homesteads, and are regarded almost as one of the family.

Brother Somerville has been one of the hardest riders and workers in the Colonial Wesleyan-Methodist ministry. Well can I remember, though years have since elapsed, the deeply-interesting spiritual results of this constant travel which he has related to me, when we have had a quiet hour together, whilst visiting Sydney from our respective Circuits to attend District Meeting

or Conference. His experience exactly tallied with my own, that days of hard toil, spent in the saddle from morning until dark night, making visits of few minutes' duration from hut to hut, and from squattage to squattage, amongst married people, children, and servants, who very rarely heard the voice of a minister, were amongst the happiest days of our lives. Such labours, too, I find are not forgotten by the people, or by their sons and daughters who have now taken their places in the Church and in the walks of life. They are rather like products which mature and enrich with age. The remembrance becomes sweeter after many days. If the pioneer be sometimes forgotten, he is more frequently remembered. I confess to delight in finding that the arduous labours of the "long, long ago" have not sunk into oblivion in districts where the ordinances of religion are now, happily, no longer either few or far between. But let all the glory be the Lord's.

(*To be concluded.*)

LESS DISTINGUISHED NAMES IN THE WORD OF GOD.

I. ELIEZER OF DAMASCUS—THE "GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

ABRAHAM was a man likely to draw to himself a band of worthy servants. As we descry his calm, majestic figure through the mists of four thousand years, the splendour of prophetic vision on his dusky brow, the fire of a sacred heroism in his dark Oriental eyes, his whole aspect betokening princeliness of character, we can well understand how virtuous and God-fearing men would be attracted to him; and how, prompted by his influence, they would rise to a higher level of moral and religious excellence. His care to lead his family in paths of righteousness was commended by God. "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." Not only Isaac, the son of promise, but those who kept the patriarch's flocks and followed him in his long-continued wanderings, bore the impress of his teaching, and reflected the lustre of his piety. One of these, Eliezer of Damascus, is specially named. The designation leads us to infer that he was a Damascene, and that in his earlier years he was familiar with the gardens and meadows sloping down to the margin of Abana and Pharpar; yet Abraham speaks of him as one born in his house; the expression, however, when critically examined, does not indicate more than that he was a member of his family. His position was one of trust and responsibility; he was Abraham's steward; the "eldest servant of his house, that ruled over all that he had." According to the law of inheritance which prevailed at that time, he was, presuming that his master had no issue, the heir to all his possessions. The birth of Isaac put an end to all likelihood of his succeeding to the wealth of the patriarch; but there was no falling off in the zeal and

fidelity of his service, nor was there any ill-feeling toward Isaac as an unwelcome barrier in his path to riches and honour.

Many years had passed away since Eliezer first entered the patriarch's household. Isaac had grown to manhood. Sarah, once so bright and beautiful, was a pale and shrivelled corpse in the cave of Machpelah, and Abraham was no longer swift and athletic as when, at the head of his armed retainers, he smote the confederate kings. He "was old, and well stricken in age," and calling Eliezer into his presence, solemnly charged him with a mission of great delicacy and importance. While Isaac was to abide in the land repeatedly assured to the chosen race by the Word of God, there was to be no relationship with the people of the land; and Eliezer was to go to the country and the kindred to which his master originally belonged, and to bring a wife thence for the heir of promise. Eliezer engaged with an oath to obey this command, sealing the oath in the old Eastern way, by putting his hand under the patriarch's thigh. Then he took ten camels and set out on his journey through Syria, across the Euphrates, and into Mesopotamia. The way was long and diversified, wide spaces of land covered with herbage and flowers, alternating with tracts of arid sand; the naked cliffs of the wilderness with the pleasant shade of acacias and terebinths. In the evening, when the tents were pitched and the camels were at rest, and the silence was unbroken save by a soothing strain from the reeds of the camel-drivers, the thoughts of Eliezer would go backward to his aged master in Canaan, and forward to the dwellings of his master's kindred; nor would he forget to open his heart and his lips in prayer to God for a successful issue of his errand. After much toil and weariness, he came near to the city of Nahor. The sun was low in the sky, and the palm-trees threw long shadows over the little caravan, which paused not far from a well on the outside of the city. The camels were allowed to sink into their usual posture of rest, and Eliezer thus made known his request to the Lord: "O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray Thee, send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto my master Abraham. Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also: let the same be she that Thou hast appointed for Thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that Thou hast showed kindness unto my master." A scene ensued such as at the present day often engages the notice of the European in Oriental lands. Raising his head from the earth, toward which he had bowed in that act of devotion, he saw a maiden approaching the well with a pitcher on her shoulder, "and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision;" but her outward beauty was only equal to the kindness of her heart. When she had filled her pitcher, the stranger met her, saying, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher." There was no hesitation on the ground of national or religious prejudice, as on a later day at that well which holy associations have made beautiful, where Christ asked water of the woman of

Samaria. With all readiness and courtesy she complied with the request, and added, "I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking." And she emptied her pitcher again and again in the trough which had been provided for the cattle of the neighbouring herdsmen. Pleased with her generous and graceful act, Eliezer gave her a golden earring, and bracelets for her hands, skilful, industrious hands, that needed not, yet were worthy of, that adornment. He then asked her about her father, and if he had room to lodge himself and the camels. The replies she gave seemed answers to his prayer, and filled with wonder at the prosperous opening of his mission, he raised his heart in thankfulness to God: "Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham, Who hath not left destitute my master of His mercy and His truth: I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren." Rebekah hastened to tell her mother what had befallen her; Laban, her brother, also heard her story, and invited Eliezer and his company to enter the house. "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without? for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels." The camels were ungirded and provender was set before them, water was also given to the strangers to wash their feet, and food prepared for them. But Eliezer would not eat until he had made known his errand. With affectionate pride he spoke of the prosperity of his master, the greatness of his name and possessions, the "flocks, and herds, and silver, and gold, and menservants, and maidservants, and camels, and asses;" he also related the great event of his master's household, the birth of Isaac; the solemn manner in which Abraham had laid upon him the task in which he was then engaged; and the beautiful incidents at the well. His negotiations with the family were successful, and Rebekah returned with him as the bride of Isaac. After this he vanishes from the Scriptural narrative, but it is only natural to suppose that the "sere and yellow leaf" of his life would be carefully tended by loving and reverent hands, and that his death would be peaceful as the sunsets on which he had often looked when seated at the door of his tent. He may well be honoured as the type of a faithful servant. He forgot himself in his fidelity to his master, and gave to his ordinary tasks the sacredness of religious service. His brief history is an anticipation of the Apostolic words, "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service as menpleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God: and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

THOUGHTS ON NATIONAL EDUCATION.

BY A CITY-MISSIONARY.

MAN, even in a state of nature, is superior to the lower animals. He is their natural master, they are his servants; but by education and experience he is designed by the Creator to become viceregent of the world. The Europe of the nineteenth century requires little argument to prove the value of education. The unlettered savage who dwells in some central desert of metropolitan civilization, and who knows little of that civilization except what is conveyed to him through the medium of handcuffs, cells, and police-courts,

brings into beautiful relief the man who can understand many languages, or interpret words carved in seemingly unmeaning hieroglyphics; or the man who can lay his hand upon Nature's key-board and evolve her thousand harmonies, who can dive down into her storehouses and bring up her varied treasures, or travel with certainty upon the world's watery highway, around whose margin his trembling sires only crept with dread. Education, even to an ordinary observer, must appear invaluable as he thinks of the superstitious and savage ignorance of the past, and contrasts it with the growing knowledge and gradual civilization of the present. We grant that Christianity is the only true civilizer, and where that exists not, the highest education avails but little. Yet view the savage in his pristine woods as he hunts his prey, or round his camp-fire growlingly devours, perhaps, his fellow-man; or look at the baptized savage, alas! in the haunts of vice which are the disgrace of civilized and Christianized humanity, as he schemes, cheats, steals, and even murders, and after each day's successive round of crime meets with his fellows around the intoxicating bowl, to divide or scatter the spoil, and then huddles to rest amid the foul, corrupting mass of his fellow-workers in iniquity; and then see him washed and decently clothed, intelligence beaming from his face, the law of humanity holding his passions in check, and regulating, to some extent, his intercourse with his fellows. The talent developed in the arena of thought must command our respect and admiration.

In the untutored masses you have only to introduce as much knowledge as begets the taste for more, and that knowledge becomes at once a lever to raise them into a purer atmosphere. Useful knowledge must be, through all time and in every place, a leavening and a raising power. Next to religion, knowledge is the most valuable acquisition of man.

Hence, it has been the laudable desire of every government which would not see its subjects steeped in ignorance and vice, to encourage the diffusion of useful knowledge. Our own is no exception to this general rule. Experience has taught governments that in proportion as knowledge spreads, order reigns, and vice, if not destroyed, hides her head. Yet, notwithstanding this desire on the part of our Government to give, and the people to receive, a national system of education, no subject brought before the Legislature for years has given the national wisdom so much trouble. Great diversity of opinion has existed, and men's minds have been unsettled, not as to the value of instruction, nor as to the necessity for it, but the debateable question has been, In what shall education consist? Shall it be barely secular, or secular and religious?

Other minor questions, incidental yet inseparable from the former more important ones, have figured in the debate. Such as this, Shall the pecuniary aid come out of national funds, local rates, or both combined? But the questions which have really laid hold upon the guardians of the future generation and agitated the national mind are these, "Is religion an *essential* part of primary education, or is it not?" Again, "Is it *possible* to give secular education without at the same time imparting some kind and degree of religious and moral instruction?"

Let us look at this. Knowledge and

practice are related, as the rule and its application go hand in hand. 3 and 4 make 7 .·. 2 from 10 leave 8: the child learning thus, learns to add and subtract, and in his games and bargains at once applies what he learns. Look at him again, as he tries to spell—*good*, *bad*, *better*, *best*. We may think he is only learning to spell, but he is doing much more. The boys and girls in the school, as well as the master and mistress, will apply these words to character and persons, and so the child learns in the school, not only to spell but apply. And so with every other branch of education. The rule and its application go hand in hand. But should the child not fully comprehend the meaning of words or the application of rules, to whom would he go for explanation but to the teacher? Should he not fully understand the meaning of the words *good* and *bad*, must he not ask the instructor? May the teacher not say whether bad is in its proper place when applied to Tom who stole the marbles and wilfully blotted the copy-book? and if the senior scholar should further ask what principles should guide him in his definition, what reply should be given, or must there be none?

Children are perpetual questioners. They will get to know your mind on a doubtful subject, whether you tell them directly or not. Should the mouth be closed by school-boards, the expressive features will remain, and through a variety of channels the teacher's bias and leanings on excluded subjects will ooze out, and if not directly taught will be indirectly felt. You may try to secularize school-books till every particle of religion is extracted, but until you apply the same process to the lines on the teacher's face, to modes of punishment, and lectures for wrong doing, the secular will never supplant the religious. Could we pump our school-books entirely free from the Water of Life, would the resulting moral sterility be counterbalanced by intellectual fertility? and is it possible, and if possible would it be wise, to confine our children in school-hours to bleak rules and bleaker statements, without inferences, deductions, conclusions? Could we give our children books to read about people who said nothing and did nothing? whose actions were not worth recording, because there was nothing moral and religious in them? Must everything which gave character to action be expunged? Must no religious daring, no Christian fortitude, be inculcated? "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." If this were attended to, it would make a vast improvement in our city lanes. Children should, above all other things, be taught to admire and imitate the good; any restriction as to this must be fatal to the rising generation. Exclude religion! then history must be ignored, for history is Providence in operation. Then Nature, in her varied movements, must not be read about, lest the child should happen to ask, Who made the stars? Then there must be no reply to the lit-up face, or the face must not be lit up with such questions at all. We defy you to give anything readable that does not involve religious questions. Come not with your dangerous and demoralizing atheism to the eager questioning and simple faith of my little child! Under the pretence of harmonising sects and extracting from our schools every root of discord, do not defraud our little

ones of everything Divine. Would it be wise in the parent to transfer the child for the most impressible part of his early days into the hands of a teacher who should teach history without its moral lessons, and geography and astronomy without a God? Would the outlines of literature and the rudiments of science be an equivalent for a forgotten God? Shall no Christian sympathy, flowing from love to God, touch the friendless orphan, or the blundering boy whom his school-mates look down upon as a blockhead? and when the quivering lip is noticed must there be no reasoning tinged with faith, and no motives higher than the rod, to raise the drooping eye and discouraged heart? God help our children in future, if they were to be handed over to rigidity, frigidity, and the birch, a shut-up teacher's heart, a seared conscience and schools without God!

It is quite easy theoretically to separate the religious from the moral, and to hope to take the one away without damaging the other; but "what God hath joined together *let* no man put asunder." We unhesitatingly assert that there *can be no such thing as a purely secular education.* The attempt must end in utter failure. It is an attempt to separate a human being from himself. The teacher, wherever present, will have his opinions and theories, and the scholars will know them. Books will have the leanings of their authors to this, that, and the other creed; and the scholar, if he does not know it, will *feel* it. In presence of the secular machinery, however masterly and minute, and cleverly calculated to exclude the religious, you have two immortals with their still more minute and masterly capabilities and susceptibilities, the teacher and the receiver of that teaching. By looks as well as words; intuitively as well as oracularly, you have countenance meeting countenance, evolving thoughts and leaving impressions that bid defiance to the ingenuity which would separate the intellectual from the spiritual part of man. Natural force is stronger than artificial boundary lines.

RESULTS POSTPONED YET CERTAIN.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

"Evil pursueth sinners: but to the righteous good shall be repayed." (Prov. xiii. 21.)

SOME actions are speedily followed by the corresponding results, and others require a considerable period before the results take place: but, when men regard the results as certain, they regulate their conduct accordingly. A merchant seated in his office, first writes a letter to a correspondent in America, and then prepares a brief telegram to another acquaintance there, and next sends his errand lad with both to the Post-Office. Long before the merchant goes home, the message sent by telegraph has arrived in New York, and the receiver is already influenced thereby. The letter may be on the way a fortnight before it arrives. But the merchant pondered as carefully what he wrote in the letter as what he wrote in the telegram. The effect would not be so speedy, but the sagacious man had reason to believe that corresponding results would take place in each case, and acted accordingly. He did not say, "I care not what I put into the letter. If I order a thousand bales of cotton which I

do not need, or at an exorbitant price, why should I care? When the telegram has arrived and been acted on, the letter will still be sealed up in a bag, in the dark, stowed away in a ship, out of sight of land. If the telegram be all right, what care I for the letter?" No! the merchant knows that results, though postponed, may be of untold importance. We have now to consider results of conduct which, though delayed, are momentous.

A dreadful pursuer.—Some transgressors do seem for a time to be prosperous. They appear to have more money, more friends, and more pleasure than would have been their portion if they had walked in the ways of rectitude. Probably their satisfaction of mind even then is only partial or apparent. But, however happy they are, there is an untiring foe on their track. Evil is following after; and unless they find refuge in God's mercy, they will be overtaken. Miseries in various forms, like wolves on the track of fugitives, are behind the transgressors. Wretchedness, often during this present life, so seizes and holds the sinner that he cannot escape. He can never be so prosperous, or happy, or respected, or healthy, as he might have been. Evil has pursued the guilty fugitive until it has overtaken him. Then even if to the close of life the transgressor seems to prosper, we are well assured that the dreadful result of his sin is only postponed.

Some time ago, eight convicts managed to escape from Fort Blair, on the Indian coast. Evil had already overtaken these unhappy men. Because of their crimes they, with others, had been doomed to penal servitude. They were miserable because of the degradation, privations, and toil to which they were subjected. Their country had lately declared that the negroes should no longer be held as slaves. But no proclamation of freedom was likely to be issued on their behalf. They were convicted felons, and as such had been righteously doomed to bondage. They were held in a state of slavery because it was deemed right that they should be so treated. But they at length contrived to elude the turnkeys and other officials, and having by some means procured two small canoes, they set sail, not knowing whither to proceed. Any fate appeared to them preferable to the wretched bondage in which they had been legally held.

Day by day these eight miserable men looked around over the mighty waters hoping to espy some ship. They were doubtless prepared with statements which they hoped would be received as truth. All that they now desired was to reach some place where the rights of free men, so sadly forfeited, would be allowed to them. But they looked in vain. One week after another passed, and yet neither sail nor shore was visible. Hunger and thirst, such as few labouring men in America have to endure, tormented them. After a wearisome voyage, driven hither and thither by wind and wave, they discerned a coast in the distance, which proved to be that of Burmah. They reached it with difficulty, and landed, having endured incredible sufferings. But, soon after doing so, they were suspected, and arrested, and eventually sent back to Fort Blair, to be visited with the specially severe punishments allotted to convicts attempting to escape. Evil had overtaken these transgressors, and they were unable to shake off its grasp. We know not how long,

in each case, the result of evil-doing was avoided. But they now felt its power.

A gracious recompense.—The Bible often speaks of reward given to good men. They fully understand, and heartily acknowledge, that they deserve no pleasant hour, nor any desirable inheritance. But there is a reward provided for them, although it certainly is all of grace Divine. An aged lady, when dying, said to those around her bedside: "Rejoice with me, rejoice with me! I am entering my Father's house." She was in her eighty-eighth year, but her heart was full of immortal youth. When young, she was know as Mary Anne Galton, and afterwards as Mrs. Schimmelpennick. She passed through considerable mental conflict before she obtained true religion. At a time when much admired by her friends, she was in great agony of soul because of her sinfulness. A Moravian lady observed her when in one of the public rooms at Bath, and spoke kindly to her. She replied: "Can you do anything for the wounded spirit of one who knows not how or where to find peace?" That Moravian lady spoke to her of Jesus, and she found peace in Him. Righteousness Divine was imparted. From that period she endeavoured to do all the good she could, and when dying, received in a special degree a foretaste of the gracious recompense: "Rejoice with me, rejoice with me! I am entering my Father's house."

A VISIT TO ALDERSHOT.

I RECENTLY spent a Sunday at Aldershot, and conducted Divine service there, with all that interest which such an engagement, with its peculiar and exceptional circumstances, cannot fail to arouse in the mind of a visitor. The Parade-service at the Wesleyan Church is fixed for half-past ten o'clock; but before that time, bodies of men from various corps, and from different parts of the South Camp, are seen marching to the church; so that all are in their places before the time for commencing the service arrives. I was thus enabled to begin five minutes before the time appointed. This was an advantage, as the service must close at ten or fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock, in order to meet camp arrangements, in which strict punctuality rules all classes. We had no late comers to this service, and the contrast with the contrary unjustifiable and pernicious habits of some other congregations with which we are painfully familiar was striking and satisfactory. Surely good feeling and good breeding ought to be as influential in this particular as military discipline. At present it is not so, very much to the reproach of all concerned.

The church was filled with soldiers and a fringe of civilians, whose plain clothes looked like a dark frame to a brilliant picture. I counted men belonging to twelve or thirteen different corps, Guards, Engineers, Artillery, Cavalry, Highlanders, Infantry of the Line, Army Works Corps, etc., etc. There were bronzed and bearded men with Crimea, India, New-Zealand, Abyssinia, and good-conduct medals glittering on their breasts, who had borne themselves bravely on many a battle-field; and not a few youths who had but recently joined the army, evidently recruits, forming into soldiers, with fresh, intelligent countenances, and sparkling eyes. Many of these, as we know, were of Methodist families, and many others were not long since

in our schools. Home recollections were still powerful with them, evidenced as it was by their having declared themselves Wesleyans on joining their regiments. These memories and influences had not faded from the minds and hearts of their older comrades in their wanderings, dangers, and temptations.

Then, after the clang of side-arms, as the congregation rose from their seats, came the singing of one of our hymns. With this exercise the soldiers, old and young, were familiar, and they sung with a fulness of deep-toned, manly voice that forcibly reminded me of Methodist singing fifty years ago, when all joined in this part of Divine worship with a will and with a feeling which modern modes of psalmody have not improved. During prayer all was still, till the Lord's prayer was offered, when it was accompanied by the subdued utterances of many voices. A more attentive congregation, during the sermon, I have rarely seen in any of our chapels, in any part of the kingdom, or under any circumstances. I was surprised and pleased with the absence of that coughing which is ofttimes unnecessarily indulged, to the distraction, or at least to the disturbance, of congregations. Short, comparatively, as the service was, there was no hurry about it; and the necessary condensation of the sermon was certainly no disadvantage, either to the preacher or to his congregation.

The service in the evening is, so far as the military are concerned, a *voluntary* one; and our influence among the men who declare themselves Wesleyans, and who, as such, whatever may be their character, must attend one parade-service, is tested by the number which come to this service. Here, again, there was much encouragement afforded in the number of soldiers present. The attendance has much increased of late, and it takes the lead of all such services in the camp. I was thankful to see so many of our men present at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. Three soldiers, who had been prevented by their duties from arriving in time for the commencement of the Holy Sacrament, and who got among us while the concluding prayer and thanksgiving were being offered, I invited to remain and communicate. This they thankfully did, and the other communicants stayed in their places till their brethren had thus again sealed their vows to be the Lord's soldiers and servants.

It was a day of holy enjoyment, spent in the midst of energetic Methodist working; the Sunday-school, and that important institution, the "Soldiers' Home," being in full and most profitable activity. I have not noticed our morning and evening services at the North Camp, where a school-room has been appropriated to our use by the General commanding the division, nor the prison and hospital services which occupy so much of the attention of our Ministers, and which have yielded, and do still yield, encouraging results. I have visited Aldershot before, but never with greater satisfaction than on this occasion. All the circumstances of ministerial duty here prompt to pointed, energetic, affectionate endeavours to save souls. There is no time for theorizing, but every inducement to practical and prompt dealing with the eternal interests of our flock. I addressed a congregation here twelve months since, and now, through the removal of troops, I had, with but few exceptions, an

entirely new one before me. Our Ministers at Aldershot are fully up to their important work, and the Superintendent, or as the military authorities call him, the Senior Chaplain, stands well with all ranks in Her Majesty's service. A Sunday spent at Aldershot would be a treat to many friends, during their summer trips, who are interested in our Methodist duties and progress, and would give them clearer ideas of what Wesleyan soldiers are, and what is the nature and success of our work among them. All our experience illustrates the words of the noble soldier who lately commanded the Aldershot Division, and who has earned "golden opinions from all sorts of people:"—"I have been intimately connected with soldiers for fifty-two years, and I do not know any men who are more grateful to those who strive to benefit them." C.

THE LOST TREASURE.

BY E. WADDY.

"CLARA, I have lost my purse!"

"My dear Mary, how did you manage that? Was there much in it?"

"More than I can afford to lose. It was one of those little bags with a steel chain. I was carrying it in my hand, and holding my dress, so I did not notice the loss in time. It must have come unfastened, for I have the chain still."

"Some one has stolen it, no doubt; broken the chain with a jerk, when you were not looking."

"I feel sure no one has been near enough to do that; it has just come unfastened and slid quietly down my dress; I should have felt a jerk."

"There is no proof that you would, if you were so heedless as not to notice its fall. It was very foolish to carry your money in that insecure way at all."

"I think I am sufficiently punished without your making unkind reflections, Clara. Of course, I thought it was safe when I did it."

"Have you been back to look for it?"

"A little way, but I could not see it, and there were so many people about that it seemed useless. I felt so tired and dispirited that I came home instead."

"You are never going to give it up so easily! You ought to go right back to the place where you last had it, and inquire in the shops, and look well about. Cuthbert has just come from school, I will send him up to the police-station, and write two or three bills to be laid in shop windows."

"Thank you, dear, but I am *so* tired, and it seems such a heartless errand; if it were a pocket-book, or a bunch of keys, there might be some chance; but very likely the money is already spent, and the purse destroyed." So saying, Mary rose wearily, and pulled her gloves on again.

"The more valuable it is, the more need for prompt action," replied Clara, energetically. "Really I am surprised at you; one would have thought you would be eager to recover a sum which must be of considerable consequence to you; to say nothing of the satisfaction of repairing the results of your own carelessness."

"How unsympathizing Clara is," said poor Mary to herself, as she set off on her search. "I wonder what is the matter with her, she has been so sharp the last two or three days. Perhaps she is not very well, or something may be trying her that I

do not know about. Certainly, it was not wise to carry money in my hand, but I had rather not have been told so just when I had found it out."

Meanwhile, Clara despatched Cuthbert, wrote the bills, and laid them in readiness for distribution, if Mary should return empty-handed.

"If Mary should find it, I think she ought to thank me for stirring her up. It is unaccountable, the way some people will suffer loss without any effort to regain their treasures. I am afraid I spoke rather sharply to her, but she deserved it; I hope it will make her more careful another time."

Clara walked up to her own room, and took a book, but her harsh manner recurred to her mind, and her thoughts left the volume she held in her hand, and began to search the volume displayed in her heart. "I was cross with Alice last night, and with Cuthbert this morning, but he was so provoking, I *had to* be angry with him. I have felt restless and dissatisfied for a day or two; what is the cause of it?"

Mechanically, she took up her text-book, and opening it, read: "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free Spirit." (Psalm li. 12.)

"Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford:
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me."

"Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of Hosts." (Mal. iii. 7.)

Then, as she stood with the little book in her hand, it all came back to her memory. Three days before, she had yielded to sudden temptation, and lost her peace of mind. Unable to leave her companions conveniently, she had bribed conscience by resolving to seek pardon at night, but then she was tired and sleepy, and had lost the sharp feeling of distress and shame that had come over her when she first accused herself of sin. Her prayers were little different from the evening before, and with a dreamy idea of self-examination on the morrow, when she would be wide awake, and more able to judge calmly from the lapse of time, she fell asleep. So had she gone on, with dulled sensibility of sin, with an undefined restlessness, and an absence of that peace and joy which are as much the bulwarks as the comfort of our religion.

So every harsh note had found an answering discord in her heart, instead of the harmony which generally hushed and soothed the jarring strings of the household.

God had hidden His face from her, and though she knew that her sins had separated between her and God, she had walked in the twilight, and borne her own burdens with a heavy heart. Yet she could wonder at Mary's apathy at a worldly loss! She could assure her briskly, "The more valuable it is, the more need for prompt action."

She saw it all now, and falling on her knees, she entreated with tears,—

"Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
That drove Thee from my breast."

Half an hour passed, and Clara went downstairs with a happy though subdued expression, to meet Mary, who had just returned from a successful search.

"Look here, Clara," she exclaimed joyfully, "I have found *it* again!"

"So have I; how thankful I am!"

"So have you! What have you found?"

"O, I forgot you would not understand; come upstairs, and I will tell you all about it, then I must hear how you found your purse; and Mary, I am very sorry I was so unkind to you this afternoon, will you forgive me?"

And human reconciliation completed the happiness that Divine pardon had begun.

REGULARITY AT THE CLASS-MEETING.

Some years ago, one of the largest contractors in the kingdom, a shrewd man of business having many men in his employ, whenever a Wesleyan applied, especially if for a situation of trust, before giving his final answer, endeavoured to learn how the man had attended his class. If he found that he did it with regularity and constancy, he would engage him immediately. Explaining this usage to a private friend, he said: "If a man is true to his religious engagements, he will be true to his God, and therefore I believe he will be true to me." Reader, could you obtain a situation on the same test? J. H. N.

GOOD SAYINGS.

Religion and Morality.—"Thy law, O Lord," saith David, "is within my heart." If this leaven have not taken the conscience, all outward reformation is but Jehoiakim's rotten wall painted over with vermilion. What cares a good market-man how fair the fleece or the flesh look, if the loin be specked! —*Thomas Adams.*

Christ's Presence in the Sacraments.—Christ is present in the sacraments, as they teach that He is present in His word, when He worketh mightily by the same in the hearts of the hearers. By which manner of speech it is not meant that Christ is corporally present in the voice or sound of the speaker, (which sound perisheth as soon as the words be spoken;) but this speech meaneth that He worketh with His word, using the voice of the speaker as His instrument to work by; as He useth also sacraments, whereby He worketh, and therefore is said to be present in them.—*Archbishop Cranmer.*

Self-questioning.—Are daily sins of infirmity searched out, considered, and mourned over? Is care taken to exercise faith distinctly, in order to the pardon of them? Is peace taken when not powerfully spoken by the Lord? Doth the impression of the necessity and excellency of Christ's blood decay? Are the experiences of its efficacy as distinct as ever? Am I formal in God's worship, secret or public? Do I take due care to educate my family? Are afflictions observed, and duly improved? Am I duly concerned for my flock, and single and diligent in prayer for them, visiting the sick? Have I a due sympathy with afflicted saints and churches? Do I mourn over the sins of the times? Do I hear the voice of God's rod, calling me to a deadness to the world, to my dearest relations, and even to life itself; and to preparation for death, and spirituality in duties?—*Halyburton.*

Good Manners.—Good manners are the blossom of good sense, and, it may be added, of good feeling; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as great things; that desire to oblige,

and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.—*Locke.*

A LIVING MONUMENT.

I CARE not for a marble stone
  Above my dust to rise,
Or costly monumental pile
  Where my form mould'ring lies:

But I would have a monument
  In loving hearts around,
One that, when years had roll'd away,
  Should perfect still be found.

I care not for a record made
  Where'er my bones may lie;
But deeds to show where I have lived,
  Deeds register'd on high.

I care not for my name to be
  Engraved above my clay,
On aught of perishable earth
  That time shall wear away.

But I would have it register'd
  On memory's tablet deep;
To be preserved in loving hearts
  When I am laid to sleep.

And I would have those loved in life
  Follow my senseless clay;
And with true grief, in its low bed,
  My weary body lay.

I care not that in records old
  My name should mention'd be,
With fame and honour handed down
  To all posterity:

But I would act my part below,
  And so spend life's short day,
That many years my name may live
  When I have pass'd away.

Live in some hearts that it has been
  My lot to bless and cheer,
And cause some ray of light to cross
  Their pathway dark and drear.

This my ambition—this my aim—
  This be my lot, I pray,
When death's dark night shall usher in
  Life's bright, eternal day.

JESSIE.

YOUNGWOODS,

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY ETHERIDGE, M.A., PH.D.

THE birthplaces of some very eminent men are unknown, and those of many others have been swept away by the hand of time. But that of the late Dr. Etheridge, which is a solitary farmhouse, about four miles from Newport, Isle of Wight, still stands, and has undergone little alteration since the day he saw the light. I visited it, with a friend, during the last summer, and the day being very fine, took a sketch of it from the garden. Here, then, John Wesley Etheridge was born, on the 24th of February, 1804, of parents who were devoted Methodists, and who were among the first to entertain the Wesleyan Ministers who visited that beautiful isle. His father was a Local-preacher, and Mr. Wesley wished him to enter on the full work of the ministry; but, owing to his mother's objections to part with him, he declined doing so, to his great regret at a later period. His mother, who, he says, was a saint, took him to a Class-meeting when he was but a child, and there he got impressions which resulted in his conversion, for whilst yet in his teens, he obtained a sense of the Divine favour which he never lost to the last day of his life.

The schoolmasters of young Etheridge were a Baptist Minister at Portsea; his own father, who opened a school at Newport; and a remarkable man named Robert Gelf, who, though in very humble life, could read the Greek Testament, knew something of Hebrew, and explored with delight the treasures of French theological literature. With this excellent man, who was, moreover, a popular Local-preacher, the youthful student spent two afternoons a week for

four years, reading with him some of the works of the great English divines. This was his only college or university. By earnest and persevering effort he became acquainted not only with Greek and Latin, French and German, but also with Hebrew and Syriac, in which latter languages especially he was one of the best scholars of his day.

Mr. Etheridge entered the Wesleyan ministry in the year 1827, and was one of its brightest ornaments as a preacher and as a scholar for nearly forty years. For a time he was laid aside by a throat affection; and the loss of his beloved wife, six years after their marriage, was so severe a stroke that he grieved under it, though with perfect submission to the Divine will, for many years. On the partial recovery of his health, he assisted the Rev. W. Toase, in Paris, and afterwards took charge of the English congregation in Boulogne, where he delivered a course of lectures on Romanism and the Reformed faith. He visited Germany, and became acquainted with some of the eminent professors of the University of Heidelberg, from which university he obtained his well-earned diploma as Ph. D. He returned to England, and was stationed in Islington, Bristol, Leeds, and several Circuits in Cornwall, in all which he was greatly beloved, and was the means of leading many into the way of peace. His tastes were highly literary; but he delighted in preaching the Gospel of Christ, and in several of his letters now before me, he speaks of gracious revivals of religion, especially in Falmouth and Penzance, with exulting joy. For many years he suffered from deafness, which was a great barrier to conversation, and to his speaking personally to seekers of salvation; yet he rejoiced to lead them to the Saviour in the best way he could,

and very precious were many of the lessons he taught, especially to the young, in whom he took a very lively interest. He had an only child, a daughter, whom he loved with the utmost fondness, and whom he educated, teaching her French, German, Greek, and Hebrew, with which latter language especially she became very familiar. But at twenty years of age she was taken from him to a brighter world. Writing to a friend soon after the event, he said, "O my poor broken heart!" and though he did not murmur, yet the wound was never healed.

He was the author of several valuable works on Hebrew literature, and of the excellent Memoirs of Dr. Adam Clarke and Dr. Coke, published by the Wesleyan Book Committee,—memoirs which all our young people ought to read, as in many respects calculated to instruct their minds, to inform their judgment, and to warm their hearts. Few pieces of biography are so rich either in narrative or in sentiment as these, and we doubt not that they will go down to posterity as the most correct and beautiful portraits of those two eminent men which the pen has ever drawn.

An extended Memoir of Dr. Etheridge, with his Lectures on Romanism, is in the press, so that we need say no more than that he died at Camborne, in "the full assurance of hope," on the 24th of May, 1866, and, in accordance with his own request, was buried by the side of his beloved daughter, in the churchyard at Gulval, near Penzance. The grave I visited in the spring of last year, and though I could not but mourn the loss of so ripe a scholar, and so eminent a man, yet it was with the "sure and certain hope" that he would have "part in the first resurrection;" and, in words written by himself, had I then known them, but which I have since found among his papers, I could have said that evening:—

"In the deep presence of the brooding night,
To Thee, all-present One, Whose eyes ne'er sleep,
Do I confide soul, flesh, and every power,
Pavilion'd in Thy providence to rest,
Seal'd with the signet of Thy gracious care
That shall this helpless frame in safety keep,
And raise, invigor'd with the orient light;
Or if it be this night my end shall come,—
Eternal God! may the tremendous hour
Waft my wing'd soul to its celestial home;
And let this body sleep till Christ—all fair—
Bid it come forth, in fadeless glory drest.
To Him, with Thee, and with the Spirit blest,
Be adoration endlessly exprest."

T. S.

EARLIEST HISTORICAL NOTICES OF PARIS.

(*Concluded from page* 27.)

The barbarous descendants of Clovis held the throne of France for nearly two centuries and a half, amidst varying fortunes. Childebert first took the title of "King of Paris." Among the members of this race were *Les Rois Fainéans*, "the sluggard kings," so called from their incapacity, produced by habits of ease and dissipation. In the absence of all effective government on the part of the monarchs, their power was almost wholly usurped by the mayors of the Palace. One of these "Maires," Pepin d'Heristhal, kept his sovereign in a state of subjection so absolute as to render him almost a prisoner in his own kingdom, and fortified by the authority of Pope Zachary, seized, at the king's decease, the throne itself, which he bequeathed at his own death to his two sons, Pepin Le Bref, and Carloman. The latter retired to a cloister, and Pepin became sole king.

Thus ended the Merovingian, or long-haired race, (so called from the custom of never cutting the hair of its princes,) and thus commenced the Carlovingian dynasty. Pepin was succeeded, after the reign of Charles Martel, by Charles, afterwards called Charlemagne, or Charles the Great. From his reign the modern history of France commences. This warlike and successful monarch greatly enlarged the royal authority, and exercised all his military power upon the Pagans, whom he often compelled, at the point of the sword, (sad implement of conversion!) to embrace Christianity.

In the year 841, the Normans having learned that the monasteries were the depositories of great riches, and having already in the neighbourhood of the coast of France tasted the sweets to be gained by despoiling them, sailed up the Seine, and attacked Paris, which they pillaged. These visits were many times repeated between the years 845 and 886; at the last period, St. Goslin, who was for a short time Bishop of Paris, and who united the military and ecclesiastical functions in his own person, greatly increased the fortifications of the city. This measure inspired so much confidence that the inhabitants of the monasteries and the clergy of the churches around sent to Paris all their most precious possessions, among which not the least valuable in their estimation were the bodies of their saints, to be guarded in security within its walls. The Normans besieged the city during a period of three months, and all the environs of the metropolis were desolated by their outrages. At length, Charles the Fat arrived at the base of Montmartre with an army for the relief of the city, but terrified by the Norman soldiers, whom he saw opposed to his own, he made a stipulation with the barbarians that they should retire upon the receipt of fourteen thousand crowns. Immediate relief was thus gained, but such an adjustment was the very process calculated to entice the enemy to return, which they did in 890. This, however, was their last visit.

But though Paris was now relieved from Norman invasion, it became exposed to a new foe in the person of Otho II., Emperor of Germany, who, in the course of a war with Lothaire, king of France, advanced, in 978, with 16,000 soldiers, to the very walls of the city. In his triumphant exultation, he struck his own lance against the gates, and after exposing all the environs to fire and desolation, caused his rude army to chant a dissonant Hallelujah on the summit of Montmartre. But his bravado was brief. He was attacked by Lothaire, in alliance with Hugh Capet, and Henry, duke of Burgundy, and suffered a most disastrous defeat.

Till this time, the relics of the saints, with the other valuable property which had been entrusted to the city of Paris, remained in safety within its walls; but the terror inspired by the barbarian invaders having now passed away, the depositors demanded their goods, and especially their sacred possessions. The Bishop of Paris, however, did not regard honesty as part of his creed, and he appears to have impiously thought that a regard for the duties of the first table, would atone for the utter violation of those of the second. Under various pretexts, therefore, most of these relics were withheld from their rightful owners.

This dishonest retention of property deemed sacred by the ignorance of the times, led to considerable changes in the physical aspect of the city of Paris. As such remains could not, without the appearance of considerable indevotion, be kept indiscriminately huddled together in one place, it was necessary to build churches to contain them; and the division of the sacred spoils was made in a manner worthy of the spiritual ignorance which characterized the period. The cathedral held fast the shrine of St. Marcel, the body of St. Severin, St. Justin de Louvres, St. Lucain de Moisy, a part of the relics of St. Cloud, and part of those of St. Denis. The church of St. Germain-le-Vieux, an ancient baptistery situated in the city, refused to give up the body of St. Germain unless it were allowed to retain an arm of that saint.

Among other doctrines which exercised considerable sway over the popular belief was that of purgatory, always a favourite with the Church of Rome, since it drew money in abundance into her coffers. Large sums were expended by bereaved families to procure the prayers of the priests. Indeed, so great was the number of similar applications, that it was found impossible to perform the purchased number of masses. This was, indeed, no real loss

to the deluded buyers, but the fraud of taking money for services which it was impossible to perform became in the end atrocious. The General Councils protested against this robbery, but were unable to secure its discontinuance. The traffic became at length most disgraceful. The masses for which payment had to be made were often farmed out to other churches, to be performed for a greatly-diminished sum, and the whole procedure amounted to an extensive scheme of spiritual overreaching.

At this period the social condition of Paris was most calamitous. Out of twenty-three years, fourteen were those of grievous famine. At some seasons, the extremity of distress drove the multitudes to eat human flesh for subsistence. To the horrors of famine the historian adds those of frequent massacres, pestilence, and conflagration!

In the year 987, a new dynasty opened upon France in the person of Hugh Capet. On the death of Louis V. he was elected king by his fellow-nobles, passing over the next heir of a line which had grown incapable. By the elevation of Hugh Capet, France became subject to a confederation of magnates, among whom the feudal lord was the ruling prince. It was, therefore, a reign of aristocracy. In subsequent times, Hugh Capet, who is said never to have put the crown upon his head,* was considered as having held the throne by a kind of Divine right, a sentiment which his successors were not slow in putting forth as the foundation of their royal authority.

During the Capetian dynasty, Paris became greatly extended, and was acknowledged, which it had never been till then, as the capital of the kingdom. It derived the most important celebrity from its schools, which were centres of intelligence, not only to the surrounding kingdom, but to a large part of Europe, whose inhabitants came to sit at the feet of its theologians and professors. Among the most distinguished of these were Peter Lombard and Abelard. The latter was a man of great abilities, celebrated for his eloquence and dialectics. Having first established a school at Mélun, he removed thence to Corbeil, and afterwards to Paris. No professor had ever obtained so much distinction. But his moral worth was by no means equal to his fame; and celebrated though he became, his end was degradation and disgrace. Such is the almost invariable rule when high talents are allied to defective principle.

The university appliances of that day were, however, far from abundant. Abelard, like other professors of his time, frequently delivered his lectures in the open air, whilst his pupils sat on straw around him. The usual studies of the period were grammar, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music. To accommodate the increased number of students who now flocked to Paris, a new *quartier* was established on the left bank of the Seine, mainly devoted to their accommodation, and called *Le pays Latin*, "the Latin country;" or the Sorbonne, from Sorbon, whose schools were situated in that district. Yet though the accommodation was far from ample, luxury and temptation, which ruin so many souls, had already begun. "O seducing and corrupting city!" says an author of the time; "what snares hast thou for youth, and what sins dost thou lead them to commit."

We now arrive at the age of Philip Auguste, (A.D. 1180,) called at his birth *Le Dieu donné*, and possessed of a character which, but that it had a counterpart in the person of John of England, would have appeared to be almost the crown of infamy. Though his reign was distinguished by the warlike excitement of the Crusades, and by serious differences with the Pope, the city of Paris owes to it great increase of dimensions, and some of its most important embellishments.

Philip erected two hospitals, three colleges, and seven churches, increased the Louvre, and fortified it by a tower

* Sismondi's "France and the Feudal System."

on the banks of the Seine. In his reign the two principal streets of Paris were paved with stone, some traces of which have been occasionally discovered at the depth of seven or eight feet below the surface. At this time also the city was considerably extended, and fortified with walls and towers, whilst a great chain drawn across the Seine prevented any hostile approach by means of the river. In the course of this reign the Bishop of Paris, Maurice de Sully, commenced, upon the site of an older fabric, the erection of the great cathedral church of Notre Dame, which it took two centuries to complete.

Among the burial-places of Paris, was one entitled *Le Cimetière des Innocents*, which during this reign was enclosed within walls. At a subsequent period it became surrounded with long galleries called *charniers*, ("charnel-houses,") in which the more wealthy part of the community was interred. These galleries, which were paved, and surrounded by tombs and monumental inscriptions, were also occupied by narrow apartments, in which various shopkeepers sold their wares, and became in the course of time a favourite resort of the idle and dissipated. Death, instead of being an object of solemn contemplation, as it well may be to all who rightly regard it, was at that time a subject of bitter mockery and frolic to the Parisians, and on the walls of this charnel-house was placed a painting of the Dance of Death, where the "King of Terrors" was portrayed under the form of a skeleton, (as in the well known picture of Holbein,) intruding into the most unsuspecting companies and leading off his victims. But this did not suffice; a stage was moreover erected, on which a tragi-comedy of a similar kind was regularly performed, and drew great crowds. Incredible as it may seem, this exhibition continued during six centuries, in the course of which thirty generations passed away to the great realities they had ridiculed.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

VIII.

SAMUEL LEIGH.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

The difficulties of a beginning are known only to the beginner. The apprentice who wishes to be master of his profession, must begin at the first principles of his art, and plod on and on, with feelings unknown to all but himself. The emigrant, who goes to a foreign land with a desire to obtain a competency for life, must face a wilderness before he can behold a farm in a high state of cultivation. When he reaches the place of his destination, all around him is in a state of nature. Thorns, thistles, and weeds have propagated there for generations; and there stand strong trees, thick and tall, that were growing in the forest long before he was born. These trees must be felled, ground must be grubbed and cleaned, land must be fenced, and other preparation must be used, before he can plough, and sow, and reap. What does he need to be successful in such an enterprise? Capital, health, strength, skill, patience and perseverance. But in due time he reaps, if he faint not.

Let us now come to morals or religion. Look at mankind in a state of heathenism, as sin has made them; then look at the object of the Christian Missionary when he goes to live and labour amongst them, that they may be made "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Here is an undertaking the most difficult ever attempted by man. It is a work for God, and no one can be the means of its performance but he whom God calls, and qualifies, and sends forth with such a commission.

Australia is the largest island in the world, or rather a sea-girt continent. Its length, from west to east, is 2,400 miles; its greatest breadth, north to south, 1,700 to 1,900 miles. It has a temperate and a tropical climate. Its productions are various, numerous, and valuable. This "Southern World" is likely to have a noble future. But we

have to look at the beginning of its social and religious existence. The first account given of it was by a Spaniard. Afterwards, a large portion of its coast was surveyed by various Dutch navigators, till, in 1770, its east coast was carefully surveyed by Captain Cook. Soon colonists arrived, and settled on its soil. New-South Wales was selected by the British Government as the place to which those prisoners should be sent whose crimes deserved banishment from their country to a distant land: and about the year 1787-8, a penal settlement was formed at Port-Jackson.

Samuel Leigh had much to do with Australasia and New-Zealand at the commencement of their religious history. He was a native of Milton, in Staffordshire, and was born in the year 1785. When he was but a youth, the infinitely important subject of personal religion engaged his serious attention. By a prayerful reading of the Scriptures, by private communion with God, and attending the means of grace, he at length obtained a sense of God's pardoning mercy through faith in Jesus Christ. When Mr. Leigh enjoyed the great salvation, he became anxious that his life should be spent in telling sinners of the Saviour whom he had found. His first efforts were in the private and social means of grace; afterwards, he visited the surrounding villages, and expounded the Scriptures. At first, though not indifferent to doctrinal views, yet being supremely intent on saving souls, for five years he divided his labours between the Independents and the Methodists. When pursuing his studies at Gosport with a view to the Christian ministry, he at length connected himself with the Methodists, as the people of his choice. His Divine Master, who intended him for the Mission work, gave him a healthy body, a vigorous mind, and a large measure of the spirit which fitted him for his great undertaking. During his studies, he regularly wrote to his mother and sister, and in every letter gave them to understand that his call was to the work of a Missionary in distant lands, and that his heart was set upon it. At first, his mother strongly opposed his going abroad, and with tears wrote to him letters of remonstrance, expostulation, and entreaty. He had recourse to prayer, and after a while his mother wrote to him, saying, "Son Samuel, if the Lord has called thee to be a Missionary, He will no doubt enable me to give thee up. May the Lord Himself go with thee." Thus his great hindrance was removed. He says his heart was "merry and lightsome," and he sat down and wrote by the next post to the Rev. Joseph Benson, offering to go to any part of the world.

In due time, Mr. Leigh was appointed to New-South Wales. When on the voyage, he was at one time in danger of being taken by a French privateer, and consigned to a French prison. Having received such an intimation from the captain of the vessel, he replied, "Sir, I am going to New-South Wales as a Missionary, and if I go through a French prison, it is not of much consequence to me." When he arrived in Sydney, his first reception was very discouraging; but he had recourse to prayer, and soon the great mountain became a plain. He had tempting worldly offers; but as his object in going was not to become rich, but to save souls, he rejected them. At first, the scene of his toils was not at all inviting. Beyond the frontiers of the colony were the natives, in a state of heathenism, numbering nearly 200,000, and moving over a vast surface of land. But within the bounds of the colony he found a community of criminals who had been banished from their native land. They bore the features of that dark picture of fallen human nature which St. Paul has drawn in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. Those who were already deeply fallen, fell still lower. It was said, "The world, if searched from end to end, could not present another such scene of unutterable woe, as was to be witnessed there."

As the first Wesleyan Missionary to

Australia and New-Zealand, he did not find the spiritual field presenting a crop ready to be gathered into the heavenly garner. He beheld a vast and open wilderness, producing weeds, thorns, and deadly trees that had to be uprooted. As a pioneer Christian Missionary, he began by preaching the Gospel, and thus laid the foundation of the Methodist Church in those colonies. Soon the scene of his labours took the definite shape of a Circuit, but a Circuit so wide and trying, that it required a body that could endure toil, and a spirit that could sustain the burden of the Lord and the weight of compassion for perishing souls. Its extent was one hundred and fifty miles. He says he "had many difficulties to encounter, long rides, and frequently no bed but the ground." In New-Zealand we see him amidst warlike cannibals. Amidst such trying circumstances, his self-denying efforts instead of being encouraged were strongly opposed by some from whom better things might have been expected. On one occasion the Governor took a tour through the provinces, and at one place invited the magistrates, military officers, and others to dine with him. Whilst they were together, the resident magistrate asked whether His Excellency were aware that a Missionary was going up and down in the several townships, collecting large bodies of people together, and persuading them to become Methodists. Unless some restraint were put upon him, they would soon, in his opinion, become a colony of Methodists. The worthy magistrate concluded his address by recommending that Missionary Leigh be sent to work in the chain-gang in the coal-mines of Newcastle. The Governor in reply said he had kept a vigilant eye upon Mr. Leigh from the beginning of his labours in the colony, because he did not at that time approve of his mission. But looking candidly at the effects of the labours of the Missionary, his views and feelings regarding him were changed, because *he was doing good everywhere*. Then, turning to the magistrate who had spoken against the man of God, His Excellency added: "Sir, when Mr. Leigh comes here again, I desire that you will call the servants of the Government into the store-room, that he may preach to them. Remember, I wish this to be regularly done in future." Such was the opposition amidst which Mr. Leigh singly toiled, and laid the foundation of a vast spiritual empire.

(*To be concluded.*)

EARLY METHODISM IN DERBY.

THE article bearing on this subject, as given in the "Christian Miscellany" for December, 1870, may be supplemented by a few brief notes, which will perhaps be considered of more than mere local interest.

Between sixty and seventy years ago there lived in Derby an excellent Methodist woman, Mrs. Evans, the original "Dinah" of "Adam Bede." The clever authoress, Miss Evans, of whom "Dinah" was a relative, there depicts her as the powerful preacher on the village green, and such she really was, in various parts of Derbyshire. For seven years "Dinah" and her husband, a Methodist Local-preacher, lived in Derby. They then removed to Wirksworth, now in the Matlock-Bath Circuit, where "Dinah" many years ago departed this life in the faith and hope of a true Christian.

Soon after the appearance of "Adam Bede," a small *brochure* was published at Ryde, Isle of Wight, the title of which is, "Seth Bede, 'The Methody;' his Life and Labours, chiefly written by Himself." In this work the editor makes the following introductory remarks:—"The talented authoress of 'Adam Bede' has, under fictitious names, made known to the world the peculiar virtues and characteristics of her two uncles. No one acquainted with either of them will dispute the correctness of the descriptions. They are life-like photographs of both." It is also added, that in the work of fiction to which reference is

made, the authoress has taken a novelist's liberty, and represented "Dinah" as the wife of Adam Bede. This was not the case, "Dinah" preferring to cast in her lot with "the Methody." From this little work ("Seth Bede") we learn that it was at Derby that the unostentatious charity and piety of Dinah first became known to that celebrated philanthropist, the late Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, of whom it is added, that, "From this inestimable lady she received marked encouragement to continue in the path of usefulness she had chosen, and the interest that existed in that benevolent mind, in connection with the labours of 'Dinah,' ceased only with death." In the recent Midland Counties Exhibition of works of art and industrial products, opened during the late summer in Derby, and closed only at the end of October last, which was visited by not less than 150,000 persons, one glass case contained the following, which were thus described in the catalogue:—

626A. A Bonnet of 1780 and one of 1870; also Cap in which "Dinah" preached her last sermon,—*vide* "Adam Bede." Given to the contributor by "Dinah" on her death-bed.

Reference having been made in the December article to Mrs. Dobinson, who may rank as one of the first Methodists in Derby, we may just remark that a long and interesting account of this worthy woman appears in the "Wealeyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1803. She died at Derby, aged seventy-eight years, and the narrative says that at her funeral "the streets were crowded with people."

The Wood-engraving of the Old Methodist Chapel in Saint Michael's-lane, Derby, now a malt-house, as inserted in the December "Miscellany," gives a very correct idea of its present appearance. Internally, as well as externally, there are distinct traces of its original purpose. Within its old but substantial walls, not only did the Wesleys and Fletcher preach, but many of the *élite* among the early Methodist preachers held forth the Word of Life; some of whom are mentioned in the journals of Mrs. Dobinson and of Mr. Pearson as visiting Derby. When a young man, and on the very day of his marriage at Macclesfield, Jabez Bunting preached here from 1 John i. 9, as stated by Mr. T. P. Bunting, in the Life of his father. There is now living in Derby an aged man, who has a very distinct recollection of the ministry of Theophilus Lessey, senior, in this place. He was the last Superintendent in Derby during the time Saint Michael's-lane Chapel was used. This was sixty-six years ago.

The Engraving of the "New Chapel," given also in connection with the other in the December "Miscellany," gives a view of the London-road Chapel, near the railway end of the town, opened in 1861, some two miles distant from King-street.

In closing these jottings of Early Methodism in Derby, we disclaim everything that savours of the spirit of those who, in the days of yore, said, "We have Abraham to our father." Such a plea we know is of no avail whatever. Methodism may be thankful for encouraging examples in the past, but nothing will stand in the place of present, personal duty, grounded on faith in Christ, in Whom all merit centres. It may not be necessary that church-work should run in precisely the same grooves as formerly, but there must not be wanting in church-members that Christian love, sympathy, prayer, and zeal which distinguished many of our forefathers. Combined with these, let there be also in every place, plain, earnest, practical, and intelligent preaching of the Word, with pastoral visitation of the flock, and a word in season for young and old, and Methodism will still accomplish its work of spreading Scriptural holiness throughout the land. J. J.

THE SNOW.

BY THE REV. W. D. TYACK.

The snow, the gentle snow,
Fluttering to and fro,
Falling, and rising, and whirling around,
Till, without voice or sound,
It reaches the ground,
Is, I ween, for a thinker,
A study profound.

The snow, whence is it?
And where doth it go?
It cometh from heaven, as cometh the rain,
But, as snow, it returneth not thither again:
'Tis the gift of God to nourish the sod
Into which man casteth the precious grain,
Whence the eater hath bread, and the sower seed,
Enough for his ground,
When the time of sowing again comes round.

The snow delighteth in many a freak
Of which a thinker on snow might speak;
And many a thrilling tale is told
Of "the time of snow" in the days of old:
He might tell how the highways and byways are hid,
Till every trace
Of the way to the place
Where the traveller would go
Is lost in the snow;
How, benumb'd and bewilder'd, he roams to and fro,
With no foot-marks to follow,
And none to retrace.

Alas for the traveller in such case!
And the night has come on;
And he strives and strives on his way to keep,
But the blinding snow doth beat in his face,
Till his strength and his courage together are gone;
And he sleepeth sound
On the cold white ground.

The snow, the beautiful snow,
Cold as beautiful, cruel as cold,
Thus dealeth woe
To many to-day, as in times of old,
As its pranks it plays,
In a thousand ways,
On those whom it stops
When they want to go.

The flakes of snow, taken one by one,
Are softness itself, and gentleness too;
And the headlong and thoughtless might say, "Pooh, pooh!
What can a tiny snow-flake do?"
"Just nothing at all, as it stands by itself,
But '*union* is strength,'" cries each frozen elf:
"And when our king doth his legions call,
And we troop forth from our airy hall,
And from the ethereal plains of God,
Where the foot of man has never trod,
And pour our numbers on hill and dale,
On highways and by-ways, on rut and rail;
As we come, and come, an endless host,
Whitening the land from coast to coast,
Spreading o'er all our mighty wing,
And taking possession of every thing,—
Then man with his pride and his engines of might,
Though when singly he views us
We're naught in his sight,
Must yield to the snow-flakes, when thus we unite."

On a time there came rushing and crashing along
A huge train, propell'd by the steam-giant strong;
As who should say, "Who is lord over me?
What might is like mine on the land or the sea?
The wind it may rage in its tempests of ire,
It can't stay my course, it but brightens my fire;

I care not for the rain, the hail, or the snow,
I speed in my glory to where I would go!"

A murmur is heard through the snow-circles high,—
"Heard you that proud boast as yon giant sped by?
He 'cares not for the rain, the hail, or the snow,
But speeds in his glory to where he would go!'
To arms, gentle snow-flakes!
We'll take him in hand,
And teach him a lesson, when brought to a stand."

They quietly came, first one by one;
Then more and more, as the hours wore on;
Then thicker and faster, as closed in the night,
Till by morning light,
The steam-giant's path was imbedded in white;
And still the elfin flakes came forth
In countless swarms from the freezing north.

Sir Giant came forward with whistle and roar,
And thought to dash on as he'd done before:
Onward he roll'd in his pride and his power,
On the gentle snow-flakes casting a frown,
And crushing in scorn their myriads down:
But they clogged his wheels, and slacken'd his pace,
While the swift-coming numbers beat full in his face.

He puffed, and shriek'd, but all in vain;
Slower and slower moved on his train;
Till all at once he came to a stand,
For the snow-flakes had gotten the upper hand!
They put out his fire, they stopp'd his breath,
And the monster lay there in the stillness of death;

The flakes frisk'd round him,
And laugh'd at his fall,
And over him cast their immaculate pall,
And merrily sang as they danced to and fro,—
"All giants like you
In future will know,
Not to think, 'cause we're gentle,
We're feeble and slow;
But due homage to pay
To the conquering snow!"

Hereby hangs a lesson patent to all:
Let none be discouraged whose power is small.
Great evils, like giants, may prowl o'er the land,
And proudly defy us to lift up a hand;
Be we gentle as snow-flakes, as spotlessly white,
Though alone insufficient, yet let us unite,
And the monsters of vice shall be shorn of their might.

The snow, the delicate snow,
Clothing in beauty each leafless bough;
Making the landscape a fairie scene,
Brighter than when it is deck'd in green,
The snow hath a loveliness all its own,
Unrivall'd by aught from the glowing zone;
"Of the earth, earthy," it doth not seem,
As its dazzling white
Is seen in the light
Of the cloudless sun, or the moon's full beam:
But something of heaven,
Graciously given,
To show us its spotless purity;
And tell us how free
Our souls must be
From every stain of iniquity,
If we would stand
With the holy band,
And share its endless felicity.
And, however polluted,
This we may know,
A fountain is opened, and now doth flow,
To wash us,
That we may be "whiter than snow!"

A TRACT-DISTRIBUTOR'S REPORT.

More than two years since, the secretary of the —— Wesleyan Tract Society asked me to help forward the work of the Lord by becoming a distributor. Constrained by gratitude to my gracious Saviour, whose mercy found me out when in a sinful, helpless, and miserable condition, and willing to benefit my fellows,—teeming millions of whom are just where I once was,—I immediately consented. The —— district was accordingly assigned to me; and having made my packet ready, I set about the business, trusting in the promised aid of God's Holy Spirit, without which all effort must be vain.

I will describe the manner in which I was received by the people.

Generally, I found them willing to read the little treatises I placed in their hands. Some received them gratefully, while others refused bluntly. I did not deem it expedient to press my literature upon the acceptance of my Roman-Catholic fellow citizens. From the decided manner in which they rejected it, I presume they act under the inspiration of their ecclesiastical superiors, and are fearful of incurring their censure. O, when will the light of God's truth break in upon the deep gloom by which they are enshrouded, and emancipate them from the trammels of a deadly superstition! In other cases, I endeavoured to persuade those who hesitated, and I am thankful to say, not without encouraging success. Often, while going my accustomed round on the Sunday morning, I am greeted with such welcome expressions as—"I'm glad you are come, Sir; I always know your knock." On one occasion, a person residing outside the boundary of my district, sent her children to me with a request that I should leave a tract at her house: this I was of course glad to do, and I had no difficulty in inducing this woman to send her children to our Sunday-school. After this, I had a similar request from another person, who claimed the same privilege as her neighbour.

I shall specify instances in which I have been encouraged in my work.

1. When I entered upon my district, I found in it several small shops, which were systematically opened for trade on the Lord's day. I never failed to visit these, and leave one of my silent witnesses against the unholy traffic conducted in them; and I rejoice to say that, one after another, they were closed.

2. One house in my district was occupied by a family, consisting of the father and mother and five children. The mother was "a member with the Primitive Methodists," but the father was not connected with any place of worship. The five children went to the Wesleyan Sunday-school. Two of the elder girls, the eldest being about sixteen, were members of a "Conversation Class," conducted by one of the Sunday-school teachers, which they attended with regularity and manifest interest, evincing that they found it to be a means of grace to their souls. The elder girl had for some time been marked by consumption, and at length was obliged to keep to her room. I visited her in company with our School Missionary Secretary, and she greatly enjoyed our conversation about Christ, and the salvation He came into the world to win for us. As she became weaker, the next sister was taken alarmingly ill. Her favourite Sunday-school teacher and the school superintendent were sent for to visit her, but when they arrived she was insensible. Prayer was made that she might be restored to consciousness, and bear testimony to her interest in the saving grace of God. The Lord granted this request. I saw her after this. She was blessedly happy in the Saviour's love, and sweetly passed away, to be for ever in the sunshine of His personal presence. The elder sister lingered for nearly three weeks, calmly and peacefully reposing in the sufficiency of Christ's atonement for sin. She then called her father to her bedside, and in the most affectionate and affecting manner reminded him that

the life he was leading was not pleasing to God, and made him promise from that time to strive so to serve God that he might meet her in heaven. The scene was solemn, and it had its effect. The dear girl, almost with her last breath striving to sing some of our pretty Sunday-school hymns, ascended to the upper choir, and the father is now a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society.

3. I had also in my district a young man who had been wayward, but being fatally afflicted with consumption, his friends urged him to see some Christian man. He mentioned one as the only person he would consent to see. This person was sent for, and found the young man apparently careless about the salvation of his soul. He urged upon his consideration the weighty issues which were impending; and after much conversation, by the blessing of God, he at length became truly awakened, and threw his soul upon the mercy of God in Christ. He now felt great pleasure in reading the tracts I left with him, and found the precious truths they set forth as marrow and fatness to his soul. His Christian visitor was with him a few days before he died, read to him from the Word of God, and afterwards discoursed about Jesus, when the poor invalid said, "I wish I were with Him." He had not long to wait for the realization of his desire.

4. In my district, likewise, was an elderly man, who had retired upon a small property which he had saved while holding the office of a book-keeper. Once he was visited by a Primitive Methodist minister, who spoke to him about his soul's salvation. He listened attentively, but revealed nothing respecting the manner in which his mind was affected in reference to that all-important subject. He was constitutionally reserved. He was, however, very much pleased with the tracts I left at his house, read them carefully, and was anxiously looking out for the arrival of the distributor, and frequently asking how soon he would come. From his youth, this person had attended the Established Church, but latterly was as regular as the state of his health would permit at the Wesleyan Chapel, living in all consistency before men. During my absence from home in the summer he died, and a Roman-Catholic friend, who stood over his remains, pensively remarked, "If he is not in heaven, I'm afraid many will stand a poor chance." From the conversation I had with his widow, I hope he had more than the "righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees," and had truly found his way as a poor, guilty, and helpless one to the compassion of a gracious Saviour.

The foregoing form a sample of the encouragements I have to persevere in the work to which I have put my hand.

J. A. M.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

ELLEN R——;

OR, "THE BEST BOOK FOR ME TO READ IS THE BIBLE."

A STRANGER presented herself one Sunday morning at the Wesleyan Chapel in one of the garrison towns in the South of England.

One whose heart the Lord had touched, observing her, perceived that she was far gone in consumption, and felt an anxious desire to be made useful to her; inquiries were made, and it was found that she had been for years a faithful servant at an inn; that now that she was no longer able to work, her master and mistress kindly gave her a home, her own parents being dead. She was visited, and it was ascertained that, though very ignorant of the plan of salvation, Ellen R—— was humble, and earnestly desiring to be taught.

The sermon on the Sunday previous had been founded on John iii. 5: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except

a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." This had made a deep impression on her heart, the Holy Spirit had convinced her that she had not been "born again;" but her mind was confused and disturbed. On this visit the chapter to the 18th verse was read, expounded, and prayed over, and the glorious declaration contained in the 16th and 17th verses held up to her wondering view. The tract, "Come to Jesus," which has proved such a valuable help to multitudes of penitents seeking salvation, was left with her.

A few days after, when the visit was repeated, it was found that she was still unable to exercise faith in Christ as *her* Saviour; in the course of conversation, it was asked: "Have you read 'Come to Jesus'?"

"A little," she replied; "it is a very pretty book, Ma'am, but the *bestest* book for me to read is the Bible."

Here was a lesson learned in a few days, that many never learn at all, and others take years to learn. Having made this great discovery, Ellen did not long walk in darkness; she soon found Jesus, who revealed Himself to her as a sin-pardoning God, and she was able to rejoice in Him as her Saviour. With a glad heart, she was able to say: "I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications." (Psalm cxvi. 1.)

My dear friend, do you love the Bible? if you do not, it is because you do not read it. Ellen loved it, and was never so happy as when some one was reading it to her, and teaching her its blessed truths; and thus she became able to understand other good books, and "Come to Jesus" was soon a great favourite with her.

She was eminently cheerful, never repining at her sufferings; sometimes she would say, "The pain in my side kept me awake; but you see it was a good thing, for I could talk to Jesus all night, so it did not seem long." At other times, "I have coughed nearly all night, and have had little sleep, but I could not help thinking how good the Lord has been to me, providing me a comfortable home here, and the promise of a better home above; a kind friend to visit me here, a better Friend to welcome me yonder; and though my cough is troublesome, yet how many poor things are as ill as I am, and have no hope beyond the grave; they are afraid of death, but I am not; were he to come to-day I should smile at him."

Having thus tasted of the good things of the Gospel, Ellen became very anxious that others should know and love the Saviour; and during her wakeful hours used (as she said) to talk to Jesus about her master and mistress, her fellow-servants and others whose salvation lay very near her heart. "I cannot recompense their kindness," she said; "but I can tell my Saviour about them." Her mind was graciously kept in great peace; she thoroughly enjoyed her religion, and only mourned that so many years of her life had been spent in ignorance of its happiness; her confidence was never obscured by one moment of doubt. Having expressed a wish to partake of the precious emblems of our Lord's death, the Sacrament was administered to her: her faith and love seemed manifestly increased, and her anticipations of the time when she should "see the King in His beauty," were brightened and intensified.

Often, when taking a review of her past life previous to her conversion, she would weep tears of wondering thankfulness, as she perceived how the hand of God had held her back from entering into many temptations, and had preserved her from the gross sins of those who were about her. Thus this poor girl continued for a few weeks, in constantly-increasing weakness, to praise her Saviour. She had the happiness of seeing her fellow-servant give her heart to God, and many were the blessed seasons they enjoyed together in reading the Word and prayer.

At last Ellen had to descend into the valley of death; there she could say:

"I will fear no evil: for Thou art with with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Her trust was in Christ alone, and she was not forsaken. Her last words were, "I have no fear."

EFFIE.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

FEBRUARY.

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
1.	Gen. xxxii.	Isaiah xxvii. 4—6; Hosea xii. 3—6	Psalm xvi. 1—4	Mark v.
2.	xxxiii.	Isaiah xl. 10, 11; Psalm xxiii. 1—4	5—8	vi.
3.	xxxiv.	Prov. xiv. 1—22	9—11	vii.
4.	xxxv.	1 Kings iv. 20, 21; Exodus xx. 24	To be recalled	viii.
5.	xxxvii.	Psalm lxxxviii.	2 Cor. v. 1—4	ix.
6.	xxxix.	Prov. vi. 16—35	5—8	x.
7.	xl.	Job xxxiii. 14—30	9—12	xi.
8.	xli. 1—36	Dan. ii. 19—30	13—16	xii.
9.	xli. 37—57	Prov. xvi. 9—33	17—21	xiii.
10.	xlii.	Lam. iii. 33—40	To be recalled	xiv.
11.	xliii.	Psalm cvii. 31—43	2 Cor. vi. 1—4	xv.
12.	xliv.	Gen. xlv. 1—15	5—8	xvi.
13.	xlv. 16—28	Psalm cv. 1—23	9—12	Luke i. 1—38
14.	xlvi.	Prov. xxiii. 15—25	13—16	39—80
15.	xlvii.	Psalm xxxix. 4—7; Prov. xx. 7—22	17, 18; 2 Cor. vii. 1	ii.
16.	xlviii.	Joshua xvii. 14—18; Heb. xi. 21	To be recalled	iii.
17.	xlix.	Isaiah xlviii. 3—11	Psalm xxv. 1—7	iv.
18.	l.	Heb. xi. 22; Eccles. vii. 1—8	8—14	v.
19.	Job i.	James i. 1—12	15—22	vi.
20.	ii.	v. 7—11	To be recalled	vii.
21.	iii.	Psalm lxxiii.	Gal. vi. 1—5	viii.
22.	iv., v.	Job vi.	6—10	ix.
23.	vii.	Heb. xii. 6—11	11—14	x.
24.	viii.	Job ix.	15—18	xi.
25.	x.	Psalm lxxvii.	To be recalled	xii.
26.	xi.	Job xii.	Psalm xxxii. 1—4	xiii.
27.	xiii.	Lam. iii. 18—36	5—8	xiv.
28.	xiv.	1 Peter i. 3—9, 23—25	9—11	xv.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For February, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
Jan.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
31	7 41	4 47	6 22m	5 54a	9 48a	4 32m	5 44m
Feb.							
10	7 24	5 5	6 16	6 27	9 10	3 52	5 9
20	7 5	5 24	6 19	6 59	8 25	3 13	4 33
March							
2	6 44	5 41	6 19	7 31	7 34	2 37	3 57

PHASES OF THE MOON.

5th, Full Moon ..... 2h. 2m. after. | 19th, New Moon .... 1h. 49m. after.
12th, Last Quarter .... 3h. 0m. after. | 27th, First Quarter .. 10h. 38m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Feb. 13th ..... 7h. after., Perigee; distance 229,904 miles.
„ 26th..... 9h. after., Apogee; „ 251,226 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 240,565 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

February 1st ..... 90,360,810 miles.
March 1st ..... 90,885,330 „
Increase of distance for the month ..... 524,520 „

Besides the Moon, the most striking objects in the heavens, as seen by the naked eye in the earlier part of the evening, are the planets *Venus* and *Jupiter* and the fixed star *Sirius*.

Venus is in the most distant part of its orbit, and sets between one and two hours after the Sun, so that compared with its times of greatest brilliancy the light is deficient. It will be easily recognized, low in the south-west about an hour after sunset; for low and remote as it is, it contrasts favourably even with Jupiter.

Jupiter is on the meridian on the 5th at eight o'clock, and on the 20th at seven o'clock, in the evening; altitude sixty-one degrees, only one degree less than the meridian altitude of the Sun at the summer solstice. A few well-ascertained facts with reference to this planet may cause it to be looked upon with deeper interest. Its mean diameter is 88,640 miles, more than eleven times that of the globe on which we live: consequently its surface is one hundred and twenty-five times, and its volume fourteeen hundred times, greater than that of the Earth. Its weight, however, is not in proportion; three hundred and thirty-eight Earths in one scale would balance Jupiter in another, the material of which it is composed being in its mean value more than four times lighter than that of the Earth. Indeed, a globe of water of the same size would weigh nearly as much as Jupiter. Its distance from the Sun is more than five times that of the Earth, or four hundred and seventy-six millions of miles; its periodic time is therefore nearly twelve years. Its axis of rotation is well-nigh perpendicular to the plane of the orbit, and the change of seasons must be almost imperceptible. The days and nights, according to our ideas, are remarkably short, it whirls round once in nine hours fifty-five minutes. Such rapid rotation has a very perceptible influence on its form; the polar diameter is six thousand nine hundred miles less than the

equatorial. Seen from Jupiter, the Earth would be always near the Sun, the greatest distance being only eleven degrees: we see this planet, then, pretty much as it would appear from the Sun; that is, nearly all the illuminated hemisphere is visible to us, and the planet is always full.

The belts or streaks which cross this planet parallel to the equator, change in such a way as to show that they are atmospheric in their origin. They are probably not clouds, but openings in the clouds, glimpses of the surface of the planet, and if so, a cloudy sky must there be the rule, and a break in the clouds the exception. The existence of an atmosphere on this planet has been recently shown on other grounds. The spectroscope reveals that the light of the Sun reflected from the surface has undergone a change in the deepening of some of the solar lines, and the introduction of others, which could only be effected by its having passed through a considerable depth of air. The hydrogen lines are deeper than in those which come directly from the Sun, and we may safely infer that there is water in this planet; and more than this, that it is not merely water consolidated from the intense cold, but water in a state of vapour; giving evidence that this planet is not the cheerless, lifeless waste which some, judging by its great distance from the Sun, would have it; that possibly it may enjoy a genial climate, and fruitful territories. Indeed, this planet needs not be dependent on the Sun, as ours is. Its larger mass would require much longer time to cool down than would the mass of the Earth, and this immense globe may be a grand hothouse wherein is everything "pleasant to the sight, and good for food." Let us not be mistaken, we do not assert that it is so, but we have grounds for concluding that it may be so; and the supposition based on the small specific gravity of the body, long preceded the discoveries of the spectroscope, and now receives support from those discoveries. With regard to absorption-lines which have not been found to agree with any known terrestrial vapour, it is wisest to wait for further information. From the known weight of Jupiter, and its size, it is an easy matter to calculate the attraction at its surface: this is found to be more than two and a half times the force of attraction at the surface of the Earth. A body at the surface of the Earth would fall from rest through 16 feet in the first second; it would fall through 42 feet at the surface of Jupiter. A man weighing 12 stone, if suddenly transferred to Jupiter, would feel as if his weight were increased to 31 stone. From the rapidity of its rotation on its axis, and the consequent change of form, the attraction at the pole is one-sixth greater than at the equator. It has been calculated that "a mass of matter which upon the Earth's surface would weigh 1,000 pounds, would weigh, if placed upon Jupiter's equator, 2,382 pounds, and if placed at his pole, would weigh 2,763 pounds."

A few facts connected with the Satellites must be reserved for next month.

Mars is in Virgo. It will be stationary on the afternoon of the 9th, and Jupiter on the following morning.

Uranus will be occulted by the Moon, at Greenwich, on the 3d, from 6h. 14m. to 6h. 57m. in the afternoon.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

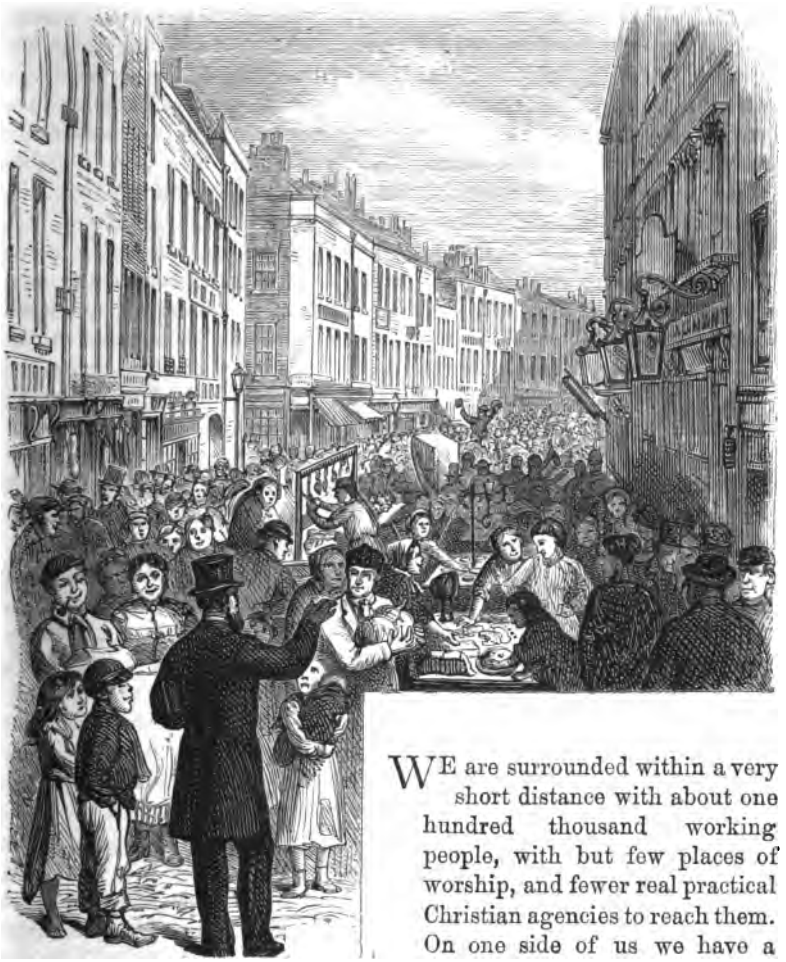
"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bland, John,	Cross-Hills,	Cross-Hills,		Aug. 31st, 1870.
Ingham, John,	Sutton-Mills,	Cross-Hills, [Man		Sept., 1870.
Keig, William,	Port St. Mary,	Castletown, Isle of	58	Oct. 6th, 1870.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

WHITECROSS-STREET CHRISTIAN MISSION.

BY GEORGE VIGEON.



WE are surrounded within a very short distance with about one hundred thousand working people, with but few places of worship, and fewer real practical Christian agencies to reach them. On one side of us we have a powerful organization of infidels and blasphemers against our Holy God, who are exerting a terrible influence over many of the people; on the other side we have Unitarians trying to save men without a Saviour, crying, "Peace, peace; when there is no peace;" while in another direction we have what are called Philadelphians; and dotted all over the place are gin-shops and public-houses. Thus has Satan surrounded the people with snares and pitfalls; and in the very midst of Christian England's metropolis, in the city of Churches and Bibles,

with its vast Christian and Missionary organizations, and Societies to reach and elevate every race and tribe under heaven, may be seen every Sunday morning a sight which is enough to make every Christian man weep for very sorrow. From ten to one o'clock Whitecross-street is thronged with people—buying, selling, idling; the street so crowded that locomotion is difficult, one often having to drift on with the mass. On a recent Sabbath morning we counted three hundred and seventy-two persons selling their different wares and commodities in the street, each one shouting, ofttimes at the top of a very powerful voice, and adding to the noise by the rattling of tins and crockery, and the ringing of bells, to draw attention to their peculiar wares. And here may be purchased all manner of cheap goods; meat and fish, sometimes so bad, that during the morning, large quantities are condemned by the Inspectors; vegetables in abundance, and, to meet the pockets and tastes of all, some are piled up in small heaps, of three or four different sorts, at one penny the heap. Here, too, the housewife may buy packets of mustard, salt, hair-pins, and blacklead, or blacking, matches, and blue, all for one penny; tins and crockery for the kitchen; paper flowers, large bunches for a penny, to make the rooms look smart; plants and flowers for the windows; cock linnets worth 5*s*. for three halfpence each; meat-jacks to carry 14lbs., for one penny; ginger-beer and pastry for those who have got some change, and cannot wait till the three or four o'clock dinner. Here, too, the young girls who love to dress smart are tempted to buy an amazing lot of tinsel jewellery, for sixpence,—ear-rings, brooches, etc., etc.; and clothing, (some so bad that it can scarcely hold together,) old frocks and skirts at 1*d*., stockings 1*d*. per pair, stays 5*d*., handkerchiefs one halfpenny, boots 3*d*. to 2*s*. per pair. And those that aspire to something smarter, but not dear, can buy dyed ribbons, old washed laces, flowers and trimmings, bonnets and shapes; and if they aim at being their own dressmakers, etc., they can purchase from a very large stall beautiful patterns at 1*d*. and 2*d*. each. Old broken combs, two a penny; old towels, 1*d*. or 2*d*. each; sweet-stuff, stick-jaw, sarsaparilla wine, and many other commodities, form the staple of what may be bought on a Sabbath morning in our Mission-Field. But away from the main street, in the dark, dingy courts, is seen the wretchedness in which thousands are living: families of all sizes and ages crowded into one dirty room; the poverty, squalor, and frequently the drunken, sinful habits of the parents, causing the love of home and cleanliness to depart: hence the children are neglected, naked and bare, growing up in carelessness and ignorance, in homes only abodes of filth and misery. But, amid the many, may be found some who, from slackness of trade, sickness, and poverty, have come to hide themselves among the mass, and are yet trying to make the dark, dingy home look as clean and as cheerful as possible; some, convinced of their error, and

trying to do better; and others who, while they have been there, have found Christ Jesus as their Saviour, and are trying in the midst of "where Satan's seat is" to walk worthy of God.

These are the small rays of light and hope. The great mass are living in sin, apparently delighting in it, loving "darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

Dear friends, do pray for these people, that they which "sit in darkness" may see "a great light," even the light of the blessed Gospel, which alone can make them "wise unto salvation."

The Agencies Employed.—As we are seeking by every means in our power to reach the people, not knowing whether this or that shall prosper, fully believing that the Gospel is the power of God,—preaching the Gospel holds the chief place in our arrangements. On Lord's-day mornings the attendance is confined principally to believers; though generally some are gathered in from the streets, who, coming to buy their Sunday's dinner, have been drawn to stay and listen to the open-air preaching, and then led into the Hall. The Evening Services are always crowded; during the summer the Hall has been filled with the class we are trying to reach; and though at times we have to mourn with deep sorrow the deadness of the people, yet we do rejoice in being able to testify that the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ is still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" and that during this year a considerable number, both of young and old, the tolerably moral and the terribly profane, have been snatched by it as brands from the burning, and have found peace and joy through believing in Jesus.

I will just insert one or two letters sent me by those who have thus found peace.

"I bless the Lord for sending Mrs. H—— to my house with tracts, when lying on a sick bed; for by her kind words, and inviting me to a tea-meeting and hearing the address, it softened my heart, that it made me feel I was in need of a Saviour. The oftener I went, the more the Lord made me feel the need of Him, until one Sunday evening, while singing, the Lord spoke in my ear the words, 'Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee; go and sin no more.' I at once felt I was a new man, and from that hour I found I was a saved sinner. Glory be to the name of the Lord! I am become a member of Christ.

'I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
In Him I found a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.'"—T. P.

A Drunkard's Conversion.—"DEAR BROTHER,—I rejoice to tell you how I was brought to the truth. I was a rebellious sinner against God all through my earthly career till about forty years of age, when

the Lord in mercy stopped me, and led me into a temperance meeting, in a state of helpless drunkenness. I took the pledge on the 3d of October, 1864. My card was made out in the name of William Green, by mistake. Next morning, when I read it, I thought, 'Well, I *am green* to work hard for the brewer's and publican's family.' I had a favourite dog which I followed wherever it liked to go, and, strange to say, on the Sabbath morning after I had took the pledge, I went for a Sunday ramble with my dog; and after following it for half-an-hour, it wandered into the very Mission, and sat down, while they were singing. The service quite overcame me, and gave me a desire to hear more. From this time I became an attendant at the Mission, but my soul was not blessed till Sunday, April 12th, 1868. Since then, bless His name! I can lift up my heart and rejoice in a Saviour found."—W. G.

Every Sunday morning, previous to our indoor meeting, we hold Open-air Services, where, amid the buying and selling, shouting and rattling of tins, etc., we endeavour to set before the people the words of eternal life, and by this means many hundreds hear the Gospel while doing their Sunday trading. Also on Sunday evenings the various courts are visited, and short services conducted; and although we cannot trace many positive conversions, yet we rejoice to record that many acts of kindness have been shown to the preachers by several people who at first took no notice, and some have been led to attend the service.

This is indeed truly a work of faith, a sowing of the good seed; and I would seek the earnest prayers of the Lord's people, that the brethren who conduct this portion of the work, may not only have faith to continue, but to reap a rich harvest of precious souls for Christ.

In connection with the preaching of the Gospel, every Wednesday evening a Special Service for Children is held from half-past six till about a quarter to eight, the attendance usually being no less than some one hundred and eighty to two hundred. The number thus gathered are encouraged to regularly attend by the distribution of tickets on the following system:—Every child on departure receives a yellow ticket, which announces the services, and when the child can show four of them, a red ticket is given in exchange. The following is the arrangement of prizes:—A prize for three red tickets, and a Bible for six red tickets; and in the event of twelve red tickets being produced, a handsome Bible or some useful book is presented. The service is conducted exactly as an ordinary service in a chapel, sometimes the preaching taking the form of an address, a sermon, a narrative from the Scriptures, or a tale of the character of "Jessica's First Prayer;" by which means the Saviour is held up as the only Refuge "from the wrath to come."

Some three or four young men are more or less engaged in this service, and the Lord seems to prosper it in their hands. A Prayer-meeting, where the Scriptures are read and explained, is held at the termination of each of these services, for those children who desire it.

Special Services have also been held by various preachers, and many have been the cries and tears that we have heard from men and women who—

"Have been convinced of sin,
Then led to Jesu's blood,
And in their wondering souls have felt
The secret love of God."

The Excursion took place on Tuesday, August 9th, when, with the exception of a little drizzling rain, which fell while the children were waiting in the station enclosure, the day was everything that we could desire. In relating this circumstance, we do not wish it to be thought that we consider ourselves under the special protection of Heaven, but we do look upon it as a gracious answer to our prayers. The children were taken to the grounds of Mr. Bartholomew, at High-beach. It will be needless to enter into details of the doings of that day, and to tell of the thorough enjoyment of all present. Let those who have never been with such an excursion come with us next year and see for themselves, and they will learn some little of the real pleasure of making others happy, and will feel how true are the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

One sad exception to the general joy may be noticed, to show the utter misery in which some children are brought up. A little boy was found by some of the others crying to go home; and on being asked why he wanted to go home, and whether he would not rather go and play with the other boys, it was found that he had no mother, his father had lately been sent to prison, and that he, poor little friendless child, (so we are apt to say and to think, forgetting that there is One who cares for even these waifs and strays,) without any dinner, had no heart to try and enjoy himself. We were able to set him right, some of our loving sisters denying themselves of part of their own dinner, that they might give him some. O that such true stories as these of human suffering might arouse every Christian that shall read these words to take up the cross the Lord has given us, and to seek by every means in their power to root out from their own hearts and neighbours' the great tree of sin that has caused all our woe!

With this one exception, (to our knowledge,) all were happy—teachers and scholars. After thus spending one of the happiest of days, we were safely taken back to London, all marching back to the Hall, and with thanks to "our Father" for His goodness in bringing us home without any accident, (some two hundred children, and fifty teachers and

friends having made up our "party,") and loud cheers for all their dear teachers, the children went to their homes with hearts full of memories of the happy day.

Our Working Men's Sunday Bible-Class conducted by the Writer, has also given us some encouragement. They are gathered together for the study of the Word, with the object of leading them to the Saviour, instructing them in the ways of God, breaking down their prejudices respecting eternal things, answering the many questions and objections which working men bring against the Bible, and endeavouring, in some degree, to train the Christians to be wise soldiers of Jesus Christ. Many have been the happy Sabbath afternoons thus spent with men who, but for our efforts, would be probably spending their time, as for years previously they had been doing, in laziness and sin.

One of the greatest barriers to the prosecution of our work is the lamentable ignorance of the people; not the children merely, but young people, and also the adults. This we found to be one of the main causes of the apathy and sin in which they were living. Our desire is, not only to lead them to God, but that they should become earnest, intelligent Christians, not only in the courts and alleys living as shining lights, but also (knowing the scepticism and infidelity of the people by whom they would be surrounded) able to give a reason for the hope that is in them. For this purpose, and to better enable them to fulfil the duties of life, we have Evening Instruction Classes for Men, Young Men, Young Women, Lads, and Girls. By means of these classes we have been enabled to lay hold of, and keep together, some of the real outsiders for whom our Mission was established, as there are but few sunk so low but that they can understand that secular instruction is an advantage to them.

To keep them from the penny gaffs and low places of amusement, where they have generally spent their evenings, is a good thing; but, while we have aimed at that, we have also tried to do it without setting before them anything of a semi-worldly-religious character. It is possible to draw people from the streets, and fill halls every night, but often the means used are such as to produce low ideas of Christian life, and also stultify and dwarf the life of God in the souls of those who already believe. After much prayer, we felt our educational classes would be a more excellent way, doing the good of the one without its possible harm, and at the same time fitting them to become useful members of society, and intelligent Christians.

Difficulties and encouragements have marked the progress of this work: difficulties in obtaining suitable teachers, and sufficient rooms for the work; also in getting the people to sit down to the (to them) irksome task of learning. Used to freedom, they could ill brook the requisite restraint. Therefore, as an encouragement and stimulus, we have

organized half-yearly Competitive Examinations for Costermongers, etc. The first has just been concluded. We offered prizes in books for writing, arithmetic, English geography, Bible-history, and a paper on the Life of Jesus; and considering it as our first attempt, it has been creditable to those who have competed, and will doubtless prove a great incentive to many.

The first prize for the paper on the Life of Jesus was won by a young man who has been converted while in the class; the second by a working-man, who last winter was working in the parish stone-yard, and utterly ignorant of the truths of the Bible. The first prizes in the Young Men's Class were gained by two living in common lodging-houses. The first prize in the Young Women's Class was taken by one who, a year ago, was unable to write, scarcely able to read, and entirely ignorant of the Bible, but who is now rejoicing in Christ Jesus as her Saviour, and is able to read and write very well. And the others who gained prizes or certificates of merit had, with two exceptions, gained the greater prize,—"the Pearl of great price," even Jesus as their Saviour.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. VII.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

(*Concluded from page* 36.)

Some of my young friends may say, "Are there no curiosities or interesting matters connected with this southern district of New South Wales, respecting which you could furnish us with some particulars? There are indeed. Materials exist sufficient to fill a volume. I will describe two: the Shoalhaven Gullies, and the Krawarrie. We may say of them, "The works of the Lord are great." (Ps. cxi. 2.)

In describing the Shoalhaven Gullies, let us briefly follow down the southern coast from its highest altitudes until we reach them. Let my young reader open a map of Australia, and look for South Latitude 38°; here, in West Longitude 150°, Cape Howe will be found. Cape Howe is the coast boundary separating New South Wales from Victoria. The boundary line runs inland north-west for one hundred and twenty miles, and then follows the windings of the river Murray for no less than one thousand seven hundred miles. The Maneroo* table-land bounds the southern coast, rising at various distances inland from Twofold Bay to Cape Howe; but never approaching within ten or twenty miles of the sea. So the coast is always flat, little above the level of the sea, with high mountain lands behind. The Maneroo country has many natural wonders. My friend, John Neale, Esq., J.P., of Parramatta, a very old Methodist, was the first adventurer with a mob

* Pronounced Ma near'a.

(herd) of cattle across this then unknown country, from Cooma to Lake George; a feat requiring great generalship, and untiring vigilance by night and by day. On the Delegate River, no less than twenty-four alternations of fossil limestone with slate, have been calculated in a depth of seven feet. Enough, this, to make my old acquaintance, P. H. Gosse, Esq., or almost any geologist, long to be there. Both on the Delegate, and in the Valley of the Naas, (itself an elevation three thousand feet above the level of the sea,) soda springs are found. This valley I never visited, but it is described as so singularly positioned in the whole of its extent, forty miles, that only two winds are ever known to blow through it, a north wind, or a south. The map will show Mount Kosciusko towering over the other Australian Alps. It was so named in 1840 by its explorer, Count Strzelecki, from a fancied resemblance to the Kosciusko Mortuary Tumulus at Cracow; six thousand five hundred feet is the height of this mountain. When the thermometer, at the Kiandra gold-fields at its feet, stands at 90° in the shade, you look up and see Kosciusko covered with snow. It towers above you white as "snow in Salmon," and furnishes the material for delicious iced drinks, which, teetotaller as I am, I advise to be taken, if at all, *very* sparingly, and only a sip at a time; but "as cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." The letter containing the latter, and the cup containing the former, are often not likely to be very deliberately sipped. The passes or defiles of Maneroo, leading coastways, are rugged, dense, precipitous, and dark. Many of our colonial local designations are of convict origin, and these passes still retain the names so given to them, amongst which we find Hell Hole, Devil Hole, Coal Hole, Purgatory; memorials of painful convict journeyings: but the sooner such names are changed the better. The Shoalhaven river rises to the north-east of Maneroo. It pursues a northerly course from its mountain source, a westerly or inland course; it then winds back to the east, and after a course of about two hundred miles, joins the ocean at Jervis Bay, which the reader will readily find on the map: "All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." (Eccles. i. 7.)

I never visited this river higher than Marulan, which here runs in a tremendous abyss, or gulley, two miles deep and four miles wide. Has California, or Utah, or Omaha, a more wonderful *canon* than this. The river, though ninety feet broad, and a fine fish stream, looks just a tiny silvery winding-thread as you stand at the edge of the gulley and gaze down upon it. It winds through immense ravines for seventy miles; gorges and profound depths stupendous and magnificent. Multitudes of cattle are curiously imprisoned for life in these fertile labyrinths. To escape pursuit they jumped down terraces, from which they could not, of course, jump up again. In these natural rock-bound paddocks they have found both food and water, and have lived, and multiplied, and died. Their offspring yet inhabit these recesses, and hunters occasionally lay in wait for them and shoot them, cut up the meat there, and haul it out with ropes to where it can be packed on horseback. These gullies remind one of the ancient Labyrinth

of the Minotaur, which the following circumstance, so near receiving a most tragical termination, well illustrates. Many years ago, a Government surveying and exploring party entered the gullies at the Shoalhaven or sea end. They were furnished with mules, well loaded with provisions, tents, scientific instruments, and all the appointments necessary for a scientific tour of several weeks' duration. When the time came to return, every attempt to find the way out by which they had come in, proved a total failure. No way of egress could they discover. At last their condition became truly pitiable. Everywhere they met impassable walls of rock, insurmountable barriers to escape. Their mules eaten, provisions gone, starvation crept on. Scrambling, climbing, and jumping about such a country as they were attempting to traverse, involved great toil with little progress. It was not, however, intended by their Heavenly Father that they should be left to perish there. Their deliverance occurred thus. They had avoided the Shoalhaven blacks, and the blacks had avoided them. Contact of the two races, in those early days of the colony, too often meant collision. Whilst in this extremity, they one day descried a small party of aboriginals, who, probably from fear of musket shots, immediately scampered away. One, however, arrested by their pitiful cries and appearance, halted, and ultimately parleyed with them. They apprised him by signs of their position and wishes. Laughing heartily, he bade them follow him, cutting bushes with his tomahawk, and ascending where they with difficulty could follow. Having emerged from these depths by perhaps an hour's climbing, he placed them on a track, and they reached the station from whence they had started in about another hour. This black was one of the Shoalhaven tribe, now almost extinct. These gullies formed a portion of their home. In and around them they had spent their infancy, youth, manhood, and some were now spending their old age. They were almost as familiar with these intricacies, as the white man is with the position and apartments of the house in which he resides.

The country is in its infancy. Its varied products, beauties, and curiosities are imperfectly known. It has not yet as a colony attained to the age of men and women now alive. It is not yet a centenarian. It has hardly found a historian. I never remember to have seen a description of the Krawarrie. On the banks of the Shoalhaven, are vast hills of conglomerate sandstone mixed with quartz, specimens of which now lie before me. About thirty miles from the town of Araluen, on the banks of this river, the hills are very precipitous. A short distance from the edge of one of these precipices, is a square hole in a stratum of conglomerate sandstone. The diameter of this hole is about eighty feet, which enables the visitor to see to a great depth, and he observes with wonder, that, as far as the eye reaches, the square form in the solid rock is maintained. From the interval which elapses on dropping a stone until it is heard to strike, its depth may be presumed to be at least two hundred feet; corresponding to the height of my old acquaintance, the London monument. Can geology explain its formation? But this is known to God. "He setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection: the stones of darkness,

and the shadow of death." (Job xxviii. 3.) Its regularity of form is the wonder which remains to be explained. It lies in a wild and very sparely-inhabited region, where you may travel for miles without seeing a single habitation of man. It is evidently not the work of any existing race. The blacks had not means wherewith, nor conceivable object wherefore, to sink such a rock-hole. Nevertheless, I would not trust the caprice of the savage if he had the means, but the aboriginal possessed no iron tool, or knowledge of the uses of iron or other metals, previous to contact with the whites. His tomahawk was of stone, and his spear-head and fish-hook of hardened wood or bone. There are no evidences whatever of excavation around. Parties have travelled from Sydney to visit this strange spot. The blacks call the place Krawarrie; but they, like the whites, are unable to afford the slightest explanation of the origin of this vast abyss, which so resembles the workmanship of man, and yet seems so utterly impossible to have been man's work.

The Shoalhaven gullies, for some considerable distance, were once most extensively on fire. They formed a tremendous abyss, full of smoke and flame, for several days and nights. "I never," said a settler to me, "saw anything that so much reminded me of the Scriptural description of hell." My friend could stand on the verge of the gulf and view this appalling reminder of Tophet, meditating the while on his Saviour's love.

Archdeacon Hale established the Port Lincoln Mission at Poonindie, South Australia, twenty years ago. Natives of the Murray formed a permanent settlement. Eighteen decided converts to Christianity in its power may be named, who were numbered amongst them. The instance of Tudhku is striking, and contrasts strangely with the absurd opinion expressed by some colonists, that "black-fellows have no souls." Tudhku, after his conversion, acted as an evangelist to his own tribe. He was an example of industry and integrity. On his death-bed, his conversation ran continually on the hope that a Gospel Mission might be formed for the Murray itself. Amongst his last words in dying were these: "There is no need for impatience. It is the Lord's doing; let Him do what seemeth to Him good." And yet in the face of numerous and palpable instances to the contrary, we are to be persuaded, forsooth, that the blacks are not convertible to Christianity, and the Queensland Government has just withdrawn its aid from the aboriginal Mission at Cape York. Alas! but so it is. Those only who are themselves born again, can be duly susceptible of the value of the new birth to others.

LESS DISTINGUISHED NAMES IN THE WORD OF GOD.

II. AMRAM AND JOCHEBED.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

AMRAM and his wife Jochebed were both descendants of Levi, but at the time of the birth of their son Moses, the tribe of Levi was groaning, with the other tribes, under the burden of Egyptian slavery, and was without a glimpse of the sacerdotal honours by which it was to be distinguished in after years. What promise did the scanty garments, all smeared with clay, give of the ephod, with its glorious colours, and the breastplate, with its oracular gems? It seemed little likely that

the posterity of men condemned to the most menial tasks, would be employed in a service immeasurably higher than that of the priests who ministered with so much pomp in the temples of Egypt's bestial gods. But though hope was dead in the hearts of their kindred, Amram and Jochebed saw a brightening path and a happier lot in the coming time. Darkness had gathered over the people to whom they belonged, but the promise of God was a light in their household; a light which all Nile's flood could not have extinguished. "The land of Ham" would not always be the dwelling of Israel, for Canaan had been assured to Abraham by solemn oath as the inheritance of his children, and his children's children, for ages without date. Israel would not always be in bondage, for nationality was included in the covenant. Israel would not always be the scorn of Mizraim's proud, imperious sons, for through the Messiah, who was to spring from its tribes, all nations of the earth were to be blessed. Pharaoh might doom the males of Hebrew birth to the river, but his cruel policy could not prevail against the purpose of God. All would not perish, for had not God spoken to Abraham of a seed numerous as the stars in the Syrian sky? Despair would not be the end of Israel's story, or whence the Light that was to illumine the world? Thoughts such as these gave confidence to Amram and Jochebed, and inspired them with courage and fortitude equal to the emergencies of their position.

Another child was added to their family, a child so unusually beautiful, that they concluded he was predestined to some great work on behalf of the suffering people. His face, though not radiant as when in later years he had been communing with God in the cloudy shrine of Horeb, yet shone with a lustre that seemed to his parents almost superhuman. They saw that he was "exceeding fair," and perhaps influenced, as Josephus asserts they were, by a dream, in which they were told of the great deliverances to be effected by their son, they rose superior to the dread of Pharaoh's wrath, and determined to guard and cherish a life that had opened with so much promise. This determination, and the manner in which they carried it out, have given them a place among the patriarchs and heroes so simply yet magnificently eulogized in the Epistle to the Hebrews. "By faith Moses, when he was born, was hid three months of his parents, because they saw he was a proper child; and they were not afraid of the king's commandment." It was but a frail, defenceless dwelling in which he was hid, but so long as it was God's purpose to keep him there, he was as secure from the hands of the king and his servants, as if he had been cradled in the "cleft of the rock" in which he stood when the glory passed by, and "The Lord, the Lord God," made known His name. But more striking incidents were written in the programme of his early life, and the ark among the reeds brought about his adoption by the Egyptian princess.

We are not, however, to suppose that the care of his parents over him ended with his introduction to royal dignities and companionships. Though he was learned in the wisdom and science which were then the pride of Egypt, and though he lived with Pharaoh's daughter as her son, he was not lost to the household of Amram. It is easy to imagine how he would steal away from the halls,

gorgeous with devices of art, and gay with almost continuous revels, to visit the parents whose love for him had been so tenderly evinced, and listen with delight to their narratives of events in connection with Abel's altar, Noah's ark, Abraham's tent, and Jacob's ladder; and be inspired to emulate lives to which God Himself has decreed undying fame. It was doubtless the memory of what he heard in that humble dwelling, that kept him from idolatries made alluring by the grandest masonry, and most imposing statuary, in the world; and from vices which, to youths unschooled in celestial virtue, seemed to "lose half their evil by losing all their grossness," and prepared him for his renunciation of royal titles and riches, and his acceptance of "affliction with the people of God," and of "the reproach of Christ."

Nor were Amram and Jochebed mindful of Moses only; the honourable course of Miriam and Aaron was undoubtedly the effect of parental teaching. The faithful Levite and his noble wife died before their children rose to the height of their greatness, but while they lived they were rewarded for their godly care, by seeing them follow in the steps of the patriarchs, who had found the land of which even Canaan was but a dim prefiguration. There is a mighty force in parental teaching and example. Samuel and Susannah Wesley educated their children for God in the poor, cold rectory of Epworth, and as a consequence gave to the Church the greatest hymnist, and the greatest evangelist, of modern times. Amram and Jochebed educated their children for God in the house of bondage, and were instrumental in shedding on the path of their peoples' history the sun-like splendour of those immortal names—MOSES, AARON, MIRIAM; the first combining in himself the great qualities of lawgiver, historian, and poet; the second worthily foremost in a long majestic line of priests; the third equal to her brothers in gifts of intellect and heroism of soul.

STUDIES FROM THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

STEPHEN.

BY A. M. HEELEY.

WITH the exception of the Gospels themselves, as they tell in varied tones the one thrilling and stupendous story, there is no book that so commands and rivets our attention, that has for us so keen and absorbing an interest, as this record of the Apostles' deeds. This is chiefly owing to its subject; for, after the life and death of Christ Himself, no theme can be more interesting to a Christian than the account of the carrying on of His work, the founding of the Churches, the earliest working and developments of the sacred principles implanted in the new society. Another reason of its attractiveness to maturer minds is, that here we first see Christianity brought into contact with European society, and entering into a life-and-death grapple with the old civilizations, and philosophies, and mythologies of Greece and Rome. Names and places that are associated with our secular readings, are here invested with a new interest, and the familiar soil of history begins to be holy ground.

"The Acts" owe much, too, to the simple and picturesque style in which they are written. The narrative is instinct with life, and eloquent by

the innate force of truth. It is grand with a sublime unconsciousness, and abounds in scenes and characters that command our earnest and most reverent study.

Among these, stands out very prominently the character of Stephen, the history of whose short ministry and death belongs to the more specially Hebrew portion of the narrative, when the infant Church, learning its wants day by day, had just begun to organize itself, and when as yet it had not extended its operations beyond Jerusalem.

At that time, when the first glow of enthusiasm was over, when the almost superhuman exaltation that followed the Pentecostal gift had subsided, internal difficulties and murmurings arose, the human element in the Church asserted itself, and the Apostles felt the need of a more systematic organization. There are some Christians who think that if we could copy exactly all the institutions and formulas of the Primitive Church, we should stand a better chance of being right, and they ascribe all the imperfections of the Christian Churches in the present day to their departure from the Primitive model. We would ask to which stage of the early Church they would refer us? We shall miss one great lesson of the Acts if we do not perceive that the *principles* rather than the *forms* of Christianity are unchanging, and that the Church received on the day of Pentecost a right of self-organization in accordance with the circumstances and the times in which she was placed. If we ignore this right, we must seek in vain among the many sects of the present day for the one true descendant of the Primitive Church; but, recognizing it, we shall be able to understand how there may be "diversities of operations," and differences of administration, while we are yet all bound together in the unity of the same Spirit.

We read that, "in those days, when the number of the disciples was multiplied, there arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration." It is singular that an occasion for murmuring should arise out of the very circumstance which was in the first place one of the most striking fruits of conversion to Christianity—the voluntary yielding up of their possessions on the part of the wealthy, to be used for the benefit of all, especially of those who had lost all their means of livelihood through embracing the Gospel. The whole burden of the daily distribution fell upon the Apostles, and however well they did their work, they failed to satisfy the claims of all. The Greek Jews, of whom there were great numbers in Jerusalem at that time, strangers in all but race, imagined that partiality was shown to the Hebrew widows, and felt themselves aggrieved accordingly. There are some people who are always inclined to think they could have been better Christians if their lot had been cast in different times, or if they were living in the enjoyment of higher spiritual privileges. It may, perhaps, correct that idea to reflect that these Jerusalem converts, who were living under the earliest dispensation of the Spirit, when His presence among them was manifested by daily signs and wonders, yet indulged in jealousy and discontent; that they murmured though Apostles ministered to their necessities, and the very hands that had tended the Master, supplied them with daily bread.

The difficulty of satisfying all

claims, and the unsuitableness of the work thrust upon them, interfering so much with their spiritual functions, led the Apostles to think of the best means of extending and improving the organization of the Church. After first meeting and consulting together, they assemble the whole multitude of the disciples, and communicate the result to them. "It is not reason that we should leave the Word of God, and serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word." The multitude are pleased with the saying, the plan is carried out; the choice is made, and the seven deacons are ordained to manage the finances and minister to the poor of the growing Church. In this transaction we see the early working of one of the fundamental and unchanging principles of all healthy Church-life,—the joint action of ministers and people. The Apostles suggest the plan, the brethren assent to it; the choice of the deacons is made by the people, and the Apostles ratify and confirm it. It would have seemed only natural if these holy and Divinely-inspired men, who had received their commission from the lips of Christ Himself, had assumed the whole administrative power, and made the appointment without the co-operation of the people. From the fact that they restrained the full exercise of their power, we learn how necessary to the well being of the Church is this joint action, and we have only to glance at Ecclesiastical history to see how Churches suffer and are thrown out of balance by the neglect of this principle either on the one side or the other.

And now Stephen first comes into view. Of his early life, his worldly position, and his training we have no hint, excepting that his Greek name indicates that he belonged to the Grecians, whose interests he was appointed to guard. But from the style and matter of his one recorded discourse, his defence before the Sanhedrim, we gather that he was well read in the Scriptures, familiar with every detail in the history of his people. Of his conversion we are told nothing. He might have been one of those whose hearts were touched by the words of Christ Himself. He might have made one in the little band who received the Saviour's parting blessing on Olivet, and strained their eyes upward to catch the last faint outline of His vanishing form. Or it may be that he was a stranger to the faith till the Pentecostal shower fell on the waiting disciples, and multitudes were baptized "with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Be his life-story what it may, we have its results in his character, bright with a wonderful radiance of Divine light. No man fitter than he in the whole range of history to wear the proto-martyr's crown. With the spirit of an Apostle, he embraced the lowly office of deacon, because he loved to serve the humblest of his brethren. His burning zeal was tempered with heavenly wisdom, and the sophistries of his opponents shrank before his words, not simply because of their eloquence, but because they were filled with the energy of Divine truth. The power of the Holy Ghost rested on this man, filled him, shone through him, to the confounding of his adversaries and the edifying of the Church. Frank and fearless, he

was yet so endued with the wisdom of the Spirit that he never made a false step, or gave a moment's advantage to his enemies. They were not the native Jews whose opposition he provoked in the first place, but certain Hellenists, "Grecians," from Asia-Minor, Cyrene, and Alexandria, and especially some of the synagogue of the Libertines. These, trained in various schools of thought, versed in the subtilities of Greek philosophy, were yet unable to resist the wisdom and the spirit with which Stephen spake. Foiled in argument, their mortification turned to rage and hate, and they compassed his destruction by suborning false witnesses against him, cloaking the act under the pretence of zeal for Moses and for God. Then "they stirred up the people, and the elders, and the scribes, and came upon him, and caught him, and brought him to the council, and set up false witnesses, which said, This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law: for we have heard him say, that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us."

Let us picture the scene. In the open court of the Sanhedrim, ranged in a semicircle, sat the dignitaries and elders of the Jewish Church, and in front of them stood their prisoner, ready to answer the accusations that were brought against him. The venerable faces were distorted by passion and impotent anger, while the younger face on which they looked so steadfastly, returned their gaze transfused with a superhuman beauty, shining with an unearthly light, as it were "the face of an angel!"

Pause a moment before the trial begins. There is more in the scene than meets the eye. These men represent the ancient ecclesiastical government, Divinely appointed and venerable with the traditions of ages. They sit there as the upholders of the Mosaic dispensation, and as witnesses for Him Who spake in the thunders of Sinai. It is true that that dispensation is corrupted in their hands, and only the letter of it remains. It is true that their authority is fast slipping from their grasp, and as the heads of a tributary and subject people, they hold but the shadow of their former power. But still their office has the highest sanctions, and the text-book of their law is Divine. Stephen stands before them without prestige, without friends,—one of a despised sect; of whom only four short years ago the very name was not heard; and whose leader has just been judged and condemned by their law, and put to a malefactor's death. Yet Stephen, poor, despised, a man of the people, was the representative of a new order of things ordained to supplant their cherished systems, a new kingdom of God, a new covenant that was destined by fulfilling to terminate the old one. At this supreme moment, the fulfilled, dying-out dispensation was brought face to face with the new, and knew it not. Wilfully blind, or rather shutting their eyes to the light, these Jewish elders rushed on to their own destruction. What a comment is their conduct on the pathetic lament of our Saviour: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye *would not!*" (Matt. xxiii. 37.)

(*To be concluded.*)

"THE REFORMED PASTOR."

Just in his little fancied might,
He strung his arrow for a flight,
And thought to dazzle all in sight,
And get a name.

To let them hear his eloquence,
His learning, too, and great good sense,
For list'ning to have recompense,
And more than that.

The man of might did well prepare,
He drew his bow with wondrous care,
The arrow went, he knew not where,
For it was lost.

He tried again, he closed one eye,
His eye to self, then God came nigh,
A heart was pierced, he heard the sigh;
He hit the mark.

"Henceforth," I heard the preacher say,
"I'll do God's work in His own way,
That I may stand in the great day
Approved of God.

"My worthless self shall be ignor'd,
My boast shall be of Christ my Lord,
My preaching naught but His own word,
Mighty to save."

When thus he spake, God bade him go,
And Jesus to poor sinners show,
That they a Saviour's love might know,
And heaven gain.

A preacher should, with single eye,
Preach God's own Word, to self should die;
Paul said, "I live, and yet not I,
But Christ in me."

He lived, but yet he daily died,
With Christ his Lord was crucified,
And Him would know, and naught beside,
And Christ knew him.

The Grange, Horncastle. S. Joll.

DUNBAR.

There are some spots in the great Methodist world which recommend themselves to the notice of the Church; if not on account of the position they now occupy, at least because of their past history and associations. Dunbar is one of these places. It is situated at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, and distant about twenty-eight miles from the capital. The town itself was never of great importance, being, up to the beginning of last century, a little fishing-place nestling for protection under the cover of its strongly-fortified Castle. It was the castle which rendered it so conspicuous in the annals of Scotland.

The Castle stands at a short distance north of the town, and is built upon a reef of rocks that runs out into the sea. From what ruins still remain, it can easily be seen that at one time the place must have been impregnable. Its history extends back as far as the year 835, when Kenneth I., of Scotland, having totally subdued the Picts, divided the country amongst his nobles. The Castle, and lands belonging to it, were given to one Bar; thus, according to Hollingshead, it was called Dunbar; *i. e.*, the Castle of Bar. Previous to its destruction it sustained many sieges, but none more memorable than that resisted by the Countess of Dunbar, a lady who, from the darkness of her complexion, went under the name of Black Agnes. Her husband was absent, reducing the fortresses in the north, when Edward III. of England determined to take possession of Dunbar Castle. Accordingly, he despatched an army under the command of William Montague, Earl of Salisbury, which shortly took up its position. Agnes maintained the siege with true heroism, and performed all the duties of a brave and skilful commander. When the battering-rams were brought to bear upon the walls, this daring woman, attended by her maids, and dressed magnificently, came out upon the battlements, and, with clean white handkerchiefs, began to wipe off the marks of the strokes. Finding his arts of open assault fruitless, Salisbury tried to gain the Castle by treachery. The porter at the gate was bribed, but he in remorse disclosed the transaction to the Countess. At the appointed time

the enemy marched forward, and, as arranged, found the gates open to receive them. The officiousness of one of Salisbury's attendants saved the English general from the snare. The squire hastily passed before the Earl, and was mistaken for his master. The portcullis was let down, and only when too late was the error discovered. Agnes, who was watching the proceedings, cried to Salisbury, jeeringly, "Adieu, Monsieur Montague: I intended that you should have supped with us, and assisted in defending this fortress against the robbers of England." For six weeks the siege was maintained, until at last the enemy was compelled to withdraw. Here, also, the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, found a refuge from the annoying conduct of her lords, and, afraid that she would seek its shelter again, the Regent Murray gave orders that it should be destroyed. Large portions of the walls are still standing, having outlived the hands of the destroyer and the ravages of time, and still bid defiance to the waves and wind. Perched as the ruins are upon a rock exposed to the fury of the storm, they present a beautiful illustration of that parable with which the Great Teacher closed His Sermon on the Mount: they stand because their foundations are sunk deep into the rock.

The middle of the last century brought troublous times to Scotland; Charles the Pretender landed in the Highlands, and summoning to his aid the clans, he took

possession of Edinburgh, and penetrated as far as Lancashire. After his defeat, the Government determined to be better prepared for another perilous emergency, and garrisons were placed in various parts of the country. It was considered necessary to station a regiment in the neighbourhood of Dunbar. A few of the soldiers had heard Mr. Wesley preach in London, and received the Word into their hearts. Upon coming to Dunbar, they began, like soldiers of the Cross, to attack the evils which were prevalent, and by holding prayer-meetings, and warning the people to "flee from the wrath to come," souls were saved. A little Society was formed. Upon referring to Mr. Wesley's journals, we find that he visited the Society here nineteen times. It is interesting to observe his opinions regarding the place. His first visit was in 1757. He writes: "June 8.—I rode to Dunbar. Here, also, I found a little Society; most of them rejoicing in God. At eleven, I went out into the main street, and began speaking to a congregation of two men and two women. These were soon joined by above twenty little children, and not long after by a large number of young and old. On a sudden the sun broke out and shone full in my face; but in a few moments I felt it not." The impressions then made seem to have been good, and every time he visited the place they appear to have become more favourable. He writes in 1761: "May 13.—Probably if there was regular preaching here much good might be done;" and, again, in 1763: "May 30.—I am persuaded much good will be done here, if we have zeal and patience." While in the neighbourhood in after years he visited the Earl of Haddington, the Bass Rock, and the Pease Bridge. The last we describe in his own words: "I took a view of the stupendous bridge, about ten miles from Dunbar, which is thrown over the deep glen that runs between the two mountains called the Pease. I doubt whether Louis the Fourteenth ever raised such a bridge as this."

Some years later, and through the efforts of Dr. James Hamilton, late of London, but then residing in Dunbar, assisted by others, a chapel was built, which is described by Mr. Wesley as "the cheerfullest in the kingdom." When first built it would accommodate about two hundred people; but about sixteen years ago it was considerably enlarged. It was the first Wesleyan Chapel built in Scotland, and has been the birthplace of many souls.

The little Church was not called to suffer persecution, yet some crosses had to be borne by its members. For some time after the society was formed, there was only preaching on the Sunday mornings, the members being in the habit of attending the other kirks in the afternoon. One day, two of the female members were in one of the kirks, when the minister, towards the close of his sermon, thought he would sound an alarm regarding the prevailing evils. He said, "I should like farther to warn you against that new doctrine preached by that bad man, John Wesley. It is just like arsenic among flour. You never feel it until it is swallowed, and then you know its baneful effects." One of the sisters could bear it no longer, but rising, said, loud enough to be heard by all present, "Come awa, come awa; we canna sit here an' hear o,or spiritual father misca'ed."

The history of Methodism here in the past has been encouraging. Many have enjoyed its ministrations who, in other lands, are walking worthy of their high vocation; many have passed to the Church above, leaving behind them footprints we would do well to mark. The present is dark. Through bad trade and emigration, death, and other causes, only a few are left. Our trust is in God. The desert may yet "rejoice, and blossom as the rose," and rejoice even with joy and singing, and even yet we may "see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God."

T. J. M'C.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

VIII.

SAMUEL LEIGH.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

(*Concluded from page 55.*)

MR. LEIGH'S privations and dangers can hardly be understood in our land. A spectator, when viewing the scene, said, "All that is wanted to change the habits of the people, are a few proper men to *itinerate* amongst them. They ought to have prudence, unconquerable zeal, and fervent piety. They should be good riders, able to sleep under a tree, and capable of enduring fatigue. They should learn to swim, and think it no hardship to dine, in the hut of a native, on a half-roasted opossum." In an employment which required such qualifications, Mr. Leigh was not weary of well-doing. On the contrary, he said: "With regard to myself, I desire to live every moment to God, and to die in the Missionary field." At one time, the danger at sea was so threatening, that the natives yielded to despair, and Mr. Leigh had to manage the vessel himself. When land appeared under the light of the moon, they were compelled to go ashore to avoid being buried in the deep. When they landed, they found themselves in the midst of those very cannibals who had massacred many of the crew of the ship "Boyd."

At another time, he sailed four hundred miles in an open boat, to make known to the heathen the glad tidings of salvation. Many of the people whom he then visited, had never before seen a white man. He for a long time laboured in a state of society where there was no protection for property or life. He and his companions in holy toil were sometimes robbed of everything, and expected to be murdered by those for whose spiritual benefit they had sacrificed their all in this life. He could say with the Apostle, "I have suffered shipwreck.. I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea.. In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often."

Yet *none of these things moved* him. When writing to a friend, he said: "You say, 'Return to England.' Were I to attempt it, I should expect to be engulfed by the waves before I could get clear of the shores of New South-Wales. Let no man despise the day of small things. God has promised that 'all the ends of the earth' shall see His 'salvation.' In the prosecution of my mission, I am as happy with a crust of bread and a draught from the brook, as when I used to dine on your roast-beef."

Mr. Leigh would sometimes go between contending parties, and try to be a peace-maker, at the hazard of his life. Once when he did so, an infuriated warrior rolled him down a hill. At another time, one of the warriors of the renowned 'Hongi presented his spear to stab the Missionary, if he did not give him what he wanted. Mr. Leigh at once threw open his breast, and going towards the spear, said, "I will receive your spear, but I will not give up the little oars." Here 'Hongi interposed, and when he understood the case, said to the excited warrior, "What do you mean? you are unreasonable. The teacher has given you his boat and his great oars; what would you have? You have grieved me! Flee into the woods, and never again look upon the face of 'Hongi."

At another time, when making a tour in the interior of the country with a view to future operations, he found himself amidst a numerous body of naked savages, rushing upon him with spears, brandishing their clubs, assuming the most terrific attitudes, and uttering the most fearful yells. After an interview which required the strongest faith in Divine protection, and the best use of his tact, he took his leave of them, and began to move towards the beach, where his boat was awaiting him. The savages closed in upon him, and almost surrounded him. The chief appeared indif-

ferent to the safety of the Missionary, and refused to interfere. It seemed a crisis in the life of the good man: what could he do? At once he cried out, "Stand back! I have fish-hooks!" He then took from his pocket a handful of fish-hooks, and threw them over their heads. They at once turned round and scrambled for the fish-hooks. Whilst they were doing so, Mr. Leigh ran towards the beach and sprang into the boat, and thus escaped.

His bodily afflictions, brought on by such toils, exposure, and privations, at length became severe. Fatiguing labours through the day and exposure during the night, with constant anxiety of mind, brought him so low that he said, "If I cannot be protected from the rain, I shall undoubtedly die." At this time, he had nowhere to lay his head. Some of his goods had been packed in an empty wine-pipe; these were removed, and Mr. Leigh, in a state of sickness, crawled into it on his hands and knees. It was doubtful whether he could live, and there was no earthly power at hand to give him the assistance he so much needed. The sickness was not unto death, but it left a chronic ailment that subjected the good man to frequent and severe suffering for twenty years afterwards. Yet, when able to resume his labours, he did so without complaining. On one occasion, amidst his toils and privations, he wrote to a friend in England in the following buoyant language:—"I sometimes travel twenty miles, preach to twenty persons, retire to rest with twenty thousand blessings; and go off again in the morning, singing for joy." He knew ploughing and sowing must precede reaping, and that the one would follow the other in due time. He knew that "one soweth, and another reapeth;" and that the time would come when both sower and reaper would rejoice together. Hence he said, "When I shall be in heaven, thousands upon earth will praise God and the Lamb for this Mission."

The importance of an enterprise should be estimated by its consequences. We cannot now tell who was the first to preach the Gospel in Great Britain, amidst the idolatry which then covered the land; but the record is on high, and will be made known in the great day, to the everlasting honour of him who did it. See what has followed. Our nation now is professedly Christian. Every parish has its church, as well as other places, for teaching the doctrines of Christianity and the worship of God. Art, science, commerce, and literature, all have followed in the train of our heavenly religion; and now the British Churches, with their Missionary Societies, Bible Societies, and other such institutions, are leading the van in the conversion of the world.

In the Missionary field where Mr. Leigh and others have laboured, results have already been produced on a scale so wide and important, that they cannot be viewed by the Christian philanthropist without gratitude to God. Some of the New-Zealanders have told the Missionaries that they would all have been cut off, but for the saving influence of Christianity. They have frequently asked the Missionaries, "Why did you not come before? Had you come sooner, our parents, brothers, and sisters would have been alive. But they were all cut off in their ignorance, and we weep for their souls."

Now, instead of the spear, the musket, and the tomahawk, they have the implements of husbandry. Their exciting war-songs and obscene dances have given place to the sacred songs of Zion, and the devout worship of Jehovah as their Father and God.

Mr. Leigh died in England, May 2d, 1852, aged sixty-six years.

THREE ODD PREACHERS.

BY THE REV. J. S. BANKS.

Lately I dreamt I heard three strange preachers; and as what they said struck me as important, I will endeavour, from notes made on the spot, to reproduce the substance for the good of a larger

audience. The imperfections of style, of course, must be set down to the hearer. These sermons were not spoken from a pulpit, and perhaps this may be another circumstance in their favour. The preachers were, in fact, a Pew in a certain chapel, a Hymn-Book, and a Class-Book.

THE PEW'S SERMON.

"My dear Friends, — You will be surprised to hear me speak. But you, when you were young, believed in talking animals, and if bears and lions talk, why not a pew? You will be surprised also to find that I can think and feel. But, remember, that I have been in this chapel ever since it was built. I have witnessed more services, and heard more sermons, than any of you. In fact, I have never once been absent, Sunday morning or night, or week-night even. If you had been as regular, you would have been better than you are, and know more than you do. Now, I will tell you what makes me feel pleased or grieved. Sometimes I am full from end to end; sometimes half-full; sometimes empty. When I am full, father and mother at one end, and by their side a row of bright young faces, I look handsome; everybody admires me, and naturally I am pleased. But when it is otherwise, I begin to say to myself, 'Why was I made? I am of no use, and might just as well not exist. Why don't the people come?' Some say, the weather is cold: but this is not the case all the year round. Some say the preaching is poor: but I hear very few poor preachers. In my opinion, there are so many good sermons that people are far too particular. A few more poor sermons would be a great blessing. They would make people more thankful for the rest. Besides, I always thought that people came to chapel to worship God rather than to hear man. It seems to me, that if this is the object, who the Minister is makes very little difference. Very lately, Christmas fell on a Sunday. Here was a double reason for a good congregation; but, I am sorry to say, it was the poorest in the year. I was astonished, and the Minister looked astonished too. I had always fancied that if there is one day in all the year on which Christians should go to chapel or church more than another, it is Christmas-day, the memorial of the greatest and most precious truth the Bible reveals. Wherever were the people? Busy with friends, roast-beef, and plum-pudding? Very good things these. I can understand worldly people knowing of nothing better; but religious people, it seems to me, ought to put such things in the second place at least.

"Another thing often grieves me. Most of the congregation come after the service has begun. Better late than not at all, but still better soon than late. I am quite sure that if habitual late-comers were once to see the beautiful sight of a large congregation beginning together, they would never be late again. Lately I had a visit from a friend of mine, a pew in a neighbouring church, and he tells me that he seldom sees any one come in after the Minister has begun to read from the Prayer-Book. I wish it were so in my chapel. Why not? What have I done to be treated worse than my neighbours?

"Another word and I have done. I feel not only for myself, but for my neighbours. The preacher in the pulpit has often said that we ought to care for others. Now, I notice that many of my neighbours are in the same state as myself, empty, or half-filled. I hear that there are plenty of people outside who go to no place of worship. Will some of you speak to your neighbours and friends, and try to bring them with you? They will get good and do me good. Do so, and you will never hear the Pew complain again."

THE HYMN-BOOK'S SERMON.

"My dear Friends,—I have nothing to complain of as to the dress and ornaments you buy for me. With gilt-clasps, letters, and binding, I look as fashionable as yourselves. But a book is for use, not show. My hymns were

made, of course, to be sung. Now, sometimes I am just held in the hands, nothing more. Not the faintest sound do I hear. I have been told, in a whisper, that many of those who treat me in this way, when they go out to Christmas parties, sing like nightingales. Strange! I scarcely believe it. No one, surely, will go into a drawing-room and charm an evening-party with 'The Last Rose of Summer;' or, 'What are the Wild Waves saying?' and then think it rude to do anything more than whisper, or perhaps not even whisper, 'Jesu, Lover of my soul.' It would be rude in me to charge a lady, and a Christian, with such inconsistency. Sometimes the excuse is, that the tunes are strange and unsuitable. There is something in this. I am far from liking all the new tunes introduced in these days. But I find very little difference when old, sweet, well-known tunes are used. I have heard my grandfather say, whose red coat and yellow facings I remember well, that in his youth the whole congregation joined, and the tune went with a triumphant *swing*. The organ plays, and the choir leads beautifully. But this is not enough for me; I want to be used. I don't want to be printed, bound, bought and sold for *nothing*. Do *use me*.

"I also wonder sometimes whether those who do sing, feel, and mean all they say. There are such verses as,—

'A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.'

Or,—

'For ever here my rest shall be
Close to Thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!'

Those who do mean all this must be very happy people.

"Again, there are hymns on my pages for special services, lovefeast-hymns, covenant, watch-night, sacrament, and class-meeting hymns. How is it these are never used in my case? Some of them are the very hymns of which I am proudest. I have heard it said, there is nothing finer of its kind in the English language, every verse a psalm, every word the cry of 'a broken and a contrite heart,' than the one beginning,—

'O God! how often hath Thine ear
To me in willing mercy bow'd!'

I never go to such services. Friends of mine go. Please take *me*."

THE CLASS-BOOK'S SERMON.

"My dear Friends,—I am simply a registrar. You never see the register, but I do, and I wish to tell you what I have found out. I notice that against some names are rows of P's, and against others rows of A's. Indeed, I could tell you names against which there are whole quarters of A's. Of course, I don't know the meaning of these letters, but I have observed that when the attendance is thin the A's are many; when good, the P's prevail. And then when there has been nothing but A for several quarters, the name is dropped altogether. Now, I have always observed this, when the attendance is poor the singing is flat, the voices sound sad, the leader seems discouraged. I sometimes fancy the leader fears he has offended the people in some way. But when every one answers to his name, everything brightens up, the leader looks happy, the singing is lively, the vestry seems like a little heaven. And as to those whose names are dropped, I don't forget them. Ministers and leaders say little, but I can tell from their prayers they are concerned as well as myself. Where are the absent ones? I can remember how they used to sing, and pray, and weep. Have *they* forgotten?

"Another thought often occurs to me, I hear what all these people say. Do they actually live as they profess to do? Every day do they pray, and fear God, and love the Saviour, and read the Word of God as they speak of doing? I think that is what the leader means by *consistency*.

"I notice, also, that there are figures as well as letters against the names. Of

course, not understanding arithmetic, I don't understand these. But any one can see that they have to do with the money laid on the table, and that they vary as the money varies. There are some who would give, but cannot: they are as welcome as any one. But I observe that in some cases the money *does not* correspond with the appearance of the givers. Some who are rich give no more than many with not half or a tithe of their means. Some whom God has enriched and prospered, who have risen from a low position to wealth, give just the same as they did before. This cannot be right. They cannot be doing their duty. Meantime I see stewards at their wits' end to provide the means necessary for carrying on the work of God. I have heard them say, that if those who could and ought to do more, from whom God expects the willing return of a portion of what He has given, if these would simply do their duty, every difficulty would disappear."

The above are my notes of what I heard. You will see that the sermons touch on subjects which are not often referred to in pulpits. I did hear a sermon from a collecting-box. It ought to have been a good one: the subject is important enough; but the spirit was rather dissatisfied and grumbling; I therefore omit it, only remarking, that the box manifested uncommon animosity against threepenny bits.

CLASSIFICATION OF COUGHS.

Perhaps it may be needful to say that the classifier is not a physician, lecturer on medicine, or even a medical student, and that the arrangement will not be such as might be of service to those pursuing the healing art. Nor will it be made dignified and difficult by the employment of technical phraseology, mysterious contractions, and Mediæval Latin, by which we uninitiated ones are preserved at once from the distressing knowledge by what poisons we are to be healed, and from the temptation to compound for ourselves the prescription we have received from the man of skill. Nevertheless, the classification of coughs here presented may prove conducive to the comfort of many, if those concerned will duly consider and apply it.

It is certainly unnecessary for the classifier to state with absolute precision from what point of observation he has become largely acquainted with many varieties of catarrh. It will be sufficient to say he frequently occupies a place in public buildings, from which the doings of those therein assembled may be readily discerned, and some of these doings must be observed. It is no business for the reader to surmise whether the writer be a professional singer of great celebrity, or a preacher of the Gospel; a Sunday-school superintendent, or a scholar placed in a remote corner, but facing the congregation; the organist peeping out from behind the crimson curtains, or the bellows-blower taking observations during the intervals of rest. Suffice it to say, that he has had opportunity of discerning and distinguishing coughs to a large extent, and wishes you to benefit, if needful, from the classification he now presents to you.

1. *The gentle cough.* — This is not generally heard many yards around; the classifier would scarcely have perceived it from his remote point of observation, but that in this case the eyes assist the ears. He thankfully observes that the person concerned is employing suitable means to prevent those around from being disturbed. Sometimes the difficulty appears to have been foreseen. Some preventive is placed in the mouth, perhaps a cough lozenge, or a little liquorice. No doubt the individual has had a good training, or is naturally of a somewhat refined disposition. The cough subsides. No one is inconvenienced. Indeed, the cough would scarcely be of sufficient loudness to be noticed, if the classifier was not desirous to award commendation as well as blame.

2. *The irrepressible cough.* — This is sometimes heard from a remote corner of the building, as though the sufferer had felt such desire to be present that he could not deny himself the privilege, yet had taken suitable precaution against needless annoyance to others, and had asked permission to sit where his troublesome cough would attract the least possible amount of attention. Occasionally the sufferer has hoped to be able to suppress it, but hoped in vain. He does certainly disturb us, but his evident wish to avoid doing so disarms our censure.

3. *The rustic cough.* — In this case the explosions are loud, and no attempt made to diminish the noise. Yet it would not be reasonable to be very angry. The innocence is so apparent. You may observe this display of catarrh in broad-chested and broad-shouldered agricultural labourers, in maid-servants of the simpler sort, and especially in red-faced school-boys. These cough with all their strength, meaning no harm. They experience no special pleasure in the operation, nor special pain. They evidently desire not to vex anybody. They think not on the subject; and, if they did think, no good would result, for they would prove quite incapable of perceiving anything objectionable in a good hearty cough anywhere or in any company.

4. *The trumpet cough.*—In this variety there is a manifest pleasure in producing sound and sensation. After an exceedingly successful effort a degree of self-gratulation may be discerned. It seems as though the performer was mentally inquiring, "Who could make a louder cough than that?" We may suppose that the pleasure is similar to that of a child with its tin-trumpet, a youngster with a superannuated post-horn, or an old naval pensioner when firing an ancient cannon with blank cartridge on some national holiday. We can only wish that the gratification was enjoyed on the Welsh coast, or in the Highlands. It certainly mars much pleasure among us.

5. *The magisterial cough.* — In this there is much more than the mere enjoyment of noise. There is at least the appearance of intense personal importance. The performer appears to say, "I am here. I shall cough when I like, and how I like, and as often as I like. In my own domain I am of some consequence. I do not feel quite comfortable here, for my dignity seems scarcely appreciated. Perhaps I cannot sing, nor preach, nor play on an organ, nor in such ways assert myself; but I can cough as loud and with as much dignity as any man. I am here!"

6. *The social cough.*—This is a somewhat irregular, and at times constrained, performance. There appears to be no real occasion for the effort. The performer is, however, manifestly of the gregarious kind. He seems to say, "He coughs, and she coughs, and they cough, so I must cough." Thus he adds his quota to the disturbance, as he would conscientiously pay his taxes, and thus contribute his share to the national revenue.

7. *The distressing cough.* — In this there is the painful evidence of deep-seated disease. We are constrained to think of restless nights, of oppressive languor in the fulfilment of needful tasks, of forebodings concerning the future. We are led to say, "Ah, Sin, this is thy work, one of the results of human transgression." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin." We tenderly sympathize with such sufferers, and wonder whether they have found that Saviour who can impart rest and comfort amid sorrow, and, finally, admission to that bright world where pain and death are unknown.

"THE VALLEY OF BACA."

"WHERE is 'the Valley of Baca;' and how can they 'make it a well?'" was the inquiry we heard not long since.

Have you never passed through a time of sorrow and depression, when comfort seemed to have fled, when all around was darkness and discourage-

ment; and, like David, you thought that you should perish one day by the hand of your enemy; yet, in the time of your trouble you have been graciously led to call on the Lord your God; and He has mercifully heard your cry, and *so* blessed you that your glad heart has sung, "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee: for Thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee?" Was not that a well of comfort to your soul in that valley of trial and sorrow?

"Ah," said a poor invalid, "the Lord brought me very low, mentally and physically; I was unable to move without aid, had no power to think or pray; and, thank God, no fear or condemnation: I was simply powerless. A measure of strength is now given me again, for which I praise God. O, how good He is to me! Yesterday, I felt a longing desire for the courts of the Lord's house; that, of course, was impossible; so I lifted up my heart to the Lord for His blessing, and tried to read His Word, but the fatigue was too great; I could not do it, but I was enabled to say, 'The will of the Lord be done.' Immediately after, my little girl came in from the Sunday-school, and seeing the family Bible on the table by my side, exclaimed, 'Ma, dear, may I have the Bible on my knee?' I said, 'can you hold it, love? it is a large and heavy book for such a little girl as you are.' 'O yes, Ma; see!' and placing her little feet on the cross-bars of the chair, she made as large a lap as possible on which to receive the precious book. Knowing how extremely weak I was, she read silently for a while, and then, unable to restrain herself, she exclaimed, 'O, Ma, let me read this to you! "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." Only think of that, Ma! "for these words are true and faithful." No more crying; because God comforts us and wipes away our tears; no more sorrow nor death: and you know, Ma, it is all true, because *He* that says it is "true and faithful."'

"I cannot tell you," continued the poor sufferer, "how happy and thankful I felt as I listened to the child; and I said to her, 'Yes, dear, won't it be nice to be there?' 'O yes!' and the clasped hands and earnest, uplifted eyes bore testimony to the truth of the answer, 'I wish I was there now!'

"In the evening," she went on to say, "as I lay overwhelmed with a sense of the Lord's goodness to me in sending my little child to minister to me just when I needed it, I was suddenly conscious of voices in the next room, and there was the little one telling her brother and sisters in bed of the beautiful verses she had been reading in the afternoon, and exhorting them to be good, and to love Jesus, so that they might have a place in heaven, where there should 'be no more tears or sickness or sorrow;' for *He* that says it is '*true and faithful.*' Whilst expatiating in her simple, loving way on the many comforts and luxuries to be enjoyed in heaven, she was interrupted by the youngest of them inquiring, if there would be any beds? 'No, my dear,' she replied, 'you will not want any, for Jesus will take you on His lap and love you.' 'Wid He?' said the little one. 'Yes! and angels will come and carry you up there.' 'Wid dey?' came again from the awe-struck listener."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength." Yes, strength to comfort and cheer the heart of a disciple who has long known and loved the Lord, but who, for wise reasons, had been called to pass "through the Valley of Baca," and here found an unexpected well of joy, and cause for devout thanksgiving, so that with a glad heart she exclaimed: "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Said a good man very recently, "For

long I have felt unhappy; shorn of something; and when I have thought of by-gone days, have wept and cried out, 'Give me back my peace and power.' Family cares, and business cares have choked the good seed which had been sown; in fact, I have felt that spiritual feelings and graces were nearly swamped; where was my love? only a spark left, if any.

"I thank God that His good Spirit has never left me, but has always been drawing and wooing me, and that I can now say, 'His love has forced me to His breast again.' I have been determined to begin at the bottom, as the vilest and worst, and have found *peace*."

Jesus, hear me while I pray,
Give me back my peace and power,
Take this unbelief away,
Save me in this trying hour;
Worldly cares my heart have chill'd,
Life's anxieties oppress'd me,
Till I've lost my Sun and Shield,
And the loss has sore distress'd me.

Now I come to plead with Thee,
Thee my Source of power and peace,
Shed once more Thy light on me,
Glorious Sun of Righteousness;
To the altar's horns I bind me,
On Thy strength I now lay hold,
Lost—I pray Thee, Shepherd, find me,
Stray'd—now bring me to the fold.

Lo! the mists are breaking, even
While I upward lift mine eyes;
Jesus comes! and this is heaven!
Rise, my soul, He bids thee rise.
Jesus hears me while I pray,
Gives me back my peace and power;
May my footsteps never stray,
Never leave Thee, nevermore!

"Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her. And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope: and she shall sing there, as in the days of her youth, and as in the day when she came up out of the land of Egypt."

"Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee, who loveth to think on journeying to Thy house, they going through the vale of misery make it a well, yea, an early rain falleth and covereth it with blessing."

O world of bitter sorrows waste and drear,
Where all is one dark scene of tribulation;
Where no light shines, nor voice of comfort near,
Bids me to hope till trouble disappear,
All desolation!

Valley of Baca thou, one vast domain
Of barrenness, no feather'd warbler singing,
No cooling fountains, and no verdant plain,
No grateful shelter from the heat to gain,
No flowers upspringing.

Is there no source of comfort or delight?
Are there no secret joys, no angel voices?
Must all who pass this region walk in night?
Is it a place where grief has no respite,
Or heart rejoices?

I hear a footstep! list! I hear a Voice,
Some one is speaking to Samaria's daughter
In words which make a fainting heart rejoice;
Wisdom is offering contrasts, and the choice
Of living water.

"Ho! every one that lacketh, come to Me;
Come every one for living streams that thirsteth,
Come, burden'd souls that sigh for liberty,
Come, each poor sorrowing one, and learn for thee
A spring upbursteth."

Is Baca's valley now so dark and drear?
Ah, no! His footsteps alter its relation,
Make it a well, a fountain, bright and clear,
Whose waters offer all, both far and near,
Life and Salvation.

Life has its trials, must have, yet no night
Is e'er so dark as not to have a dawning:
Hope waiteth, like the watchman, for the light
And peace, and holy joy, and power, and might,
Come in the morning.

Soon shall all bonds be broken, wrongs redress'd,
A door of Hope is opened, as at Achor,
And we shall sing there, when we reach our rest,
And then shall change for joys amidst the blest
This Vale of Baca.

EFFIE.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

MARCH.

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
1.	Job xv.	Job xvi.	To be recalled	Luke xvi.
2.	xvii.	Psalm xlix. 6—15	Ephesians i. 1—4	xvii.
3.	xviii.	Job xix.	5—8	xviii.
4.	xx.	xxi.	9—12	xix.
5.	xxii.	xxiii.	13—16	xx.
6.	xxiv.	Malachi iii. 14—18; iv. 1	17—20	xxi.
7.	xxv., xxvi.	Psalm cxlii.	21—23	xxii. 1—38
8.	xxvii.	Job xxviii.	To be recalled	39—71
9.	xxix.	xxx.	Ephesians ii. 1—4	xxiii.
10.	xxxi.	Isaiah xlii. 1—6	5—8	xxiv.
11.	xxxii.	xxxiii.	9—12	John i.
12.	xxxiv.	James iv. 11, 12	13—17	ii.
13.	xxxv., xxxvi. 1—25	1 Timothy v. 1, 19	18—22	iii.
14.	xxxvi. 26—33	Job xxxvii., xxxviii.	To be recalled	iv.
15.	xxxix.	xl.	Ephesians iii. 1—4	v.
16.	xli.	xlii.	5—8	vi. 1—40
17.	Exodus i.	Ezekiel xx. 1—9	9—13	41—71
18.	ii.	Acts vii. 17—29; Hebrews xi. 23—27	14—19	vii.
19.	iii.	Acts vii. 30—35; Mark xii. 26, 27	20, 21	viii.
20.	iv.	Matthew x. 18—20	To be recalled	ix.
21.	v., vi. 1—13	Hosea xi. 1—4	Ephesians iv. 1—4	x.
22.	vii.	2 Timothy iii. 1—9	5—8	xi.
23.	viii.	Psalm cv. 26—38	9—12	xii.
24.	ix.	lxxviii. 42—53	13—16	xiii.
25.	Exodus x.	lxxvi. 5—12	17—20	xiv.
26.	xi., xii. 1—20	1 Cor. v. 6—8	21—24	xv.
27.	xii. 21—51	John xix. 31—36; Rev. v. 6—14	25—28	xvi.
28.	xiii.	Numbers iii. 11—13; Malachi ii. 4—7	29—32	xvii.
29.	xiv.	Psalm civ. 1—12	To be recalled	xviii.
30.	xv.	Ezekiel xvi. 1—14	Ephesians v. 1—4	xix.
31.	xvi.	John vi. 31—35, 49—63	5—8	xx.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

WILLIAM BLAMEY.

WILLIAM BLAMEY was born in the parish of Perran-Well, Cornwall, on the 7th of October, 1825, of pious parents, his father being a "Bible Christian" Local-preacher, and his mother a member of the Wesleyan Society. They did not forget to train up their children in the way in which they should go. The principles of Christianity were imparted to William in childhood. When he was eight years old his father died; being thus left he had to work hard for a living at that early age. At the age of sixteen he left home for Mexico, and was there two years. He had to return home through sickness. When twenty-one years old, he left home again, for the North of England, and for six years led an inconsiderate life, but not without remorse. When twenty-eight years old, he was married, in North Wales; that event brought him to more thoughtfulness, and on Easter Monday, 1854, while coming home from Holywell, after he had been drinking all day, the Lord convinced him more fully of his state as a sinner, and as he was on the road, he declared to his companions that he would never drink any more after that night. They laughed at him, but he came home and took up his Bible, and vowed to be a total abstainer, for drink was his besetting sin. His companions were still with him, and tried to dissuade him from "such a rash act." He thanked God to his dying day for giving him that resolution, yet he felt that was not all he needed, for he was a sinner before God. From that time until the last Sunday in August of the same year, he laboured under a deep conviction of sin. On that day, while in his closet before he went to chapel, the Lord filled his soul with the Holy Ghost, and he was enabled to go on his way rejoicing in a sin-pardoning God. He was then residing at Dalton-in-Furness, from which place, at the Christmas after his conversion, he removed to Caermarthen. He stayed there for two years, and then left that town for Christow, in Devonshire. Whilst there, the Lord convinced him more fully that there was a work for him to do in His vineyard, and it was there he first exhorted sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." The Lord blessed his labours, for there were a few souls that bore witness on their death-beds that he had been the means of leading them to Christ. While labouring in the Sabbath-school as a Superintendent he felt much blessed, and as a visitor of the sick was made a great blessing. Some died in his arms, rejoicing in their Saviour and their God. In the year 1858, he left Christow for Dalton-in-Furness; though many tears were shed at his leaving that place, yet he said it was the will of the Lord, and the Lord would find him work to do. He felt that Dalton was his home, since here the Saviour spoke peace to his soul. Here, too, he laboured in the vineyard of the Lord. He used to regret much that he had not begun to serve the Lord in his youth, for his education was deficient; but he gave his whole mind to learning, and improved most wonderfully. It was his heart's delight to be doing something for the Lord. He felt that he never could do enough for Him. Thus he laboured until November 14th, 1861, when he met with an accident while working as a miner. About a ton of iron ore fell upon him. He felt as if he were fatally hurt, but could say that all was well, and then his partner, James Henry, a very active man, removed the iron ore from him, and his life was miraculously saved. He had many narrow escapes from death, but never so near as that. For the first week we did not know how it would go with him, he was so much crushed, yet in mercy the Lord spared his life a few more years. For two years he was not able to travel, as his thigh was broken, yet he still did what he could for the Lord, and from that time until six months before his death, he laboured for God; when the

doctor positively forbade his undertaking any extra exertion, as his heart was diseased. He felt it a great trial to give up all; but the hardest trial was to give up his class, which lay very near his heart. When the doctor told him that there was no hope of his getting better, he said how thankful he felt that he was prepared to receive the summons, though, for the sake of his wife and five children, he wished to be spared a little longer; but he added, "the Lord's will, not my will, be done." Not many days afterward, he broke a blood-vessel, and died without a groan. For the last five days preceding his death his health had so improved that we all thought he was getting better. He was just telling a friend of his how well he felt, when the blood-vessel broke, and he died in his arms. He was ready. One Sunday a friend came to see him, and he told him that he loved his wife and children, but he must confess that he loved "God much more, and could give up all for Christ;" and he could not think that his wife and children would ever want bread, for he had seen the promise so clearly fulfilled on his part when he was left without a father. And his family can thank God this day that they have never wanted a meal, and they can trust Him that has promised to be "a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow."

William Blamey died June 21st, 1869. Even in his last illness he would not touch alcoholic drink, although three doctors advised him to do so, yet confessed that it would do him no good further than to cheer his spirits.

M. A. B.

Resolution of Wesleyan-Methodist Local-preachers' Meeting, held June 29th, 1869, in the Barrow Chapel, in reference to the death of Mr. William Blamey:—Mr. Blamey having died during the quarter, it was unanimously agreed that the following resolution be entered in the Minute-book, and a copy sent to the widow:—"The meeting having heard with deep sorrow of the sudden death of Brother Blamey, wishes to record its sense of the esteem in which our departed brother was held among us. Brother Blamey was for fifteen years a member of our Church, and for ten years a diligent and successful Local-preacher with us. As a class-leader, Brother Blamey excelled, and as a visitor of the sick was made a great blessing. About six months ago he became dangerously ill, and although contemplating death with great composure and Christian confidence, yet cherished the hope of recovery. God, however, willed it otherwise. On June 21st, he suddenly expired. The meeting deeply sympathizes with the bereaved family, and commends them to His care Who has promised to be a 'Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless;' and feels that this sudden death of Brother Blamey is to them a solemn call to renew their consecration to the great work of saving souls.—J. C. Stuart, *Secretary.*"

Lines on the Death of Mr. William Blamey.

Thou hast gone hence, and we no more
Behold thee in the flesh; but we—
Although thy loss we much deplore—
Have hope for thy eternity.

In the full blaze of life's brief day
The thick and murky night is come;
In thy life's prime thou'rt snatch'd away,
But to a bright and heavenly home.

No more we now rejoice with thee
On earth, o'er penitents forgiven,
O'er Satan's bondsmen's liberty,
O'er vice's forces backwards driven.

But we believe that thou above
Dost still thy earthly friends behold,
Dost still rejoice with ardent love,
O'er sheep re-gathered to the fold.

Thou wast no idle servant here,
But, bearing forth the precious seed,
Thou sowedst, on field and desert drear,
The bread on which our souls may feed.

Thy God His promised aid hath given;
Not vainly that blest seed was sown:
For some are ripening now for heaven,
And some already hath been mown.

With tears we lay thee in the ground,
Yet know that thou art now at rest;
With endless bliss and glory crown'd,
And in the realms of glory blest.

Dalton. G. E. W.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Life on the Waves; or, Memorials of Captain George Leonard. By the Rev. A. Langley, Author of "The Decline and Revival of Religion," etc. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.—This is a most interesting, instructive, and well-written book, which is sure to charm the young. It ought to have a place in every Sunday-school library. From personal knowledge of Captain Leonard, we can vouch for the fidelity of the portraiture.

History of Wesleyan Missions. By the Rev. William Moister. London: Elliot Stock.—It is unquestionable that the Missions of Wesleyan Methodism are the most successful in the modern history of the Church of Christ. Commenced later than any other of the great Protestant Missionary Societies, the Missions of this Society have done more than any to evangelize the world. Though it is but a few years since its Jubilee year, it has 738 Principal Stations, 987 Ministers or Missionaries, 160,295 Church-members, and 181,840 scholars in Mission-schools. And all this, moreover, at a far less proportionate cost than either of its peers, the Church Missionary Society, or the London Missionary Society. The reason of this, we think, is to be found in the essentially Missionary spirit of Methodism. The motto of its Founder, "the world is my parish," is that which best describes the aim of Methodism. With this vast field before them, Methodists feel the importance of "one and all," according to their ability, extending the kingdom of their Lord and Master. Hence, in the Foreign Mission field, native converts have from the first been largely employed in the work of evangelization. The efforts of the Missionaries have been directed towards developing the resources of the Native Churches, and so making them self-supporting in the widest sense of that term; whereas, other Missionary Societies have led their converts to look too much to European Missionaries and European support. The London Missionary Society, at all events, has been led, during the past three years, to imitate the principle of Methodism, and already with the best results. The book before us aims at giving a clear and succinct historical account of Wesleyan Missions from their foundation to the present time. The author is well qualified to write on this subject, having been himself a Missionary for many years, and having since made the Missions of this Society his special study, as is proved by his being the author of several smaller works on the same subject. The basis, indeed, of the present work is one that he published in the year 1869, entitled, "Conversations on the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Wesleyan Missions in various parts of the World." This was intended more especially for young people, but meeting with a very favourable reception, instead of republishing it in its original form, the author was led to "re-write and re-arrange the whole," so as to make it such a "History of Wesleyan Missions in all Parts of the World," as might prove useful as a book of reference and general information for all classes. As such, we gladly welcome it, and heartily recommend it. We may add that the profits of the Work are to go to the support of that noble Society whose history it chronicles.

Hints and Helps for Teachers and Parents. By J. GREEN. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.—We welcome this book as likely to justify its title to all thoughtful readers. The writer has had considerable experience in Sunday-schools, and is therefore able to speak with authority. He is well acquainted with the difficulties with which Sunday-schools have to contend, and so is thoroughly qualified to make suggestions for rendering them more efficient. Perhaps his plan, considered as a whole, is too cumbersome; but all must admit that more of systematic teaching in Sunday-schools is essential to their greater efficiency. We note, with especial commendation, his views respecting the duties of Ministers in relation to this important part of the Church's organization.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR MARCH, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
March	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
2	6 44	5 41	6 19m	7 31a	7 34a	2 37m	3 57m
12	6 22	5 59	6 13	8 2	6 36	2 1	3 20
22	5 59	6 16	6 2	8 35	*Sets.* 6 25m	1 27	2 43
April			*Sets.*				
1	5 37	6 33	6 55a	9 7	5 38	0 55	2 5

PHASES OF THE MOON.

7th, Full Moon ..... 3h. 39m. morn. | 21st, New Moon .... 4h. 0m. morn.
13th, Last Quarter.... 10h. 19m. after. | 29th, First Quarter .. 6h. 44m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 10th ..... 10h. after., Perigee; distance 228,387 miles.
„ 26th ..... 4h. after., Apogee; „ 251,573 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 239,980 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 1st ..... 90,885,330 miles.
April 1st..... 91,666,170 „
Increase of distance for the month ..... 780,840 „

An observer furnished with even a small telescope turned on Jupiter will easily see, under ordinary circumstances, four small attendants or satellites. When we call them small, we refer to Jupiter as a standard of comparison, for they are by no means insignificant bodies. Taking them in the order of distance, beginning with the one nearest to Jupiter: the second, which is the smallest, is nearly equal to our Moon. Its diameter has been estimated at two thousand and sixty-nine miles, more than a fourth part of the diameter of the Earth. The first comes next in order of magnitude; its diameter is two thousand three hundred and nine miles. The diameter of the fourth is

two thousand eight hundred and ninety-one miles, nearly equal to that of Mercury: and that of the fourth, three thousand three hundred and seventy-eight miles, approaching to that of Mars. The distance of the nearest from Jupiter is, in round numbers, two hundred and seventy thousand miles, rather more than the distance of the Moon from the Earth, which averages two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles. The latter revolves round the Earth in twenty-seven days eight hours; at the distance of the former it would revolve in about thirty-three days, but the immense mass of Jupiter compared with that of the Earth, obliges his first satellite to revolve much more rapidly in order to counteract the tremendous attractive force. The weight of Jupiter is three hundred and thirty-eight times that of the Earth, and the attractive force at equal distances in proportion; the time of revolution diminishes as the square root of this quantity, which is more than eighteen, so that the first satellite of Jupiter revolves round its primary in rather less than the eighteenth part of thirty-three days, or about one day eighteen hours. To an inhabitant of Jupiter this satellite, then, would seem to move over more than eight and a-half degrees in an hour. To him it would appear rather larger than the Moon does to us, and yet to move over a space equal to its diameter in four minutes; and, if he had sufficient skill to avail himself of the convenience, would, when visible, give the time of the night with very considerable accuracy, simply by its position among the fixed stars. Our mariners obtain the Greenwich time in this way by the registered positions of the Moon, but they require very accurate instruments for the purpose. The second satellite is four hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred miles distant from the centre of Jupiter, and revolves round its primary in three days thirteen hours. The third satellite, distant six hundred and eighty thousand miles, revolves in seven days four hours; the fourth satellite revolves in sixteen days seventeen hours, at a distance of one million one hundred and fifty-two thousand miles; nearly five times the distance of the Moon from the Earth. All the satellites keep nearly in the plane of Jupiter's equator, and can never be seen from the level of the surface near the poles.

Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 28th, five minutes before noon.

Venus is the evening star. It is still in the remoter part of its orbit, and consequently nearly full. On the morning of the 31st it will be in the plane of the ecliptic, going northward.

Mars will be in opposition to the Sun on the 20th. The Sun will then be at the vernal equinox, and of course Mars at the autumnal. It is visible during the greater part of the night. On the first of the month it rises just as Venus sets.

Jupiter will be ninety degrees from the Sun, or in quadrature at noon on the 8th. On the evening of the 27th it will be very near the Moon.

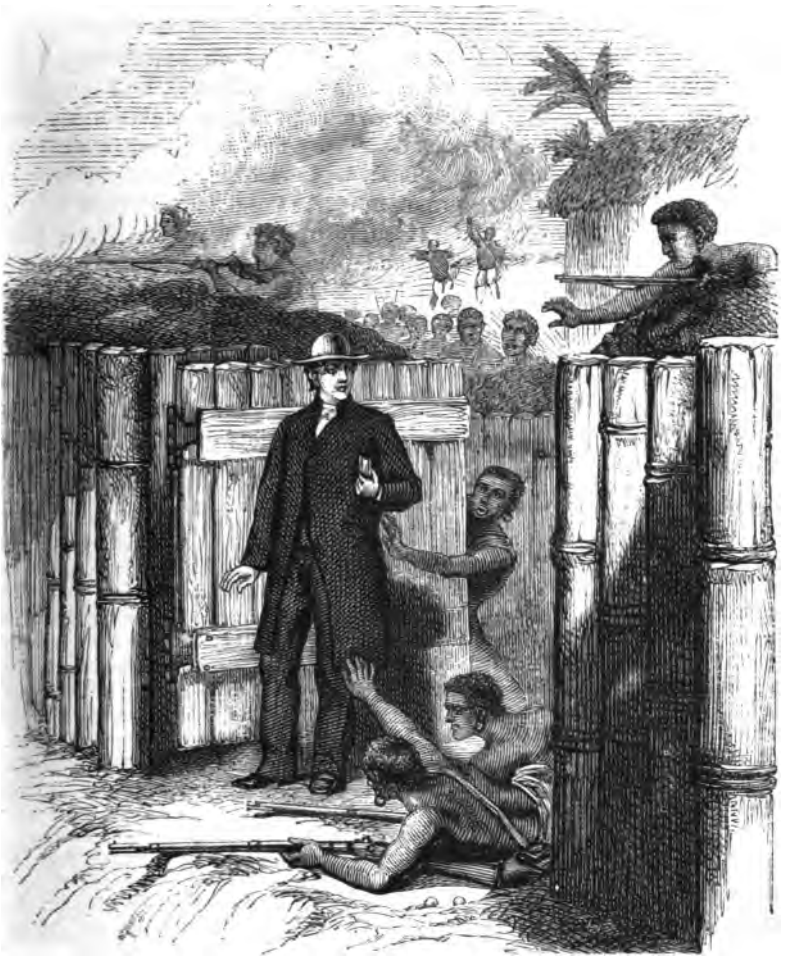
Saturn will be near the Moon on the morning of the 15th, on the evening of the 30th in quadrature with the Sun.

Uranus will be occulted by the Moon on the morning of the 3d. At Greenwich, the disappearance takes place at 3h. 25m., and the reappearance at 4h. 19m. It will again be occulted on the 30th, near noon.

Neptune will be on the meridian on the 2d, at 9h., and on the 17th, at 8h., in the evening; altitude, sixty-one degrees.

The Sun will be in the vernal equinox on the morning of the 21st, at 1h. 20m.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. VIII.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

TONGATABOO, the largest of the Friendly Island group, is sixty miles in circumference. Tasman thought it worthy to bear the name of the capital of his native land, and accordingly called it New Amsterdam. This fine island is not known to have possessed a single native

quadruped. Hogs, rats, and dogs * appear all to have been imported, as horses, sheep, etc., have recently been.

Tongataboo was found to be rich and varied in ornithology. No land-snakes are found there, but there are sea-snakes, and scorpions, and centipedes. The principal native vegetable products are yams, taro, and bread-fruit. The yams are very fine, equalling in size very large pumpkins. This vegetable is, when cooked, firmer in texture yet far more porous than the potato,—like the potato, it is a root, a *tuber* growing underground. It sucks up the gravy on one's plate rapidly. Fruits are numerous and plentiful,—cocoa-nuts, oranges, citrons, etc. The fowls are a handsome breed. I think I never ate such sweet pork as Tonga pork. The cocoa-nut affords a splendid fattening food for pigs and poultry. Immense quantities of shell-fish of various kinds also furnish a large amount of food to the inhabitants.

As recently as 1852, the rule of King George was disputed in parts of the island of Tongataboo, and the heathen chiefs were much aided by Romanist influence and intrigue. † But the Methodist king was

---

* The fidelity and attachment of the devoted dog is a theme of which we do not readily tire. A young Missionary and his wife lately took with them to Tongataboo a noble Newfoundland, a present from their father. During a hurricane, to which these tropical islands are all subject, their house was blown down. A small hut at a short distance, which remained standing, and to which they fled, was soon densely packed with natives whose habitations had been destroyed. There was no conceivable space in the hut for this large dog, but hard by remained standing what would well have served him for a shelter, yet flee to it he would not, but clung close to the door, exposed to the blast and downpour, and soon afterwards died. He would remain close to his master and mistress, come what might. May a similar spirit animate us in our adhesion to God our Saviour throughout all life's vicissitudes.

† The great curse of Australasia and Polynesia was heathenism: now, one of the greatest curses of these seas is Romanism. Whilst praying and meditating upon the subject, Popery has often occurred to my imagination as a poisonous reptile, whose far-stretching, slimy legs grew longer as its body became more attenuated. Popery has been, and is making, tremendous efforts to regain in the Southern hemisphere some portion of the sway which she has lost amongst the old nationalities of the Northern. Baffled at her home, she stretches her fanged limbs further and further, and more and more persistently, to the ends of the earth. Such language has much of the spirit of sadness; but he who would speak truthfully of Popery must speak thus.

Only a few years since, at Maitland, the second town of New South Wales, a leading Presbyterian clergyman just deceased, the Rev. William Macintyre, M.A., a man of great erudition and worth, the founder of the really noble Maitland Grammar School, thought fit, in reply to a challenge, to announce that a lecture on the "Idolatry of Popery" would be delivered in his kirk. The Romanists of the Hunter declared that it should not take place, and the Popish Dean of Maitland refused to exercise his influence to prevent tumult. All was commotion. The church was attacked, fire-arms discharged, and a brother of Mr. Macintyre received

enabled to subdue the efforts of both, and to obtain undivided sway over every tribe in the island. The merciful military arrangements of King George consisted in the close investment and siege of rebel forts, until their occupants, from want of food, were compelled to surrender at discretion. This plan rendered the wars far less sanguinary than they must otherwise have necessarily proved. The great desire of the king was to spill as little blood as possible.

The scene of the providential deliverance of the Rev. Richard Amos was one of four forts built by King George to invest quadrilaterally one of the rebel fortresses, which he mercifully objected to storm. There can be little doubt as to what the result of his assault would have proved, so overwhelming were the forces at his command. But vital Christianity had made him sensible of the great value and sacredness of human life, connected as it is with eternal issues. He, therefore, preferred to incur the wearisome operations and very great trouble involved in besieging. The arena of these warlike proceedings lay about four miles distant from the Mission-house occupied by Mr. Amos. Shouts, and cries, and rattling of musketry, both by day and by night, were anything but melody to the ears of the Missionary and his family. Mr. Amos, however, as we shall soon see, incurred a greater share in the dangers of the fray whilst pursuing his spiritual duties. It was his lot to supply the four investing forts with the means of grace, and

---

injuries from which he afterwards died. More than three-fourths of the Maitland police were Romanists, and but for the revolver of their chief, Captain Day, a Protestant who guarded the door of the sacred edifice, it would, there can be little doubt, have been destroyed. The Protestant members of the Government took the matter up, and the Sydney mounted troopers and police were sent up under the command of the Inspector-General. Large numbers of special constables were sworn in, a cordon was formed round the church, and Mr. Macintyre delivered his lecture in the morning. However, threatening letters and other annoyances followed, and ultimately Mr. Macintyre removed with his family to Sydney, where he died much respected. His funeral was as numerously attended as any I ever witnessed in Sydney.

The political efforts of Popery are seen everywhere. Priests even appear and speak on hustings. Its clanism and careful organizations tell greatly. The Popish laity furnish very large sums of money. Popery in Australia is fat as a stall-fed ox. The reader has probably learned something from the "Missionary Notices" of how the steps of our Missionaries in Polynesia are dogged by monks and friars, black, white, and grey, and has learned also to feel thankful to Almighty God for the few defections from our ranks which all this dogging has achieved. Amusing scenes transpire sometimes. A bare-footed brother in Fiji was endeavouring to fascinate and beguile a chief by a detail of the material as well as spiritual glories of the Romish Church. He told how costly was her paraphernalia, how exalted and princely her dignitaries, how many kings and queens she numbered in her ranks, and so on. The chief heard all very gravely and attentively, and then said, "Well, well! wonderful! but if your Church is so rich, why are you sent here with no shoes?"

to preach inside these stockades. I will now quote from a letter sent to me by Mr. Amos, describing the occurrence.

"These stockades were made by cutting the trunks of cocoa-nut trees in lengths, and planting them upright in the ground.* Outside this barricade a deep trench was dug, the earth from which embanked it. Beyond was hollow ground, in which the enemy was stationed, and their rifle-pits were within musket-range of the king's forts. I preached at the camp within musket-shot of the rifle-pits, but screened by the embankment. The bullets of the enemy rattled against the trees around during the service. My pulpit was the stump of a cocoa-nut tree. After the service I dined with the royal party. In the afternoon I preached at the Vavau fort. Just before the service, I incautiously went to the front gate, and stood near the trench, forgetting that I was a mark for the enemy. Immediately I was shot at, and the musket-balls whizzed about. The warriors around me lay flat on their faces, but I, unused to such scenes, remained standing, unconscious of my danger. I afterwards felt under very special obligations to God for this preservation of my life."

The escape of our dear brother from a violent death was indeed most remarkable and merciful. You place the rifle or other fire-arm of the European in the hand of the native of Australia and her islands, and wonderful powers of eye, and wonderful dexterity of hand, soon make him terribly proficient in its use. He becomes an excellent marksman, and realizing the superior forces of his newly-acquired weapon, is proud to improve in its use. Poor Captain Croker, commanding one of Her Majesty's ships of war in these seas at the period, attempted, with his sailors and marines, to storm one of these Tonga forts, and was instantly mortally wounded. Here was a vigilant enemy, watching the whereabouts of the royal party and thirsting for their blood; when a man of large proportions, and known by his dress as a Missionary siding with their opponents, stands forth in the full blaze of day a mark for their bullets; those bullets hail around him and yet they touch him not. Unconsciously he continues this fearful exposure, but remains unharmed. In what do we find the explanation of this strange immunity? In this. It had been said of Him in heaven, "It shall not come nigh thee." (Psalm xci. 7.) When sheltered from these death-dealing missiles, well might our brother exclaim,

* Fortifications of trees have been found effective even against artillery. During the war between Great Britain and the American colonies, a striking instance occurred at the attack of the British fleet on Charleston, in 1776, under Sir Peter Parker, aided by General Clinton. The entrance to Charleston harbour was successfully defended by what was called a palmetto-fort. The palmetto-tree resembles cork. The discharge of artillery upon the little fort was incessant, but the balls were received by the palmetto wood, and buried as in earth.

"O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." (Psalm cxl. 7.)

Since this was penned, Brother Amos has peacefully passed to heaven. He died "full of faith, and of the Holy Ghost." His age was but forty-nine.

CHRISTIAN CONVERSATION.

"Exhort one another daily, while it is called To-day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." (Heb. iii. 13.)

THIS difficult duty is one of the first to be put aside with plausible excuses, which are, after all, but suggested by "the deceitfulness of sin." If done at all, it is done too often in a cowardly manner, by recommending books or tracts or favourite preachers, things excellent in themselves as separate duties, but not fitted to bear the responsibility of more faithful and pointed dealings. Of course, all are not similarly gifted in this or in any respect. Some can lead a conversation from almost any starting-point, quite easily and without any apparent abruptness, to religious topics; some can make direct onslaughts on unbelievers or on strangers with effect, seldom drawing the bow "at a venture" without likewise finding the joint in "the harness." Some have remarkable tact in going straight to the hearts of the poor; others have a wonderful skill in impressing and informing the youthful mind. These are all special talents, sacred trusts, as much as the power of eloquent preaching or the possession of wealth; and, as such, must be regarded here and accounted for to the Great Master.

Besides these, however, there is a general duty from which no Christian is exempt, though in every declining Church it is wofully neglected. In every-day life, on suitable occasions, expression should be given to religious opinion, or room claimed for the exercise of religious feeling. The first involves the confession of Christ ourselves, more or less according to circumstances; the second, the exhortation to obey Him given to others, more or less difficult according to the individual addressed. As to the occasion, it should not only be when one palpably arises: sometimes it should be sought or even made. "Out of season," perhaps, sometimes; but not formal, strained, or evidently separate from everything that goes before and after. Doubtless much harm is often done by the mere habit of firing off compact pious sentiments at all times and places. It may have a sincere origin; but there is danger of its degenerating into cant, and it is almost certain to be considered in that light. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" but having the heart right with God, means placing it under the guidance of Infinite Wisdom, as well as the hallowing of Infinite Purity. And there is no danger that He will not be able to dictate the right time, and, according to His promise, the right words. In that hour, the hour which Providence indicates, it shall be given us what to speak, nor ought we longer to refuse. Better to be accounted a fool *for* Christ, than a fool *by* Christ; better be laughed at by men, than contemned by God; better do His work in His way, and leave the event with Him,

than trust to any compromise of human wisdom, and so interfere with and contradict Him.

It happened to the writer to have a relation imbued with sceptical opinions. Many a discussion, many an earnest appeal, had been tried, and tried in vain. Always courteously received, it never produced perceptible effect. During a short farewell interview, the subject was not mentioned more powerfully than at any other time. The impression, "speak to him on religion, speak *now*," was borne with wonderful force upon the mind. The idea seemed absurd, the time had run down to a few minutes, and in less than a week they would meet again; yet so earnest was the inward pleading, that arrangements were definitely, even eagerly, made for spending the next Tuesday evening together, and then, *yes, then*,—the sceptic was in eternity! and the slighted duty could never be done, the responsibility never discharged.* To refuse to listen to the whisper of God's Spirit in such a case is sin, under whatever excuse it may be veiled. It is enough for us to do as we are bid by Him, nor question His behests Who can read the future as well as the present, and bless the message He has given us to deliver.

There are two indications which clearly mark the opportunity for the exercise of this Christian duty, even though it be a cross. Either the powerful suggestion of God's Spirit, whether it seem to set expediency at defiance or not; or, on the other hand, the reasonable conviction that occasion serves, and that something should be said. In either case, the attempt to speak will probably open the way for rejoinder and for conversation.

Nor does this refer only to those not established in grace. Those who have given their hearts to Christ, require to have their pure minds stirred up, "by way of remembrance," and are also in danger of becoming gradually hardened through "the deceitfulness of sin." It is, perhaps, more painful to speak to them; there is a greater shrinking from the fancied odium of claiming, or seeming to claim, superior sanctity; but the duty is a duty still. How, then, must it be performed? In worldly matters it is comparatively easy to give an opinion, hazard a suggestion, or bring something forgotten to remembrance. Let us do the same in spiritual matters. Let the thought that rises be expressed, whether a demur at a fault, a consolatory quotation of a text, a suggestion that the view expressed is below the mark of Christian privilege, or the leading of an indifferent tone of conversation towards something better. Often we shall find that heart will unexpectedly answer heart. The carrying out of this principle would drive detraction from the Church. Sympathetic and unselfish feelings are necessary ingredients if such a course is to be followed to any good end. Any self-assertion, any impatient hardness, renders the possessor unfit for the work, therefore it is indispensable that humility and love, only to be obtained from on high, should be constantly sought at the foot of the Cross. Then it will be gloriously possible that our conversation may be "alway with grace, seasoned with salt," that it "may minister grace to the hearers." BETH.

* The reader will be glad to know that in this case others were more faithful. "My mother," he had been accustomed to say, "is the only argument that I cannot set aside," and there is some hope that he was given to her earnest prayers.

FRAGRANT FOOTPRINTS.

HUDIBRAS, in the poem which bears that name, thus compliments a lady,—

"Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet."

A similar conceit is found in Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty:"—

"Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads."

We have wondered if beneath the poetical fancy there does not lurk a sentiment that bears on our practical life; and whether it is not possible so to pursue our pilgrimage as to leave behind us a track that shall answer to the poet's fragrant footprints. It would alter the face of the world and make it very beautiful, if anything like the poetical conception could be really and extensively carried out in life. We think it is possible. We think that, as Christianity takes hold of men, and moulds the character, and purifies the thoughts, and directs the life, the idea will be realized. To some extent it has been already. The influence of Christians is ever referred to in the Scriptures as purifying and ennobling. A street, a village, a town, must be the better for their presence. And the improvement is more or less in proportion as the Christian principle is more or less strongly developed. A vigorous Christian life is the element of reformation wherever it is placed. A Christian must set himself steadily to the work of lessening evil; and no work is more serious, more wearisome, or more difficult. Laurels are won elsewhere far more easily. Voices ring louder plaudits in other theatres. A reputation for greatness is gained more readily in other fields of toil. But no work is so glorious as the work of reclaiming moral wastes, and turning wildernesses into gardens of the Lord. We would rather have been Baxter than Bonaparte; Coke than Cæsar; Henry Martyn than Hannibal.

We have selected these three from a host whose life-work was the improvement of the world. They are examples of intense devotion to Christ's cause. Of course, all cannot be distinguished as were these. There are men who will always be "little and unknown;" who will move within a small circle, and who will not much disturb the stream of time. The gradations from great to small in matter, have their similitude in the world of mind, and in social and moral influence. Standards of excellence differ; but the humblest worker may attain excellence of some degree. We are not all called to cross oceans and traverse wastes, to beard idolators and uproot superstitions. That we have not left our footprints on "India's coral strand," or by "Afric's sunny fountains," will not be laid to our charge as a sin. The capacities of many of us are suited to a smaller world; and this smaller world must engage our energies. We must regard it as the part of the great vineyard entrusted to us by the Master. We must labour to make it productive of good. We must sprinkle it with seed. We must water it with our tears, if need be. We must pray, "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out." Then, though our names be not blazoned, —and we need not be anxious about that,—we shall hasten the fulfilment of the prediction, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad *for them;* and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

O. D.

STUDIES FROM THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

STEPHEN.

BY A. M. HEELEY.

(*Concluded from page* 79.)

STEPHEN was now permitted to address the council touching the accusations of blasphemy brought against him. The line of defence he took was a recapitulation of the early history of Israel, tracing out their election as the special people of God, and the covenants made with their fathers; the manner in which the Divine revelation was committed to them, and the continual and gross rebellion that had marked their conduct. The priests and rulers listened to the familiar story in silence, hardly seeing to what point it all tended, and finding nothing in it to justify an interruption, since they could not contradict the facts that Stephen narrated. He pointed out the prophecy of Moses referring to the Messiah, and the idolatries of Israel in the very age of Moses, and then, briefly touching on their subsequent history, came to the time of Solomon. Some links in this part of the discourse appear to be missing, but this reference to the building of the first Temple is in answer to the accusation that he has profaned the present one, and he shows that the Almighty demands more than even Solomon gave Him, that this mere Temple-worship is on too narrow a basis to be acceptable to Him Whose throne is heaven, Who owns all created things, and Who requires for His Temple the universal heart of man. Then he turns round on his accusers and judges with a counter-charge, and a stern denunciation of their crimes bursts on the astonished hearers. Now, the point of all his argument is clearly seen. It is not he, Stephen, the believer in Jesus, who has despised Moses and blasphemed the law and the Temple: it is they themselves who have rejected the revelation that Moses taught, who have shut their eyes to the deep significance of the types in the Temple-service, and the spiritual truths that were shadowed forth in every enactment of the ceremonial law. They, not he, were the real blasphemers, their fathers had persecuted the prophets, and "slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One," and they had surpassed and crowned the evil deeds of their fathers by murdering Him of Whom Moses and the prophets bare witness, even Christ the promised Messiah.

"Cut to the heart" by the truth of his words, "they gnashed on him with their teeth" in suppressed rage. But when the fearless martyr, looking away from that sea of stormy faces to the broad heavens above them, appealing from the passions of men to the approving judgment of his God, was blessed with the Divine vision, and, rapt in an ecstasy of adoring love, exclaimed, "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God!" then their fury burst all bounds, and forgetful of law and justice, heedless of the limits of their authority, they fell upon their triumphant victim and hurried him to his death. Stephen, dying, has caught the spirit, and almost echoes the words, of the Redeemer, in yielding up his life, and praying for his murderers, and nothing but the scene on Calvary itself exceeds in sublimity this martyr death.

LEGACIES TO CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. B. SMITH.

"A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children: and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just." (Prov. xiii. 22.)

MOST parents, whether pious or otherwise, desire the welfare of their children. Many parents, whether godly or not, strive to acquire something they deem valuable which they can leave for their children's enjoyment. No parents, however wise, or rich, or godly, can ensure the true welfare of their children, in future years, unless the children themselves act suitably. Thus far parents generally, whether religious or irreligious, resemble each other in the extent and limitation of their influence over their children's future welfare. But we are here taught that there is with parents who are truly good a mighty power calculated to ensure the blessedness of their descendants, whilst no such beneficial power is exerted by those parents who are transgressors of the Divine law. The most precious legacies are left to children by those who have most faithfully served Almighty God.

The formation of character.—This is among the most important of endowments. No person can be truly blessed without suitable self-control. Pride and envy rankling within the soul will make a man unhappy whatever he possesses. Hatred and anger will mar any person's comfort, whether living in a hovel or a palace. Drunkenness and impurity will hurry any one to ruin, although he may be lord of ten thousand acres. Now, it is not likely that "the sinner" will promote the formation of right character in his children. He may not desire that they should copy his vices. He may give them no lessons in these. He may seek to conceal his faults from them. He may warn them against such faults; but he cannot do much to lead them in right paths while he walks in crooked ways himself. A parent who is really good, and succeeds in forming his children's character aright, leaves them a priceless legacy.

The acquisition of property.—No good man will allow himself to regard, as the great end of life, the hoarding for himself and children the greatest possible amount of money. He feels that he is a steward of the manifold gifts of God, and acts accordingly. But many, at the close of life, after having been privileged to do much good to the bodies and souls of the needy, bequeath to their children that which will aid them in starting life. Now, whatever the amount may be, if the father has been really good, the children have no need to be ashamed. No one can point to them and say, "They were enriched by the follies and misery of others; their money was gained by making drunkards, and by spreading desolation throughout the neighbourhood: they were enriched by advantage being taken of the ignorance of unfortunate traders: they were enriched by gambling in business which impoverished many, and rendered their father insolvent repeatedly, but which eventually lifted him up on high, while his victims sank into helpless penury." On the good man's legacy there is no stain. The money is *all bright.*

The parental example. — "What are you going to do with that greased rag?" inquired one of the officials in an industrial school. The lad was very forlorn to whom the question was put. He had lately been brought to the place. He

had been seen thrusting something very dirty into his bosom. "Please, Sir," he answered, "it is all that I have left of my mother. I tore it off her dress when she laid dead in the garret, before they buried her;" and he burst into tears. Let the poor lad weep, and let him keep the "greased rag" too. It may be a talisman of wondrous power in years yet to come. Demons who may gather around his path, and that path is likely to be a rough one, may acknowledge the potency of that talisman. Evil appetites and passions may flee as he looks thereupon, for the glance may be thus directed upward to the heaven whither he believes his mother has gone, and to the God whom he thinks she tried to serve.

The Divine regard.—God's pardoning and renewing grace must be sought by each one for himself. No parent can leave true religion among his legacies to his loved ones. But may not a godly father or mother secure for their children the special regard of the Almighty? Did Abraham's descendants receive no favours in consequence of his faith and fidelity? Have we not reason to believe that many a child, unhappily wayward, has heard calls to repentance—loud, frequent, and effectual—because of the importunate pleading of their godly parents whilst still living on earth? The children of such parents may persist in going wrong, but the legacy left to them is inestimable. No peer or merchant-prince, if godless, can do so much for his heir.

FOUND AMONG THE CROWD.

WHAT a contrast does a June Sunday evening in the pure country present to a Sunday evening of the same month in a city or large overgrown manufacturing town! I know something of both. I remember well how the Sunday quiet of my native town—quite a rural one—used only to be disturbed at chapel and church-going hours by the devout tread of worshippers walking on the shady side of the street. I remember how the bells used to chime out a hymn-tune, which I, a boy, always adapted to—

> "My God, the spring of all my joys,
> The life of my delights,
> The glory of my brightest days,
> And comfort of my nights!"

I remember, too, how, after the benediction had closed the services of the day, we used to walk home: sometimes over the little wooden-bridge which crossed the mill-stream and led into a meadow; and sometimes through the churchyard, where we always paused a moment or two over the "grave of our household." I remember how, during these quiet twilight strolls, we caught such feelings, and engaged in such conversations, and gathered such lessons as were in keeping with the sacred evening and its sacred influences.

How different all this from a particular June Sunday evening, a year or two ago, in a large north country-town, the scene of the circumstances I wish to relate!—

The paths of a main thoroughfare were crowded with all sorts of people, going to or coming from all sorts of places, in all sorts of attire, and with all sorts of motives and purposes. The usual Sunday evening service had been closed; and, anxious to scatter the seed of truth among the many wanderers, if perchance some good soil might be found, and some good fruit hereafter gleaned, I passed down this thoroughfare a

little distance, turned off into one of its streets, and having reached a sort of waste plot where a few houses were irregularly built, I halted, took up a position, and commenced an open-air service. Soon a crowd gathered, a motley crowd, such a crowd as made my heart weep. Here stood, linked to and lounging upon each other, a string of women, whose bareheaded and bold-visaged appearance told but too plainly of their sisterhood. Poor things, I thought, are you happy, or are you only miserably seeking to be happy! There, leaning up against the front of a small row of houses, or sitting idly upon the doorstep, was a group of middle-aged, with a small sprinkling of aged, men. On the outskirts, a lot of young men gathered: they had been wandering anywhere all the evening, and had come to a standstill, attracted by the singing, or the novelty of the affair. Scattered throughout the gathering were artisans, holding all kinds of religious notions, and having all kinds of moral characters. Just around me were a few good people who had come to sing and pray; and, to complete the picture, a batch of youths occupied a prominent place in the circle, with ends of cigars or sham meerschaums protruding from their mouths, looking proud of the fact that they had so early begun to sin.

And must all these die? I thought. Will every one of these, in a very short time, have passed beyond all human care and aid? Yes. And have all these immortal souls? Yes. And will all these live, in either heaven or hell, for ever and ever? Yes! And did Jesus Christ die for *every one* of these? Is it true that His blood was shed for *all*; that not *one* of all these need go to hell; that *every one* of these may go to heaven? Yes! all true, I answered again; and as I thought of Him preaching in the open air to multitudes, among whom were some as bad as the worst of these, a ray of hope shot through my clouded heart, and I opened and applied very plainly the great question,—"*Why will ye die?*" (Ezekiel xxxiii. 11.)

I spoke about death visiting our homes and taking away our friends; and I noticed that some wept at this: they were in mourning. I then spoke about another kind of death, that kind to which St. Paul referred in the expression, "dead in trespasses and sins," (Ephesians ii. 1;) and then about another kind still, that to which Jesus Christ referred in those terrible words, "Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." (Mark ix. 44.) None seemed to weep at these references. Ah! how temporal are our emotions.

You, my dear friend, have perhaps often wept when reminded of your dying father or mother, or youthful son or tender baby: but when told that unless you repent, and come to Christ by prayer and seek forgiveness of your sins, you must die for evermore in the lake of fire, and beneath the wrath of God, you don't weep then! how is it? It is because you don't think about the awfulness and importance of these truths.

I told the people that Jesus Christ died for them that they might not die eternally, and that by forsaking their sins, and coming to Him and seeking His grace to help them to lead a new life, they might be saved, and have everlasting life in heaven: and then having tried to persuade them to do this, I concluded, the people scattered, and I went home, wondering who had believed my report.

Some tract-distributor * may, perhaps, open this and read on the way to his district, as I used to do sometimes; or it may be dropped into the home of some godly people who are trying, in their way, to do good. To such I would say, God does not always let us see the exact result of our efforts. It might be so little as to at once quench our zeal; it might be so much as to turn our weak heads and weaker hearts by unduly exalting us: anyhow, we are wisely kept in ignorance. At the same time, God shows us something of the good we are honoured to do in His service; enough to intimate more, although unseen: shown in such a way as to check our curiosity, and quicken our faith and zeal. It is just possible to be selfish in looking for results: let us work on and trust the Master. That crowd of four or five hundred scattered, I say, and only one case of good came to my knowledge: I will take that case as a type of others that *never will* come to my knowledge *in this world*.

The months sped by; the summer ended, the harvest was past; half a year had gone; it was January of a new year. I had been absent from the neighbourhood some few days, and on my return, found a note requesting me to visit such a house, giving the address and necessary directions. I went in the evening. It was winter *with a vengeance;* the snow lay on the hard ground, and the wind defied all wrapping and muffling. As I stood at the door waiting an answer to my knock, I fairly shivered; but it was bleaker inside.

"Would you mind waiting in this room a moment," and "would you excuse it being dismal and cold," and "would you—" I gently silenced her apologies, for everything, from the bare parlour-boards to the woman's tones, everything seemed to say, "We are not now what we have been; we have suffered reverses."

Led up-stairs, and into the bedroom, there, on a mattress, pillowed up into a reclining posture, and covered with motley substitutes for blankets and counterpane, I saw the husband and father. He was about forty, I should say; had seen "a great deal of life," and was now evidently about to close it.

"Well, my friend," I said, "I am sorry to see you so ill; you have something to say to me, have you?"

"I have, Sir; pray be seated," he gasped, waving his hand after I had shaken it, and then appearing a little confused at the absence of seats.

I begged him to be perfectly easy, not to talk too much; and leaned on the bedstead the more clearly to understand him.

"You are happy, I hope, my friend; in your mind, I mean?"

"O, yes!" he said; "I have something to tell you, if you will kindly be patient."

And then, broken by frequent pauses,—sometimes to breathe, sometimes to cough,—he muttered out slowly the following:—

"In early life I knew something of religion; was conversant with Bible-truths, and regular in attendance upon religious worship, but was never decidedly a religious man. I entered into business, and soon became absorbed in the world; held religion more and more lightly till I let it slip from me altogether. The world had associations, in which I became involved. My life soon began to be a curse. I lived fast; I was gay; I drank; I gambled. My

* This will be published as a Tract.

business suffered, and I adopted schemes which shame me to think of, all for appearance' sake. The dupe of fascination, I still rushed to these false charms, and cowardly silenced reason and conscience. At length the fatal end came: it was a terrible *smash*, and I was a ruined man. Six *months* ago I came here to hide myself. Sauntering about one Sunday evening, with so much misery that I had half determined to commit suicide, I heard you preach in the open-air from 'Why will ye die?' My early days came rushing to my remembrance: my conscience was aroused within me, and that Good Spirit I had often heard of, often felt, and often outraged, came upon me with great power. I went to my wretched home a penitent; I gave myself up to justice, which was more merciful than I had either expected or deserved. In confinement your sermon rung in my conscience: full of remorse, and almost despairing of Divine mercy, I yet determined to try. By God's mercy, I tried and tried again; and at length peace came, and I was a new man. I have not been here long: my health was fearfully shattered by sin, misfortune, and confinement. I have staggered here to find my wife and children in this wretched poverty, and here I know I shall soon die: but I have no fear of death, for I am 'a new creature in Christ Jesus,' and am confident through His blood that I shall gain heaven: I shall go home. I wanted to tell you this if I could find you out, that you might be encouraged, and that you might praise God with me, for His wonderful mercy."

The dying man was exhausted, and having read and prayed with him, I left the house.

"Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" I thought as I walked home with all my soul astir within me.

Ah! my friend, you may have gone some lengths in the road leading away from Christ and down to ruin: I will not accuse you. I would rather exhort you to a course of calm, thoughtful reflection. If it be true that you have wandered thus—down and down, and still down, along that way which ends in death, depend upon it you had better have the truth outspokenly told you, than go on blindfolding, hoodwinking, playing false with your conscience. What say you to the question of that Sunday evening's text: "*Why will ye die?*" The question is for *you* to answer. Let it arrest your thought and attention. It means, "Why will ye go to hell since the Gospel calls you to heaven."

"WHY WILL YE DIE?"

Reason says, "Turn away from death." Conscience says, "Escape for thy life: be not guilty of such madness: rush back from destruction."

Do you ask "Whither?" To CHRIST, for He says: "I am the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIFE: no man cometh unto the Father, but by ME;" and "HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT."

J. B.

PREACHING.

"PREACH out of your spiritual consciousness. Anything else, however brilliant and imposing, is not preaching, but is, at best, dramatic acting, and very often a living and artful lie. To preach what Paul believed, because Paul believed it, is to believe in Paul and not in God, and you profess to have faith in God,

and to speak what you know, and testify what you 'have seen and handled,' and felt, 'of the Word of Life yourself.' This will give to your preaching a wonderful boldness, confidence, and authority. Every sentiment you utter will be your own, and with this feeling it will come from your lips with the stamp of truth upon it, like a new coin from the mint of God. It will light up your heart with sacred passion, and then all nature will unveil herself to you and lend her imagery to your enthusiasm. While, on the contrary, of many a preacher it may be said his soul is either too obtuse or too indolent ever to think for itself, or to seek or cherish spiritual life for itself; and yet he speaks incessantly of light received from above. And yet he never gets an idea, or expression, or image, but from some one else, and that, too, at second or third hand, so that his intelligent hearers can see that his own soul is an orb with no lustre in it. No ray of light ever emanates from it, but it just resembles the picture of a full moon, or the rising sun, as you see it painted on the sign-board of some glaring public-house. Preach, I say, out of your own deep consciousness. No other preaching can be of any real use, and that simply because it can have no soul in it. However orthodox and fluent, it will be not sanctified eloquence, but solemn loquacity. It will disappoint and distress the truly spiritual hearer. Spiritual force is always better than the keenest-edged logic. There is a wondrous affinity and sympathy in souls. All men have not the same intellectual perceptivity and power, but all have the same spiritual capacity and craving. Speak, therefore, out of your own spirit, and you cannot fail of response and echo in theirs."—*Rev. J. Wheeler.*

WHAT DID JESUS DO?

A CAROL FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

BY THE REV. DAVID JAMIESON, B.A.

A VIOLENT death for us He died,
A death of cruel pain;
Against Him all the city cried,
Hoarse hatred—their refrain.
But how did He such hatred cause,
Was He to live unfit?
Was He a breaker of the laws?
Did He great crimes commit?

Ah! certainly, one would suppose
That some great wrong He'd done
To raise Him up so many foes,
And friends so few,—scarce one.
But when His history we read,
How diff'rently we find;
For never lived there one in deed,
Or thought, or word so kind.

He suff'ring succour'd, pain relieved,
He comforted the tried;
Straightway each one His help received
Who but to Him applied.
He heal'd the sick, the hungry fed,
The devils He cast out;
And doing good, by mercy led,
He ever went about.

Nor is this all that we can say;
Nay, He did vastly more,
These were but doings "by the way,"
His greater deed before.
Jesus the Christ,—How great His love
For sinful men to die!—
Stooped from His throne in heaven above,
And left the bliss on high.

He came to earth, became a man,
And though by men contemn'd,
He ne'er desisted from His plan
To save them, lost, condemned.
Though Herod sought His life to take
As soon as He was born;
Though Him His countrymen did make
The butt of sneer and scorn;

Though when "He came unto His own,"
His own "received Him not;"
Though when He was to manhood grown,
Plot still succeeded plot:
Though all His life, unloved, unprized,
Rejected and unsought,
Him Priests and Pharisees despised,
And people set at nought.

Though well He knew His life would fall
To enmity a prey,
And that at death His people all
Would from Him flee away;
Though had His love been less He would
Have left us to our fate,
Yet to His purpose still He stood,
Despite our cruel hate.

He perfected for us a way
By which, if we believe,
The guiltiest among us may
God's favour now receive;
Live blessèd here on earth, and free
From ev'ry fear of hell,
And then hereafter heaven see,
And there for ever dwell.

He dread Gethsemane endured,
And died upon the cross,
That our redemption thus procured,
He might regain our loss;
He sentenced stood in Pilate's Hall,
That at God's judgment we,
If we believe, acquitted all,
Might thus for ever be.

A crown of thorns upon His brow,
In mockery He wore,
That crown of glory we might now
In heaven have in store;
With the transgressors He was smit,
His name with theirs was told,
That our names with the righteous writ
The Book of Life might hold.

He lived a life of sorrow sad,
And died a death of pain,
That we might evermore be glad,
And life eternal gain:
He drank to dregs our cup of wrath,
And did each needed thing
To make to heaven clear our path,
And thither us up bring.

He kept the Law we could not keep,
And our obedience paid,
That we the recompense might reap
Of righteousness He made:
He on Himself took all our sin,
Its dreadful doom He bore,
That thereby He for us might win
Lost Paradise—and more:—

For heaven above surpass shall far
The Eden Adam knew,
As much as doth the sun a star,
Or ocean, drop of dew;
There joy shall be without alloy,
And all shall pleasure lend,
There peace shall be with no annoy,
And life shall never end.

This—this is what the Saviour did,
And, having done it, He
Each one of us to Him doth bid,
Just as we are, to flee;
And promises that if we do
He will not cast us out;
And since His promise still is true,
His word we will not doubt.

He says that if we but believe,
And on Him only rest,
Then we salvation shall receive,
And be for ever bless'd:
He says our sins, however great,
Shall all forgiven be;
He says in favour reinstate
Us perfectly will He.

He says His Spirit He will give,
That He may us prepare,
Worthy of our vocation live,
And heaven's glories share:
He says He needs no mighty task,
No duty hard to do;
He says He only faith doth ask,
Faith in His promise true.

He says He doth this offer make
To every one that hears,
That whosoever *will* may take,
And banish all his fears:
He says the worst He welcome will,
The wickedest receive;
He says that room has heaven still,
If we will but believe.

Let us not, then, His Word reject,
  Nor thus renew His grief,
His crucifixion re-enact
  By wicked unbelief:
But let us rather now believe,
  Rejoicing we are bid,
Since they who will not Christ receive,
  Undo what Jesus did.

Newtown, Hamilton.

AMALFI.

THERE is no more wonderful scenery presented to the eye of the traveller in Italy, than that which lies on the coast of the Mediterranean southward of Naples. It is a combination of stern and precipitous cliffs, diversified with inland vales sloping upwards from the shore, with tier upon tier of terraced vineyards and orange-groves, interspersed with well-kept orchards in which vines are frequently trained from tree to tree in picturesque garlands; the landscape being spotted with white cottages and more pretentious villas; here and there tall dark cypresses rising up to contrast with the sparkle and brilliancy of everything which is around them. Nor should the white steeple or campanile of the frequent churches be forgotten, from which ringing or tolling bells at various parts of the day proclaim the hour for the offices of the Church. In the evening these sounds become inexpressibly soothing and solemn, seeming to harmonize with the tranquillity of the hour and the beauty of the scenery, as if, as Dante says, they were mourning the death of the day.

I found myself with a friend towards the end of the summer a few years ago, in one of the most beautiful spots in this part of Italy. We had embarked from Sorrento after a noisy bargaining with the boatmen, and were rowed in an open boat, coasting the abrupt rocks and the supposed islands of the Syrens, whose charms the fabled Ulysses passed by stopping the ears of his companions with wax, and causing himself to be bound to the mast; a symbol of the attractions of evil, and the necessity of avoiding temptation, of which the Gospel reveals to us "a more excellent way." We were landed at Amalfi, and took up our lodgings in a disused convent, which was turned into a comfortable and romantic-looking hotel.

This town, though now of comparative insignificance and no note or name in the world's doings, was once the first seaport in Europe. The mariners' compass was invented here, and its elaborated maritime laws afforded the basis, I believe, for those which now rule our seas. It is first recorded in the sixth century. Three centuries later it was attacked by the Prince of Benevento, in order to obtain the body of a female saint, Trofimena, and some of its inhabitants carried away as prisoners: a not unusual occurrence in those barbarous ages, which false religious enthusiasm and ungoverned rapacity conspired to produce. In the eleventh century a band of Norman crusaders was entertained there, who repelled the Saracens in an attack upon it, which led subsequently to the establishment of Norman rule there. It was at this time that it attained its greatest power and importance. It had large emporiums of trade in the East, and was the first naval power in Europe. It afterwards underwent the incessant warfare which devastated periodically the various cities and states of Italy in the middle ages, until it was finally subjugated by the Pisans; after which, earthquakes and incursions of the sea destroyed the part of the city on the sea-board: so that it is said that even now, on still days, the fishermen can discern at some distance from the shore the broken walls and ruins of the former city, yet standing at the bottom of the sea.

The town is built within and upon the rocky sides of a sort of bay or recess at the mouth of a deep gorge, through which a stream flows, turning countless mills in its course: the chief source of industry, at present, in the place. In one of the manufactories of maccaroni, of which there are many

here, my friend and I were much struck by the primitive means used. There was a long, heavy pole or lever attached loosely at one end, under which was placed a board containing the dough to be mixed. The natural position of this lever was to be drawn up by some weights, and a rope attached to the ceiling, but it was alternately pressed down and raised by a number of half-naked men, who sat upon it and threw it up by jerks with their feet on the ground until the process was complete; and then it was forced through a frame and hung upon lines to dry. The simplest arrangement of machinery might have superseded all this awkward contrivance, which had probably been in use ever since the invention of maccaroni; yet any improvement would have been strongly opposed, since by this mode of work a greater number of persons could be supplied with a mere pittance in the shape of wage.

Nothing could be more picturesque than this amphitheatre of rocks, which half surrounds the town and towers high above it. On every jutting shelf a house, convent, or other building is perched. A grey old time-worn turret stands upon one eminence, with the broken walls zig-zagging downwards like the conventional flash of lightning in a picture. Seaward, a long sandy beach stretches away for a mile, covered with fisher vessels, which, for want of a breakwater, are always drawn up on shore with great labour when not in use: a measure rendered necessary by the sudden and violent storms on this part of the coast. From this shore rises a narrow pathway, some portion of which is cut into steps, leading by a hundred quaint nooks and corners, and a grotto or cave, in which a large crucifix and other religious symbols are placed, to a convent built upon the hill-side on a mere shelf of the rock, prolonged some distance against the cliff, fenced by a low parapet-wall and a row of pillared columns, from which hang the luxuriant branches of the vine and, at the proper season, luscious bunches of well-fed grapes. Far below lie the sparkling town, the tiny-looking shipping, the busy activity of the shore, and, spreading away to Pæstum and Salerno, the blue waters of the wide bay, dotted here and there with a white sail or rowing-boat, like a speck on the water. When we reached this spot the sun was just setting in a haze of gold on the one side, whilst on the other the moon rose in the dim grey of approaching evening. It was beautiful beyond expression. We scarcely knew how to turn from a prospect which seemed to concentrate within it all the glory of beautiful Italy.

A little removed from this convent, and nearly on the same level, is the cemetery, which we wished to visit on our return, but on arriving at the gates a singular spectacle met our eyes. In a gallery or *loggia*, as it is called there, in front of a small house, were two women; one of them considerably older than the other, both of them shrieking and tearing their hair in a most frantic manner. The elder one was crying, *figlio mio, figlio mio!* ("my son, my son,") so as almost to drown the voice of the younger one, loud as was hers also. Around were sitting or standing groups of pitying neighbours, apparently in the deepest sympathy with the mourners; for such they proved to be. I asked a woman who sat with a child in her arms, what was the meaning of the outcry. She told me that the younger one had lost her husband and was mourning for him. I supposed the other to be her mother-in-law. At first, I was much moved by this display of grief; but I must confess, presently I came to look upon it with some degree of suspicion and indifference, for I had observed the women looking at us through the corners of their eyes, to see the impression they made upon us, and striving to deepen that impression by redoubling their cries at our approach. Not so my friend; disturbed and greatly moved by these evident signs of sorrow, he insisted upon turning and descending the hill, though I would willingly have followed the coffin, which was at that moment borne by, into the cemetery, to see the conclusion of the ceremony. We left. On arriving at the hotel, I asked the landlord the circumstances of the tragical demonstration we had witnessed. He said that it was the custom of the country, (perhaps answering to the Irish wake;) but in this instance it meant nothing more, since the husband of the woman we had seen was a fisherman who had died of consumption, (for neither are these southern climates altogether without the scourge of that malady which we indentify more particularly with our own heavier atmosphere,) and that the inhuman wife had dragged him off the bed, and would have allowed him to die on the floor, if it had not been for a friar from the neighbouring convent, who, coming to administer the last offices of his Church, had replaced the dying man on the bed, and given the wife a good wholesome beating, which he pronounced to have

served her right: a verdict with which I by no means disagreed in the absence of a more official distribution of the law. She had been guilty of this miserable conduct in the desire to save the bed from being burnt, which it is customary (perhaps compulsory) to do when any one dies of consumption, which is there supposed to be both infectious and contagious.

Let us hope that a period of new enlightenment is opening for Italy, when the progress of education, wider communication, and an earnest acceptance of religion, "pure and undefiled," may pave the way for a higher degree of elevation than any which it has yet attained.

D.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

IX.

RICHARD WATSON.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

GREAT events cast their shadows before them, and so do great characters. Of this fact Richard Watson supplies a practical illustration. He was a native of Barton-upon-Humber, in the county of Lincoln, and was born in the year 1781. When a child, a boy, a young man, is placed amongst others, and in every case becomes the head of them all, does he not thus cast before him the "shadow" of his coming greatness? Richard Watson when a child was sent first to learn in a dame-school; but his manner of repeating the alphabet of his mother-tongue led the old lady repeatedly to exclaim, "Bless thee! thou wilt be a great man." Afterwards he attended a free grammar-school in Lincoln. When there, his manner of reading so impressed the other boys, that they said, "Dick Watson will make a capital parson, he is such a good reader." When he made his first attempt to preach, the people who listened said, "He preaches like one who has been many years in the work." Thus in three different places he made the same impression regarding his coming greatness. His history confirmed their judgment.

Richard Watson rose from humble life, and made his way to eminence by taking God as the Guide of his youth. His father's means were so limited that he could not afford to keep his son Richard in a course of literary pursuits, and so the latter was led to make choice of the trade of a carpenter and joiner as the means of his future support. Thus began the career of one of the greatest men that Methodism has yet produced. His conversion to God in early life was the turning-point in his history for both worlds. Whilst attending the preaching of the Methodists, the Holy Spirit employed the truth of the Gospel to open young Watson's eyes, and show him his true standing as a "spirit come from God," stamped with immortality, and placed amidst the blessings of this life to form a character for eternity.

Christianity, in its saving power, opens a new scene to the vision of its subject. This life is then unmasked, eternity is unveiled, and the spiritual world and its tremendous realities are made evident to him who is "born of God." Thus it was with Richard Watson. If the religion of the Bible gave him no new faculties or capacities, it took hold on those powers of mind with which the Author of his being had endowed him, and it showed him the great business of this life as he had never seen it before.

When he gave himself to God he connected himself with a Christian people, and thus he laid the foundation of his future eminence. Distinction is not reached at random, either in commerce, or intelligence, or religion. So thought young Watson, and he acted accordingly, that he might "serve his own generation by the will of God." When Christianity is savingly possessed, true religion is allowed to govern; and then the intellect, the senses, and the passions are all made subservient to the great end of life. What are the teachings of nature to the revelations of the Bible? What are the discoveries of science to the visions of saving faith?

In the case of Richard Watson we see how Christianity turned naturally great powers to grand results. He, as a sinner, was like a caged eagle; but as a Christian, he resembled the liberated king of birds, whose high flights are so easy and so stately. He was great in the best sense, because he was good; and amidst all his displays of mental superiority he impressed spectators favourably, because they saw he acted as a steward of the Great Master above.

Let us now look at him at the commencement of his ministerial life. He began to preach when he was remarkably young. But his mental ability was beyond his years. His first attempt at preaching was made with tears. And even after he had been some time in the regular ministry, his feelings on some occasions were so strong as to produce confusion. His preaching at the beginning impressed listeners so favourably, that he became a travelling preacher "on trial" in the seventeenth year of his age. When he was fully in the work, his profiting soon appeared to all around him. Mr. Watson's lofty mind and soaring imagination led him to present truth in new forms of beauty. He could charm and delight, impress and subdue; awake and excite to action hearers of various casts of mind, and different states of soul. In his preaching he gave fruits as well as flowers; things to feed on, as well as to behold and admire. Conversions under his ministry were signal and frequent.

Robert Hall on one occasion rose from his seat, and in the hearing of those around him, exclaimed: "Is it a man, or an angel?" At another time, Mr. Hall said of him, "He soars into regions of thought where no genius but his own can penetrate." But this master in Israel was not above preaching to the masses. He could bring lofty truths down to low capacities, and make mysterious things clear to common minds. A wealthy mind can afford to be generous in its teaching, and hence it is said of Mr. Watson, that "he never exhausted a figure." The people who listened to him did not wonder how he could talk so long and say so little; but rather how he could compress so much within such narrow limits, and say so much in so short a time. We have heard a minister who had the privilege of listening to Mr. Watson, say: "His pale face, his solemn countenance, his great ideas, and his impressive manner, gave you to feel as if you were listening to a spirit from the other world in a state of incarnation."

He had fine feelings when occasions required their manifestation. When writing to a young Minister who was in his last affliction, he used language so appropriate and consoling, that the dying Minister said to his parent when he was speaking of it, "Father, I should like to take this letter with me to heaven." When the cause of Christianity was assailed by unbelievers, he could prove himself a man fit for the front of the battle. He used weapons with point and edge, and he could pierce, wound, and cut down. We love to see "the faith" well defended; and when on the battle-field contending for what has been "delivered to the saints," we are glad to find in the army to which we belong, a leader in whose track are the slain foes of God and the human race.

The writings of Mr. Watson are various and numerous, and seemed to be called forth very much by passing events around him. They show how varied and extensive his reading had been, and how well he had stored the treasures which he had brought up from the mines into which he had descended, and how carefully he had gathered the flowers and fruits from the wide garden of nature over which he had travelled. But his great study was the Bible, the Book of God, and the fountain of truth.

His progress in public estimation was rapid and lasting. He was one of the founders of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. He soon became one of the Missionary Secretaries, and rendered very great service to that Society in various ways. At the request of the

Missionary Committee he prepared the "Instructions to the Wesleyan Missionaries," which are regularly printed in the Annual Report. He defended the Missionaries when they were misrepresented at the time they were fighting the battle of the slaves in the West-Indian colonies.

Soon afterwards his brethren in the ministry elected him to the office of President of the Conference, the duties of which he most ably discharged. When addressing the young Ministers about to be received into full connection with the Conference, he wished to guard them against aiming at intellectual display at the cost of the spiritual good of the people. With such an object in view, he used language to the following effect: "Deep wells are often dry, and black clouds fly over the parched ground of the husbandman and mock his expectations when he is looking for rain." When the American Methodists had formed a university, Mr. Watson was invited to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy, but he declined the honour.

Mr. Watson was a great philanthropist. He was intent on the liberation of the slaves in the West Indies, and contributed much towards the successful issue of the struggle. He provided such men as Wilberforce with materials which they presented before the British Parliament when pleading for the rights of the injured slaves. Who called the nation to action in the cause of suffering humanity? Who raised a feeling throughout our country which would not be put down till the fetters of the slaves in our colonies were broken, though it cost the nation twenty millions sterling? Richard Watson was amongst the leaders of the contest, though he died before the slaves were really free. Sabbath-schools also enjoyed the benefits of his pleading. He knew that knowledge when rightly employed is a great help to piety.

He was a distinguished author. He wrote "Conversations for the Young," a "Life of Wesley," a "Biblical and Theological Dictionary," the "Wesleyan Catechisms," and a "Summary of the Evidences of Christianity" owed much to him. His work called "Theological Institutes" has obtained much praise. His published "Sermons" are amongst his most elaborate productions, and are charming exhibitions of his great and sanctified powers. He began "An Exposition of the New Testament," but died before it was finished. The loss thus sustained is considered beyond reparation, and the free use that has been made of the portion which is published, by writers on the New Testament beyond his own religious denomination, shows how high is the place which it holds in public estimation. Other minor publications were also the fruit of his labours for the good of mankind.

One thing which strikes the attention of a careful reader of his "Theological Institutes," is the profound deference which his great mind shows to Divine revelation. He knew reason had limits in searching after truth, and especially religious truth, beyond which it was perilous to go. He knew the use of reason in matters of Divine revelation, and that there is a broad line of separation between what the unaided powers of the human mind can discover, and what only God can reveal. There is a line where the ocean and the land meet, and he who attempts to cross that line without wings to enable him to fly over the watery deep, or a vessel to keep him from sinking when he has left the shore, will be in danger of coming to a disastrous end. Do we not see at this day too many collected "Remains" of the wrecks which have followed such attempts?

The danger which attends such an experiment was threatening, when Mr. Watson resolved to write his "Theological Institutes," and the embodiment of theology which he has there given is for the restraining benefit of those who wish to speculate on religious matters in a manner which

neither revelation sanctions nor history justifies.

The work thus called forth has been, and will continue to be, a real benefit to those who would sometimes attempt to walk on the sea when the Author of nature has not commanded them to do so. An authority worthy of respect has said: "We are perfectly aware that Mr. Watson's 'Institutes' are not the *legal* standard of Methodist doctrine, and never can be; yet it may be unhesitatingly asserted that they constitute the *moral and scientific* standard of that doctrine, and that they are worthy of the position which they occupy." Some very able men have said that Dr. Bunting was as clearly raised by God to shape and consolidate Methodism, as its founder was to give it an existence; and Richard Watson was commissioned at a time of great peril to the doctrines of Methodism to give its theology an embodiment, harmonious, proportionate, definite, and correct.

Having satisfied his mind that the evidence that the Bible is a revelation from God to man in this life, is sufficient to command belief, he next considered what the Word of God teaches for man's faith, practice, and enjoyment in this world. When writing theology, and when preaching the truths of the Gospel, he seemed like "one having authority," as if he knew what he was saying, and why he was saying it; as if he felt that he was standing on a rock, and inside the walls of a citadel; and sometimes the significant nod of his head seemed to say, "I challenge doubt, and defy opposition."

His writings have been influential beyond the bounds of his own denomination. A religious body has come into existence since the "Institutes" were first published, and some of the leading members of that body have been much ruled in their belief by the teaching of Richard Watson on the universality of the Atonement. Some other Ministers, too, not belonging to the Wesleyan denomination, when expressing their estimate of Mr. Watson's "Theological Institutes," have used the language of praise beyond what the Wesleyans themselves usually indulge. We thus obtain some glimpses of what his writings are doing at this day in the religious world around us.

His close of life was religiously sublime.—In the history of true Christians we see a great variety of experience when they are in their last affliction. In some cases bodily affliction is very severe; in others it is very prostrating, and as the body and the soul are now so closely united, can we wonder if some persons in such circumstances have not much joy? But have the mind, and the spiritual state, nothing to do with such matters at such a time? Some say, young converts when called to die, generally have a strong sense of the mercy of God, because any other manifestation of the Deity at such a time would be too much for their youthful and feeble spiritual state; on the other hand, we are told experienced Christians have sufficient enjoyment of the mercy of God to sustain their confidence; but they have also such exalted views of the holiness of Jehovah that their joy is tempered by reverence and awe. Sir Isaac Newton would uncover his head at the mention of the name of the Creator and Preserver of the material universe; whereas a peasant, if standing in his company at such a time, would not have been affected at all. What made the difference? Just knowledge in the one, and ignorance in the other, of the Deity. When the late distinguished Professor Simpson was dying, he was asked what were his views and feelings, at that time, regarding his Divine Redeemer? He replied, "I am touching the hem of His garment."

Mr. Watson's last affliction came at a time when he thought he was better able to serve the cause of his Divine Master than he had ever been, and hence he felt it a little difficult at first to acquiesce in such a dispensation of Providence. But Divine grace soon raised him above such thoughts and feelings, and he was enabled to "glorify God in the fires."

We will give a few of his sentences: "Pain is a great blessing; it tends to detach our thoughts and affections from the world, and to concentrate them on things eternal. I feel it to be so great a blessing that I cannot pray for its removal. Pain, sorrow, sickness, death, its time, circumstances, and manner,—all are in the Covenant. How much is contained in those words, 'Nothing shall by any means harm you!'" "I have not now to learn, for the first time, that all is right and best, and, as it should be, under the Divine disposal,—whether restoration to health shall be vouchsafed to me for further usefulness, or whether the continuance of severe pain shall shortly terminate my sufferings by death." "God is with us at all times, under all circumstances; especially with us in deep sympathy with all our sorrows, dangers, and sufferings." "In the prospect of approaching the Majesty of God, my feeling is that of a worm crawling into the brightness of the sun." Again, he said,—

"I shall behold his face,
I shall His power adore,'
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore."

Thus died Richard Watson, aged nearly fifty-two years. "That life is long that answers life's great end."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSION OF A RUSSIAN JEW.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Introductory Letter of REV. GEORGE BLENCOWE.

LADISMITH, NATAL,
November 9th, 1870.

REVEREND AND DEAR DOCTOR,

You will perhaps remember that some two years since, a record of a somewhat singular conversion of a Jew at Wakerstroom, was published in the "Notices." Since that time I have learned more of his history, and have had a better opportunity of observing his character, and watching his growth in Christian knowledge and experience; and the result is, that I think he is designed by the Lord for some good work among his brethren, to whom his heart is especially drawn. He has an intense desire in some way to be employed in promoting the salvation of men, but especially of Jews. As he is at present, he has no direct opportunity of action on them, and his desire for this has hence become as a fire in his bones. He at last thought that if he were to write a plain account of the way in which he was led to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that it might be of service to some of his brethren. This he has done.

It is a remarkable history, and the most remarkable parts of it I can vouch for the truth of. Nor has his course been less singular since. A most remarkable blessing appears to attend all he undertakes. His fleece alone is full, while all around is dry. You will see mention of a fraudulent agent, whose unjust conduct reduced him to destitution. Some two months since he had a farm sold by the Sheriff, for a debt which he fraudulently refused to pay. He had again been employing his cunning to render the sale void: so that the people generally were afraid to bid. Hirshison's knowledge of the law showed him that such an effort would be unavailing. He therefore bought the farm of two thousand acres, with buildings and other improvements on it, to the value of £400, for the absurd sum of £3. Thus, as it seems to me, has the Lord in His providence made him pay back that he had robbed.

Hirshison is at present keeping a store, and he tells me that he expects in two years, at furthest, to be able to clear off his business here, with enough to enable him to go to England with his wife and family, and leaving them there, to make periodic journeys with merchandise here, and produce back. This he chooses, as being likely to give him an opportunity beyond all others of usefulness to Jews.

I am, yours faithfully,
GEORGE BLENCOWE.

The Rev. E. Hoole, D.D.

I was born of Jewish parents, and as my father belonged to the very strict sect of Judaism called "Hasidim," so I, as a matter of course, was brought up in the same sect. I was a great and ardent believer in the Talmud and Zohar. I fasted Mondays and Thursdays. I sat nights long in the Jeshuvoths, and read the Talmud or Zohar, or recited the Psalms, and at dawn, in the coldest time of the year, I went and plunged myself in the cold-water bath, called Miqua. When I prayed, I took care that my whole body should be in motion, in accordance with the Talmudical teachings, in fulfilment of the words of the Psalmist, "All my bones, say, God, who is like unto Thee!" In one word, I scrupulously observed all Rabbinical precepts. Early in 1857, I attained my darling wish. Almost from my infancy I longed to go to the Holy Land, and my reader can fancy what I felt when I beheld from afar the walls of Jerusalem! I jumped off the mule I rode, and scarcely could contain myself on account of the joy I felt in beholding that beloved city. I lifted my eyes unto Heaven, and recited Psalm cxxii. very devoutly. When I entered the Holy City, I felt as if I could embrace every one of my beloved Jewish brethren, for O, I loved them dearly! I fancied every Jew living in the Holy Land to be a saint, and I pictured to myself that to live among so many holy men would be the height of happiness. But, alas! within about a fortnight, the scales fell off my eyes, and I beheld a proud, self-righteous lot of men. I cannot say that I personally suffered, but I saw others suffer great injustice from their own brethren. The *Gabaim*, ("elders" or "treasurers,") who have the money, sent from all parts of the world towards maintaining the Jews in Palestine, all in their own hands, are frequently accused, and sometimes with perfect justice, of appropriating the money in their keeping to their own use. There certainly were many worthy old Rabbis, with one of them I installed myself as a pupil. I can truly say that these honest old men are really well-meaning, although poor, men; they are blinded in their zeal: but such honest well-meaning men were uncommon there. Within three months my ardour for the Holy Land was gone, and I left it in disgust. My faith was entirely shaken as to the efficacy of the Holy Land in inspiring holy and pious sentiments in the bosom of its votaries, and on that account I felt pained at heart; for my love for the Jews, the Holy Land, and the Jewish law was great and earnest.

When I left Jerusalem I went to Egypt. In Alexandria, on account of my learning in the Jews' laws, I was deputed by a celebrated Rabbi, (his name was, I believe, Rabbi Haiim Nathan,) on a certain occasion, to celebrate marriage rites, and on another occasion he condescended to consult me on some points of law. (Rabbinical Law.) At Cairo, in Egypt, I was appointed Hazan; thus as Hazan, the son of a Dain, (occasional Rabbi,) I was looked upon as a Jew of the first respectability. I mention all these advisedly, because I wish to show that I was not an unbelieving Jew, but, on the contrary, a very orthodox and stanch Jew. According to human understanding and reasoning, no one could ever believe that I should become a Christian. They that knew me well would, I believe, sooner believe anything of me than that I should become a Christian; for they knew that I hated Christianity with all my heart; and if any one had come to me at the time I am speaking of, and had told me that he could *prove to my entire satisfaction* that Christianity is the true religion, and Judaism only a blind fanaticism, my answer would have been, "I will not argue with thee; I'll not believe in Christianity, even if I am convinced of its worth, for I hate it: let me die in my blind fanaticism, for I love it." I well remember the time whilst I was at Jerusalem, a certain Dr. Ster, or Stern, a converted Jew Missionary, accosted me in one of its streets, and invited me to come into his

house. I felt awkward, for I knew not how to refuse his invitation, although I saw by his dress that he was a *meshumed*, ("apostate,") and especially when, after inquiry, he told me his name. I did not like his invitation, yet I followed him mechanically. When I came into his house, and he began to speak to me of religion, I told him, as an excuse, that I really must leave him to go to dinner. "O," said he, "you can dine here, I have nice fowl for you, if you like it." "Ah!" I said, "but I dare not eat it; you know it is *terefa*," (devoured or unclean.) "What is unclean?" he replied; "not that that entereth into the mouth, but that is unclean that cometh out of it." Whilst he was speaking I thought to myself, it will never do for me to remain with him any longer, for if by argument he should prove to me his doctrine to be true, I should have to give in, and I would rather die than give in to a Christian; therefore, as I was standing near the door, I opened it, and *rushed* out of it, leaving him to speak to himself.

You will perceive, dear reader, by my own description of myself, that I shared the bigotry and superstition of my brethren, the Jews, in no small degree. And one who knew me at that time would have said, that not only was it unlikely, but utterly impossible, that I should ever become a Christian. But that Jesus, whom I hated and despised, —the same Jesus, I say,—He who is now to me the source of all happiness and peace, has sought, found, and redeemed me from everlasting perdition, as the sequel will show.

At the twenty-fourth year of my age I landed at Cape-Town. There I found many calling themselves Jews, but by no means Jews in practice; they call themselves Jews simply because they deny Christianity, and are the children of Jewish parents. They are very benevolent to their poor brethren. I myself experienced their benevolence. Among them, Mr. Rudolf, a merchant, I found to be the most kind-hearted man that I ever met. I record it gratefully. I had not been long at Cape-Town before I became like my brethren there, (that is, neither Jew nor Christian,) and until the thirty-fourth year of my age I gave myself up to all sorts of dissipation. I hurried on from one vice to another, until at last all traces of religious sentiments, and, I believe, all conscientious scruples, were obliterated within me. The greatest part of the last ten years I was living with Christians. At times, when I met a genuine and upright Christian, (alas! that such profitable meetings should be so very few,) I felt as if I should like to become a Christian myself, but I invariably dismissed such thoughts with a feeling of shame; for although I had left off my Jewish observances, I had not left off my hatred towards the Christian religion; and to acknowledge the crucified Jesus as my King and Redeemer, such a thought covered my face with a burning blush. Thus I ran on a course — the very thought of which makes my heart bleed now—bordering on insanity. Reckless to the utmost, and naturally very liberal, I made and spent fortunes. I made money in trading in fine wares, silks, and jewellery; but as I spent all my profits in vicious and dissipated company, I had to leave Cape-Town in disgrace and poverty. I went to Natal, and there became a teacher of languages, but found that teaching could not supply *all* my wants; so I left Natal for another part of South Africa, where I became a Doctor of Medicine. This calling answered my purpose well, it brought me in much money, and I spent it as quickly as possible, and even more than I had any right to spend. At length my creditors began to press me very hard, therefore I had to quit my place of residence, and take to a roaming life. At last I came to the place where I now reside. Here I found that the medical profession did not pay, so I became a lawyer. In all the aforementioned callings, I had my admirers, or rather flatterers, who by their flattery hastened and precipitated my ruin. In my thirtieth year I married a simple-

hearted, honest, but very poor young woman. She being a Christian, I resolved that if ever I got sufficient money to go to my native land, I would persuade her to become a Jewess. O, when I begin to think how I passed these ten dark years of my life, how my heart bleeds! O! may it please Thee now, gracious Saviour and God, to grant that I never may forget these humbling ten years of my life, so that I may continually have my frailty, nothingness, and corruptness of heart before my eyes, which, through Thy grace, will teach me to be humble and meek, and to look and search for saving grace. Thirty-four precious years were lost. Twenty-four in blindness, bigotry, and unbelief, and ten years in sin and vice of the blackest dye; fearful and extremely disheartening reminiscence! What an amount of good could I have done in all that time! But, alas! what an amount of wrong, sin, and injustice these thirty-four years have made me guilty of. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance." My viciousness and sinfulness were altogether far gone, and God in His infinite mercy was pleased to redeem me ere I was entirely lost. Hitherto a transient and delusive fortune preceded my temporary misfortunes, but now the order became reversed. A collection of apparent misfortunes, coursing each other at short intervals, one shorter in duration, but keener and fiercer in intensity than the preceding one, were succeeded by a calm peace, and happiness serene and overflowing almost insupportable for a poor mortal like myself. The struggle was sharp and fierce, but I would willingly undergo another struggle like it, if that were the condition of obtaining the happiness I now at times enjoy.

When I came to this place where I now reside, I had a wife, and one child about a year old. Regarding worldly possessions, I considered myself well up, for I had at different places, where I left them to be taken care of, about eighty cows, a lot of oxen, horses, a cart, different patches of land in a village in this Republic, and a little money. The first incident I have to mention is, that shortly after my arrival here I had a quarrel. I then practised medicine, but influence interfered, and deprived me of all practice. Believing myself justified in bringing an action of a criminal nature, I resolved to do my utmost, and came to reside in the village of the district, where I should be able to put my resolution in force. But to my great surprise and chagrin, I found that no one in the village was willing to accommodate me with a room, or even a stable, to reside in, and in the depth of winter I had to borrow a tent. Alongside a house in the street I pitched it, wherein I had to reside with my wife and infant child. The reader will perhaps think that my behaviour was so immoral that no one wished to have me in his house. On the contrary, I know a time when my behaviour was far worse than at the time I am speaking of, and yet at that time I have not only been respected, but actually courted by many. But so it pleased the Allwise God! and who dares question His wisdom? Blessed be His holy Name! My wife entreated me to leave this place, and go to live elsewhere; but, no, I was inexorable. I, who never could make up my mind to stay at any place any length of time, was then firmly resolved to stay where I was, and nothing in the world could induce me to leave it, for I resolved to have my revenge. And yet I had not the slightest reason to believe that the authorities took the least notice of my complaints.

Now followed another trial. I received the news that my agent, in my absence, collected my cattle, sold them, and appropriated the money to his own use. I burned now for revenge. I determined to do anything to punish his perfidy. I left my wife and child in the tent, by her own consent, and took a servant with me, and then started for the residence of my agent, about two

hundred miles distant. We had four horses with us. When I came there, I found that what I heard was but too true; but, nevertheless, I could do nothing to him, (the agent,) as he was a lawyer, and favourite of persons high in office. I nevertheless, before leaving him, forbade him to collect the rest of my cattle under any pretence whatever. I then turned back again with a heavy heart. On my road back, I had to leave one of my horses behind me, because he was too tired to proceed any further. Another of my horses the night following was drowned. The succeeding night I had to sleep in the lion-fields, and whilst myself and servant were sleeping in a cart, the horses grazing about ten yards from us, a lion caught one of my horses and killed it; thus being left with one horse only, we had to pack up our baggage on the remaining horse, my servant attended to him, and to a few head of cattle that I collected on the road, and I followed. We walked the whole day and the following night in the lion-fields, the night was pitch dark, the wind howled most fearfully, the rain drizzled, and the beasts of prey with their frightful growling gave us from time to time notice that they were near us. It was a very, very dreadful night, and one that cannot easily be forgotten. At dawn I had to leave my remaining horse behind, for he was completely done. I never saw it any more. So my servant and I had to carry our property, saddles and bridles included, on our shoulders. About an hour after sunrise, I came to a habitation, where the people were very kind to me. That day I was helped on by the kind people with horses; my servant was left behind to bring the few cattle he had with him. At night I came to a place about three hours' ride distant from the place where my family then resided. I slept there that night; next morning I asked my host to help me on with a horse to go home, but he refused it to me, so I had to walk on foot; and as the day was very misty and cold, I lost my road in the mountains. Drenched to the skin, and almost perishing from cold, I at last came to the homestead of a farmer, about an hour's ride from the village where my family resided. It was late in the night when I came there, so I had to sleep that night there. Next morning I scarcely could stand from weakness and exhaustion; but with the prospect of seeing my beloved wife and darling child, I got strength to start again on my journey. At about three o'clock in the afternoon I was almost overwhelmed with joy in beholding my dear wife and child well. A few days afterwards my servant came with the cattle, minus one heifer, which died on the road. In about two days afterwards one of my cows died. When I came home I found provisions very scarce, so scarce that they could not be had even for money. Still, I promised myself a time of rest and comparative pleasure. Now that I had lost a great portion of my worldly possessions, I sought relief for my sorrows in the happiness of my dearly-beloved family; but no! no happiness or peace was destined for me yet. Another heavy blow was at hand. About a week after my return home my poor wife fell dangerously ill; and as provisions were not only scarce, but even the little we had was of the coarsest and most unwholesome kind, my readers may well fancy my misery in beholding my only friend and dearly-beloved wife lying prostrate at the gate of death, and I not being able to afford her the least assistance, not even a little soup whenever she felt inclined for it; my distress became almost insupportable. At last my wife recovered. Again I allowed myself to be lulled into comparative peace, promising myself a happy future, as I made up my mind to forget the past, and to work for the future, and make up for all past losses; but as I had nothing to begin with, so I resolved to study the law of this country, and to practise as an agent or lawyer. I therefore sold all my pretentions to cattle, etc., etc., to a certain party on credit, (who never paid me a penny,) and began

to study law. Shortly after the last-mentioned incident my wife was confined; and as I had no relations or friends to assist me, and servants I could not hire on account of poverty, I had to attend to my poor and, as I then thought, dying wife, and nurse the children. For four days not a soul called at my house to see how my wife was. As my wife had no milk for the infant, I had to get him quiet in the best way I could, and at nights to sit at the foot of the bed of my poor apparently dying wife, with my eldest child, as yet only twenty-two months old, and the new-born infant in my arms, hushing and feeding them alternately, until such time that my wife, getting, as it were, awake from the stupor and lethargy in which she was lying, began to groan, when I had to lay the children aside to exhaust themselves with crying, and adjust the pillow under her head, or bathe her fever-burning face with a little cold water. Many a time whilst I was thus engaged helping my wife, and my dear children were crying, and after getting exhausted, moaning, or wailing, and I could not help them, my resolution left me, and hot, burning tears coursing each other, fell sharp and quick on my poor wife's face, so that she sometimes opened her eyes, and looked at me reproachingly; for, poor thing! even whilst she thought herself dying, she thought more of me than of herself. At last a country farmer called upon me on some business, and when he saw and heard of my sufferings he went away, and made it known to the villagers. And I thank my God that I am able to testify to their genuine kindness; for as soon as they heard of my misery they vied with each other in doing good. From extreme poverty I found myself all at once in affluence. I record it now gratefully. May God reward them for all the good they have done me! At last my wife recovered. I don't know how it is with others, but with me misfortune is the seed that bringeth forth that sweet-scented and dazzling bright flower called "Hope." As soon as a misfortune attacks me, I get for the time disheartened; but when it lasts some time, it loses its sting, it perishes, as it were, and in its place invigorating hope is developed.

Thus, after the recovery of my wife from her last severe illness, although I saw my family, and with it the demands of subsistence, increased, and my means of providing for my family diminished,—although I found that indigence became my own shadow, and poverty my jailer, and ruin, the firstborn of misfortune, my constant companion; yet has Hope cheered me. Hope painted out to me that by virtue of the law I was then studying, I could force myself from the unlawful détention of want, and that by the little talent I was possessed of I could disengage myself from indigence, and with the experience I then had I could war against ruin. So powerfully did Hope argue, that within a very short time he convinced me of his assertions. The result was, that I became quite buoyant, and prepared myself for another start in the world. Thus invigorated and refreshed, I applied for, and obtained permission to, practise in the Lower Courts of Justice in this country as a law agent.

And now the last of the series of my misfortunes was at hand. Shortly after I was admitted to practise as a lawyer, I fancied that one in a high position acted against the law. I remonstrated with him, but he heeded me not. So I sent in a complaint against him to the proper authorities, accusing him of the crime of perjury, on the ground that he violated the law which he swore to maintain. At first, no notice was taken of my proceedings; but as I became every day more and more clamorous and boisterous, I was charged with the crimes of slander, disturbance of the public peace, and provoking rebellion. Whilst I was to be imprisoned, the Sheriff sold everything that belonged to me, bedding excepted: not a pot wherein to cook was left to my poor wife.

(*To be concluded.*)

ISRAEL IN THE WILDERNESS.—Hosea ii. 14, 15.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

God has drawn His chosen race,
By allurements of His grace,
From the dalliance and the snare
Of earth's idols falsely fair;
From the bowers of palm and vine,
Where they drank the heathen's wine,
And entranced by heathen mirth
Heeded not their lofty birth.

Drawn by His commanding spell,
In the wilderness they dwell;
Passing brakes of tangled thorn,
How their pilgrim-garb is torn!
And the sands beneath their feet,
Parch and burn with ruthless heat.
Where is now the water'd glade?
Where the acacia's lovely shade?

Bare and ghastly is there track,
And their lips with thirst are black;
Death is nigh, but lo! the air
Trembles with a music rare,
For the Voice which guides the spheres
Bids them trample on their fears,
Speaks in words of mystic power,
Such as cheer life's saddest hour.

Dreary tracts of desert-sand
Take an aspect rich and bland,
Vineyards with a purple flush
Have displaced the desert-bush;
See the curling tendril clasps
Rocks erewhile the haunt of asps!
And cool clusters wait the hands
Of the wondering pilgrim-bands.

Achor's valley, where they thought
Only grief and shame were wrought,
Is a pass through which they glide,
Great as kings in banner'd pride;
Brows are crown'd with dewy palms,
Lips dispart with golden psalms,
For the stern, appalling cliffs
Glow with Hope's large hieroglyphs.

There they sing, as in their youth,
Of Jehovah's grace and truth;
Catch the music of the past,
Where their latest lot is cast.
Yes, they sing as when of old,
Song and timbrel-triumph roll'd
O'er the Red Sea's wondrous wave,
Israel's wall, and Pharaoh's grave!

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

APRIL.

Day	Morning. *To be read together.*		Evening. *To be learned.*	
1.	Exod. xvii.	Deut. viii.	Ephesians v. 9—12	John xxi.
2.	xviii.	Deut. xvi. 18—20; xvii. 8—10	13—16	Romans i.
3.	xix.	Heb. xii. 18—29	17—20	ii.
4.	xx.	Deut. iv. 9—20, 32—40	21—24	iii.
5.	xxiv.	Heb. ix. 16—28	25—28	iv.
6.	xxv. 1—23, 31—40	ix. 1—15	29—32	v.
7.	xxxii.	Deut. ix. 7—29	To be recalled	vi.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE, *continued.*

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
8.	Exod. xxxiii.	Exod. xxxiv. 1—17	Ephesians vi. 1—4	Romans vii.
9.	xxxiv. 18—35	2 Cor. iii. 7—18; iv. 1—6	5—8	viii.
10.	xxxv.	Exodus xxxvi. 1—7; xl. 17, 33—38	9—12	ix.
11.	Leviticus viii.	Hebrews iv. 14—16; v. 1—10	13—16	x.
12.	x. 1—7; xvi. 1—22	Hebrews x. 1—22	17—20	xi.
13.	Numb. ix. 1—5; x. 11, 12, 29—36	Isaiah xliii. 1—13	21—24	xii.
14.	xi.	Psalm lxxviii. 17—39	25—28	xiii.
15.	xii.	Hebrews iii. 1—8	To be recalled	xiv.; xv. 1—12
16.	xiii.	Deut. i. 22—33	Psalm xxxiv. 1—6	xv. 13—33; xvi.
17.	xiv. 1—25	Psalm cvi. 21—26; Ezekiel xx. 10—16	7—11	Psalm xcv. Hebrews iii. 12—19; iv. 1—13
18.	26—45	Deut. i. 34—46	12—16	1 Corinthians i.
19.	xvi.	Psalm cvi. 16—18; Ecclesiastes v. 1, 2	17—22	ii., iii.
20.	xvii.; xviii. 1—21	Deut. xxxiii. 8—11; 1 Cor. ix. 13, 14	To be recalled	iv.
21.	xx.	Psalm cvi. 32, 33; Ezekiel xx. 17—22	John xiv. 1—4	v., vi.
22.	xxi.	John iii. 14—18	5—9	vii.
23.	xxii.	2 Peter ii. 9—21	10—13	viii., ix.
24.	xxiii.	Micah vi. 5—8	14—17	x.
25.	xxiv.	Joshua xxiv. 9, 10; Rev. xxii. 16; ii. 26-28	18—21	xi.
26.	xxv.; xxxi. 1—16	Joshua xxii. 17; Psalm cvi. 28—31; Hosea ix. 10	22—26	xii., xiii.
27.	xxxii.	Joshua xxii. 1—9	27—31	xiv.
28.	Deut. i. 1—21	Deut. ix. 1—6; xi. 1—12	To be recalled	xv.
29.	ii.	Psalm cxxxvi.	John xv. 1—4	xvi.
30.	iii.	Deut. iv. 1—8, 21—31	5—8	2 Corinthians i.

LADIES' APPETITES THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

But, perhaps, the most conclusive evidence that we can give of the good appetites prevalent in those days, is the active part enacted by the ladies at table. On October the 24th, we find it related in the Earl of Surrey's diary, that two ladies were served for their breakfast as follows:—"To my Lady and Lady Wyndham, a peyse of beyf, a gooyse, a breste of veyle rost, a capon." This is decidedly good fare for a breakfast only. Few ladies could manage as much now; but, after all, it is perhaps fortunate, as ladies' appetites for dress and other expensive things have not abated, that they can no longer consume a piece of beef, a goose, a breast of roast veal, and a capon—just for breakfast.—*Food Journal.*

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

JOHN HALL.

John Hall died at Greenside, in the Shotley-Bridge Circuit, September 3d, 1870, aged fifty years. He was led to give his heart to God about twenty-one years ago. The death of his brother William seriously impressed him, and these impressions were deepened under the preaching of the Word in Greenside Chapel. He joined the Wesleyan Society, and became one of its most consistent and active members. The illness which ended in his death was of short duration; but he was ready for the Great Master's call. When his wife and eight children were weeping around the bed, he begged them not to fret, and assured them that God would be their unfailing Friend. When told by his brother that his end was near, and that he must prepare for the worst, he answered quickly, "Not the worst, Matthew, not the worst: it is the best, you mean!" He lingered for a few hours after this, and then went home to heaven. T. W. B.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For April, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
April	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	5 37	6 33	6 55a	9 7a	5 38m	0 55m	2 5m
11	5 14	6 49	8 17	9 40	4 51	0 23	1 27
21	4 53	7 6	9 12	10 11	4 6	11 49a	0 48
May 1	4 33	7 22	9 11	10 39	3 23	11 18	0 8

PHASES OF THE MOON.

5th, Full Moon ..... 2h. 23m. after. | 19th, New Moon .... 7h. 3m. after.
12th, Last Quarter .... 5h. 51m. morn. | 27th, First Quarter .. 11h. 48m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 7th ..... 2h. after., Perigee; distance 225,066 miles.
„ 23d ..... 8h. morn., Apogee; „ 252,143 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 238,605 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 1st.....	91,666,170 miles.
May 1st	92,420,860 „
Increase of distance for the month	754,690 „

A reference to the table shows that *Mercury* is in a position unusually favourable for inspection with the naked eye. On the 11th it sets nearly an hour and a half, and on the 21st more than two hours, after the Sun.

On any evening then, from the 11th till the end of the month, about an hour after sunset, a small star of pearly whiteness may be seen low in the west; this is Mercury, and may be called evening star number one.

Number two, a brighter object, somewhat higher and farther southward, is *Venus*. *Jupiter* is in the same quarter of the heavens, still higher than Venus; it is striking enough to deserve the title of evening star number three.

Before the 23d Mercury will be gibbous, on the 23d semicircular, as on that day it attains its greatest eastern elongation, twenty degrees; after the 23d, it assumes the crescent form. On the morning of the 9th it will be in perihelion, or at that point of its orbit nearest to the Sun, from which it will then be distant twenty-eight millions of miles. On the 4th it will be in the plane of the Earth's orbit, and on the 19th at its greatest distance northward from that plane. It will be near the Moon on the 21st.

Venus is nearing both Earth and Sun, and therefore increasing rapidly in brightness. Her apparent diameter increases during the month from eleven to thirteen seconds. Seen through a telescope, the want of roundness on the eastern side is now very perceptible. On the evening of the 21st the Moon, then two days old, will be between this planet and Mercury. She passes Venus on the 22d, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and on the evenings of the 22d and 23d will be between Venus and Jupiter.

Mars passes from Virgo backwards into Leo in the course of the month. On the 3d it will be ten degrees south of *Deneb*, the Beta of this latter constellation. The Moon will be near Mars on the nights of the 3d and 30th.

Jupiter will be occulted by the Moon on the morning of the 24th, as seen from a large portion of the southern hemisphere.

It will be interesting on the 6th, from 7h. 46m. to 8h. 50m. in the evening, to watch the first and second satellites, and the shadow of the former all on the disc of the primary. A similar phenomenon may be witnessed on the 13th, from 9h. 40m. to 10h. 49m. An emergence of the first satellite from the shadow of the planet will take place on the 14th, at 9h. 11m. 27s. in the afternoon; one of the second on the following day, at 9h. 0m. 48s.; and one of the third on the 26th, at 8h. 12m. 37s.

Saturn is in Sagittarius. Its apparent motion among the fixed stars is eastward or direct until the 19th, after which it will be retrograde till September 7th. The longest diameter of the outer ring is now thirty-eight seconds; the shortest, sixteen seconds.

Uranus is still near Pollux, and consequently in a position very favourable for examination. On the 12th, a little before midnight, it will be ninety degrees distant from the Sun. On the 26th, at seven in the evening, it will be quite near the Moon.

Neptune will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 11th, and is, of course, now invisible.

S. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

GUEBWILLER, NEAR STRASBOURG.

AN ENGLISH LADY'S NARRATIVE OF INCIDENTS IN THE LATE WAR.

The following extract from a letter by an English lady, who has for some time resided in a French Protestant family at Guebwiller, near Strasbourg, may be interesting as illustrating some of the minor miseries of the war. The lady is a member of the Wesleyan Church, to which her friends in England are devotedly attached. Guebwiller is within the territory ceded to Germany.—THORNLEY SMITH.

Colmar, November 2d, 1870.

WHILE I am waiting for M. S— to come to the hotel, I will tell you something of the Prussians' second visit to G—. They came from Issenheim, on Monday morning, at about eight o'clock, and again found a small company of *franc-tireurs*, near the entrance of Soultz, prepared to fire on them. I cannot say *resist* them, for the *franc-tireurs* were only one hundred in number, the Prussians a force

of from twelve to fifteen thousand, and forming one continuous black line as far as we could see; that is, till the little wood hid them from our view. It rained so heavily during the greater part of the day, that we only went up to the terrace on the roof occasionally; but we fixed the telescope in the *chambre de chasse*, and were able to distinguish everything, even to the loading of the cannons, and the violent backward movement they made when the balls went off. There was sharp firing for more than half an hour in front of the hospital, and even in the houses where the *franc-tireurs* tried to conceal themselves for a moment; but they soon retreated to the Soulzerbiöpf again, and all was quiet. . . .

Strasbourg, November 5th, 1870.

O! how shall I be able to tell you all the rest of our adventures? I must begin by saying that M. S— is at an hotel in this city, and very well, in spite of all he has had to go through. Knowing this beforehand, you will be able to read my long story without the anxiety we have had ever since the Prussians left Guebwiller. They *all* left; but they did not go alone. As the last company were preparing to march out of the town, three armed soldiers came to the chateau, and asked for M. S—. He had been sadly harassed and fatigued during the day before, and was then still in bed; but the soldiers opened the door of his bedroom, and roughly ordered him to dress, and accompany them, they themselves knew not whither. M. S— immediately ordered our good old coachman to prepare the *calèche*, while he dressed hastily, and swallowed a cup of coffee. . . . I begged to be allowed to go with him, that I might know where they would take him, and bring back news to Emma. "You may come if you will," they said. Emma's husband ran to the Town Hall to inquire why his father-in-law was arrested, and whither the carriage was to go, when the officer in command ordered him to be arrested too. "You are also good to be taken, and you have the advantage of being young," an expression which caused us many an anxious thought, for it seemed to refer to a long and painful journey. He strongly objected to such an unjust arrest, and at last said, "You are losing your time; the carriage will not come till I return with an answer to my father-in-law." Then the captain ordered two soldiers to accompany him to the chateau, and he came in just as the carriage was passing his own door. He hastily snatched his mantle, and threw it over him. You may fancy poor Emma's emotion as we drove out of the gate escorted by five soldiers. I could only tell her I would bring her some news as soon as possible. On reaching the Town Hall we found that the Mayor had left with the first detachment for Soultz, and that eight other prisoners had been seized in the same unexpected manner. M. E— contrived to obtain his liberty. I tried hard to get permission to go as far as Soultz with

M. S—; but when he saw he was not alone, and that there was not another carriage, he gently pushed me away, and insisted on my yielding my place to the prisoners. Then I attempted to get on the box by the side of the coachman, but another prisoner was ordered up there, and I was obliged most reluctantly to return with M. E—. We watched the carriage, through the telescope, till it reached the turning of the road. Then we saw a party of Uhlans galloping towards Guebwiller. An hour after we learned that they had been to the Town Hall with a letter from the Prussian colonel, demanding one hundred thousand francs, and stating that the prisoners would be detained as hostages till the payment of that sum. M. J— and several other gentlemen drove after the army in the hope of coming to some better terms.

Having heard that the prisoners were at B—, Mademoiselle B— and I resolved to retire, but while still in the drawing-room, M. J— came and told me he had obtained the liberty of six out of the nine; the three others were to be conducted to His Excellency the Governor-General of Alsace. It was a relief to know where M. S— was, and that M. H. B— had kindly volunteered and been allowed to remain with him for company; but, O, I cannot write half these poor prisoners had suffered; not to speak of the anguish with which they thought of their homes, as they were in momentary expectation of an engagement with the *franc-tireurs*. Then they were six inside the carriage, so they had to sit half upon the windows, and could not close them to avoid the insults of the soldiery. You can scarcely fancy the rage of these Prussian soldiers against the free corps. During eight hours the carriage was escorted by foot soldiers, and consequently moving at walking pace, through an army of sixteen thousand men, marching in single column along the road, almost every individual soldier insulting them, one after the other, and in terms I cannot write, and repeating outrages, throwing stones at the carriage, pushing their loaded guns into it, crying, "that's for you," or telling them that they were not worth the powder, and should be all hanged up together in an hour or two. This went on for eight hours! No wonder that when the deputation overtook them at B—, many of the poor prisoners were actually weeping with grief, fatigue, dread, and anger. But not M. S—, he was brave and firm as ever, doing all he could to cheer up the others. At B— they were all crowded into a kind of guard-house, where there was only room for ten to stand, and they with their escort were more than twenty. They contrived to order a wretched soup there, for they had not once been offered anything to eat. When told at B— that they would have to go to Strasbourg, and consequently pass through the same troops again, these gentlemen begged to be allowed to pursue their journey at once.

But to return to Guebwiller. At half-past one o'clock on Wednesday morning, when M. J.—brought me word of the terrible journey these gentlemen had had, he desired me to send M. S— some clean linen, etc., to C—. So I trotted off with M. J— to the Town Hall, consulted with M. E—, and decided to go *with* the carriage to C—, as the presence of a *lady* is a safeguard to a carriage. I ought to have told you of what the town of G— had been guilty. On Tuesday night the Prussians had demanded all our guns. They were asked to leave a certain number for the National Guards, who kept watch over the town, as the population was so unruly. "We will see to that," they answered, and placed a Prussian guard at the Town Hall. During the evening some one slipped the sentinel's gun out of his hand, and ran away with it; the soldier was said to be intoxicated. This we learned after the departure of our prisoners, and they had not the slightest idea of what they were accused, and could offer no justification. Well, on Wednesday, at six o'clock, M. F— and I set off for C—, with the expectation of meeting the four hostages at the hotel they had named. We reached the hotel at eight o'clock, were surprised to find that they had not yet arrived. At noon I thought we had waited long enough, ordered the carriage, dined, and set off on the road to Strasbourg. On Thursday, at nine a.m., we arrived at that city, and hastened to seek an audience with M. B—. B— could not be spoken to till four p.m., so returned to M. F—'s to wait. Then again to the hotel. Two armed sentinels guarded the entrance-gate. We passed through them and turned to the left. At that moment I heard the sentinel close behind me say, "They are bringing prisoners." At these words I hastily turned round, and there they were! I rushed over to M. S—, seized his hand, and M. F— and I joined the procession, and walked with them to the prison; but at the prison-gate we were sent back again to the hotel. The Governor-General refused to decide their affair himself, referred them to a Council of War, would not allow them to remain in an hotel, but gave them leave to dine there before going to prison. Towards the end of dinner the escorting officer called M. S— out of the room, told him he might remain at the hotel with M. B—, and without a guard, if he gave his word that he would not try to escape, nor *receive* any visits! M. S—, finding he was the only privileged one, declined to accept the offer, and said he preferred sharing the prison with his companions. "No, *you* will remain here, and *they* will go to the prison," said the officer, authoritatively; "but they will be well cared for." It was useless to resist. The next morning we were at the hotel by eight a.m. Could hear nothing of them. We took a turn. The greater part of Strasbourg is less destroyed than I imagined; the ramparts scarcely injured; the citadel is destroyed; the churches have suffered greatly, the cathedral less than was said.

I returned to the hotel, afraid to stay with M. S— without permission; sent in my card to M. de B—, with a request in English to be allowed to give M. S— some news of his family. Desired to walk in. M. de B— addressed me in French, spoke slowly; "You wish," etc. "I should greatly appreciate such a permission." "I cannot give you this permission, it is not in my power, it depends on ——" (naming the President of the Council of War, or Judge, or something of that kind,) "but I will send for him. Please be seated." I sat down, he rang for the servant, sent him for the Judge, who appeared an instant after. M. de B— explained to him my request. The Judge desired me to follow him to M. S—'s room. I thanked M. de B—, and led the Judge to No. —. He asked M. S— who I was, and gave me permission to visit him. "I am about to study your affair; I know nothing of it as yet; you will probably be examined this afternoon." The examiner did not come till five p.m. M. B— and I left the room. M. S— underwent an interrogation for about an hour. Then M. B— was summoned. They pleaded the entire innocence of the town, etc. The Judge is going to examine the others in the prison.

On Sunday M. S— came to Madam F—, to pay me a visit; he is free, as well as the others, and Guebwiller has not one centime to pay.

MORE ABOUT TONGATABOO.*

How changed is Tongataboo since the Missionary ship "Duff" visited its shores in 1797! The following statistics will well illustrate its present state, contrasted with its former condition of heathen darkness and degradation. We have now on Tongataboo alone fifty-nine chapels, two thousand seven hundred and sixteen members, six thousand seven hundred attendants on Divine worship, forty-nine day-schools, two hundred and ninety-five Local-preachers, three hundred and forty-two Class-leaders, fifty-four Sabbath-schools, two thousand and seventy-one day-scholars, all of whom attend our Sabbath-schools. Tongataboo has a Methodist king and queen, and may be called a Methodist island. Great improvements have been effected by King George. Once there were only native paths, mere tracks from shore to shore; now, as the Rev. Stephen Rabone, who has just returned from a visit to this scene of his former labours, said to me the other day, "you can drive a buggy from one end of the island to the other." A communication from a Missionary's wife, which I lately read, says, "I and Tom have just returned from

* See Article on "Providential Deliverances," in our last Number.

a drive of twenty-four miles, and now I sit down to write you."

The following anecdote of King George well illustrates the pervading spirituality of Tongataboo, which I will preface with the observation that amongst the blots on our southern escutcheon is Sabbath desecration. It is sad to observe how readily the institutions of vice and sin are propagated in new countries. A fearful evidence, this, of man's fallen nature. Perhaps, bulk for bulk with the population of London, we could produce as many attendants on Divine worship, and as many happy souls who "remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." But with large numbers amongst us the Sabbath is a *holiday* only in the ungodly world's completely perverted acceptation of that term. The myriad omnibuses of Sydney are crowded on the Lord's day, and so are the numerous steamboats which ply to the beautiful villa-studded environs of our city and unrivalled harbour. Our railways, too, north, west, and south, belch forth in smoke and steam their defiance of the fourth commandment. Mr. Blanchard, an old standard-bearer at our Newtown Wesleyan Church, has been accustomed, with undeviating regularity for many years, to carry from his pretty residence at Stanmore to the railway embankment near his house, a beautiful banner, on which is inscribed the words, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy;" the first sentence of the fourth commandment. This he exhibits as the train passes. Some jeer, some applaud from the carriage-windows, some hide their faces with shame and conviction, and some derisively throw him copper halfpence; but he has his reward, and is encouraged in his mission.

When King George of Tonga visited Sydney in 1853,* he walked down George-street on the Sabbath morning to attend Divine service at York-street; he eyed narrowly the numerous public vehicles loaded with passengers, which were plying to and fro from the city and the suburbs, and anxiously inquired what this spectacle meant, and to what place of worship these people were going? The answers his questioning extorted caused his countenance to fall. He shook his head sadly, and observed, "This would not be allowed in Tonga." It was evident that what he saw caused Sydney to sink very much in his estimation.

The cocoa-nut tree, which has been named as one of the principal products of Tongataboo, is one of the vegetable wonders of creation. To the devout mind it furnishes a remarkable memento of God's

* King George is a man of gigantic stature, and his habits are those of a well-bred gentleman and a sincere Christian. His intellect is of a high order. He is a Wesleyan Local-preacher. "He looks," said one of the world's travellers, "every inch a king."

care for man. A drift of the sea from older islands, perhaps many hundreds of miles away, its hard oily shell enables it to toss about and to make long voyages unharmed on the briny ocean. When reefs and sandbanks emerge from the sea, as described in No. IV. of these papers, it is thus at hand, and establishes itself, and grows within reach of salt water. It is stated that in 1813 ten millions of these trees were growing on the south-west coast of the island of Ceylon, and that two hundred and eighty miles of the Brazilian coast of South America was, with few breaks, a mass of them. I need hardly describe the tree. My young readers are from month to month perusers of our "Juvenile Missionary Offering," in the spirited engravings of which it is a frequent and beautiful object. Like the orange-tree, the cocoa-nut produces flowers and fruit in various stages at one time. You may admire the flower one moment, and grasp the ripe fruit the next. But its blossom lacks the beautiful odour of the orange-blossom. What fruitfulness is here! One might say of the cocoa-nut what the poet Herbert has so beautifully said of the orange :—

"O that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant!
Then would I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dresseth me." *

But the cocoa-nut needs no dressing, and yields not only refreshing but sustaining food. Under favourable circumstances, one hundred nuts are an annual produce of a single tree, one of which would often make four or five of the little ones hawked about the streets of London on the costermonger's barrow. I need hardly ask if my young reader has observed the three black circles at the end of a cocoa-nut, resembling, or imagined to resemble, a monkey's face. This is supposed to have furnished the name of the tree and fruit, *macoco* or *macaco*, being the Portuguese name for a monkey. It is from *one* of these three black circles (the soft one, which may be pricked with a pin) that the cocoa-nut, when planted, grows. I suppose one principal reason of cocoa-nuts being so plentiful and cheap in dear old London, is, their being used in ships from tropical ports to set fast the casks and other round packages in the cargo, which need to be thus secured. They form a suitable stuffing, and a saleable *make-up*.

I may term the cocoa-nut the south-sea islander's cow, so numerous are its useful products. I have known the "John Wesley" bring to Sydney on one voyage, as the Church contributions of the islands, oil

* If this meet the eye of my friend the Rev. Dr. Osborn, I may remind him that I yet retain that beautiful copy of his favourite Herbert which he gave me when we parted seventeen years ago, to meet again, with all his, I trust and pray, in a glorious heaven.

which was eagerly purchased here for sixteen hundred pounds. The casks in which it came were sawn lengths of its own trunk, with the pith taken out, and then headed. Now tanks are used to avoid waste and trouble. Here we have a tree furnishing both barrel and valuable contents. The cocoa-nut tree has long been one of the most handsome contributors to the funds of the Wesleyan Mission-House, giving largely according to its means both in life and in death, as all good contributors should do. The stem furnishes large quantities of farina, perhaps equal to sago; the sap evaporated produces wholesome sugar, called *jagghory* in the East. This, mixed with lime, constitutes a very remarkable cement, capable of receiving a beautiful polish, enduring great heat, and resisting great moisture.

I hope all my young readers are teetotallers. Any of them, therefore, who may not have been aware previously, will learn with sorrow of two misuses of this most useful tree. The roots are chewed to produce intoxication, and a pernicious ardent spirit is prepared from the juice of the stem. Of course, wherever there is sugar, fermentation will convert that sugar into deadly, intoxicating spirit; but the human stomach does nothing of the kind with any sweet product of creation. My horse stamps with pleasure when I throw him a bundle of sweet *sorghum*.* In many parts of the earth the ripe fruit and milk surrounding the kernel of the cocoa-nut are the principal food of the poor population. The young buds are a wholesome and desirable vegetable to cook for the table, and the capacious full-grown leaves are hard in texture, and excellent for thatching dwellings. The leaves, also, make buckets, baskets, lanterns, etc. Potash is obtained in abundance from them, and oars are made of the midrib. Brushes from the fibrous bark hang up in many a Sydney house. It is picked to form cordage in the English workhouses and prisons. This cordage comes in large quantities to Sydney from the islands, as the packing of produce and for sale. Rigging of native vessels is formed from it; and, made into matting, it constitutes their sails. The mere shell we find adapted to many uses. Various vessels are made of it, and it is an article of sale in the streets of the British metropolis, in the place of "turf, burning turf, O!" It keeps a handful of fire smouldering for hours, when you neither wish it to go out nor to burn up, but to remain as it is, awaiting further orders.

Who can contemplate the cocoa-nut tree without gratitude to the Almighty!

> Go bend your steps to the cocoa-nut tree,
> Ye infidels who dare
> Treat the blest truths faith only can see
> As trifles light as air.

* A variety of the sugar-cane grown here as food for cattle.

As it lends its aid, a grateful shade,
Sheltering the growing mead,
Behold, how God hath raised from the sod
Supply for man's earthly need!

Go bend your steps to the cocoa-nut tree,
O troubled and burden'd heart!
Earth's sorrows may heavy and weary be;
But let it a lesson impart.
Behold, behold, more precious than gold,
A moral it preaches there,
To sad and to glad, to young and to old,
A lesson of heavenly care.

"How can ye fail?" is its cheerful tale,
To widow and orphan's tear;
"God will sustain," is its voice again,
"Whose mercy planted me here.
Would He provide, on the verge of the tide,
Food from the burning sand,
And yet deny the light of His eye,
And the joy of His helping hand?" R. W. V.

LESS DISTINGUISHED NAMES IN THE WORD OF GOD.

III. BEZALEEL AND AHOLIAB, WORKERS FOR GOD.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

WHEN Moses was in the holy Mount he was not only instructed in the measurement to be observed, and the materials to be used, in the construction of the Tabernacle, and its furniture, but saw the "pattern" or representation of the curtained Sanctuary, as it was to be when set up in the wilderness, and consecrated by Jehovah's presence. Yet how much was to be done before the beautiful ideal presented to his mind could be embodied in actual form and colour! But, lest he should shrink from the task as too difficult for himself and his people, the principal workers were mentioned to him by name; and as Aaron was given to be to him "instead of a mouth," to supply his lack of fluent and persuasive speech, so Bezaleel and Aholiab were given to supply his lack of artistic genius and mechanical skill. Bezaleel was of the tribe of Judah, he was "filled with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship," and appears to have combined the qualifications of goldsmith, lapidary, and carver. Aholiab, of the tribe of Dan, was associated with him as an "engraver," and a "cunning workman," and an "embroiderer, in blue, and in purple, in scarlet, and in fine linen." We are not to suppose that these artistic faculties were suddenly created in them by God, but that He took hold of powers already existing, and prepared them by His Spirit for the large requirements of a work peculiarly sacred and glorious. Their aptitude in design and execution was perfected by God for His own service, but was in them as a natural gift, and had probably been

educated to a high degree of efficiency in the wonderful cities of the Pharaohs.

Egypt was at that time a great school of art. Its palaces, tombs, and temples were not only vast in magnitude, and massive and apparently imperishable in their masonry, but were embellished with the most powerful and brilliant creations of the chisel and the pencil. Even the Israelites, though in bondage, could scarcely fail to catch the influence of those artistic movements; and some of them would learn to vie with their masters in hewing the stone and carving the wood. Slavery, though rightly denounced by Dr. Adam Clarke as a system "cursed at both ends and blasted in the middle," was not in every case a dead level of menial toil. Though the mass of the slaves in the Southern States of America were employed from year to year in a brutish round of labour on the sugar estates and cotton plantations, there were some who distinguished themselves as skilled artisans, and were of more than ordinary value to their owners on account of the large wages they earned; and though the Israelites are spoken of in general terms as bound to hard and debasing service in the Egyptian brick-yards, they were not all doomed to the clay and the scanty straw. And such men as Bezaleel and Aholiab may justly be thought of as pouring the splendour of their genius over the haughty monuments of Egyptian civilization. But there was for them a grander work than any in which they could be employed by heathen kings; and when in the wilderness, their capabilities were heightened by a Divine inspiration, and they were called to work out a design which God Himself had traced, and of which He had deigned to give even the minutest details. What thoughts must have been in their minds, while in the shade of the cloudy pillar they prepared the shittim-wood or acacia for the ark and the altar of incense, and fashioned the golden candlestick, the curtains, the vail, the high priest's ephod, and girdle, and mitre! How their hearts must have been lifted up to God in thanksgiving for the honour He had put upon them, and in prayer for His continued help and guidance in the solemn yet delightful task. Their very labour brought them near to God, and as the meaning of the glorious symbols which they were shaping in choice wood, and gold, and precious stones, and most exquisite needlework, became apparent to their understandings, they would be more and more conscious of the infinite distance between the vain pomps of the Egyptian Apis, and the worship of the One God in Whose Name they were then working. No wonder that, with gifts enlarged, and animated by the highest of all influences, they were able to rear the Tabernacle in such completeness and magnificence, as to make it, so far as anything earthly could be, worthy of being the dwelling-place of Jehovah.

Work done with religious feeling is always most beautiful. Though erring in their thoughts of Divine things, we cannot but respect, and even to some extent venerate, the builders of our cathedrals, who set spires and pinnacles among the clouds, and wrought the walls into the resemblance of a petrified paradise, and lavished on screen and choir such treasures of rare and delicate imagery. But it is not alone in works of magnitude and costliness like the Tabernacle, that God can

be glorified. As good old Herbert has said, "Who sweeps a room as for Thy cause, Makes that and the action fine." Holy hands dignify the meanest things they touch. Paul making tents in Corinth, or gathering sticks on Melita, was serving God, as well as Solomon when watching the rising glories of the Temple. Beings from the heavenly world would have rated the tagged laces which Bunyan made for the support of his family, while imprisoned for the truth in Bedford jail, at a higher price than all the portraits painted by Kneller, and all the poetry written by Dryden. We do not need rich material, or artistic designs, for work in which to honour our God. "The common round, the trivial task," afford scope for the development of our Christian virtues and graces. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

FAITH AND PRAYER TRIUMPHANT.

A YOUNG man was called, by a series of painful dispensations, to leave his home in the island of Jersey; he seemed to hear the voice of his Heavenly Father saying to him, "Get thee out of thy country;" he was not disobedient to the call, although not understanding the why and the wherefore.

In faith he went to Gosport. There, strangely enough, it appeared that he must go to sea. A warrant was procured for him on board one of Her Majesty's ships. A mysterious Providence—for an eminently peaceful, God-fearing man—one who had often felt in his own mind that he was called to preach the glad tidings of salvation—to become a petty officer on board a ship of war where there was a Roman-Catholic captain, a card-playing chaplain, and a godless crew!

Of course our friend had to run the gauntlet, and that he did bravely, believing for a time that there was not another man in all the crew like-minded with himself. At last he found one who loved the Lord; after that, they met together whenever their duties permitted, to strengthen each other's hands in the Lord, and to pray with and for each other, and their shipmates.

Presently, one and another joined them. Much ridicule was cast on the "Praying mob," and the "*Wee-wees*" had many insults to endure, but they continued "instant in prayer," and were "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Their prayers were heard, and men crouching near to listen and scoff, or otherwise annoy, were suddenly convinced of sin and danger, and compelled to cry for mercy. This state of things caused considerable alarm in the enemy's camp; complaints were made to the captain that a mob of Wesleyans were always praying under the boats. The captain instituted inquiries, and found that these Wesleyans were never rude to their officers, never neglected their duties, but were to be relied on at all times; therefore he was not at all inclined to interfere with their liberty of conscience. They themselves determined to seek protection, and went aft, and begged the captain to give them a place for prayer—"under the boats" not affording sufficient accommodation for their increased numbers. He gave orders that a suitable place should be partitioned off for their use below, to which at all times, when off duty, they might retire for reading, or

prayer, or holding religious services.* They gladly availed themselves of this privilege, the Lord was in their midst, and their hearts were filled with joy.

A few months ago, our friend was on shore, on leave, and reported to us that twelve men had found peace; a class-book was given him, and he was advised to gather his little flock into communion with the visible Church. Early in February he had leave again for four days, and again had to tell of the Redeemer's triumphs; at one prayer-meeting three men had found peace. One poor fellow, who was very ignorant, and had been very wicked, exclaimed, "O, bless the Lord! I feel so light! I don't feel like *me* at all! won't my old mother be glad! bless the Lord! He has heard her prayers! Last time I was home she wanted me to kneel down with her, and I wouldn't; but I will now. O, it'll be the best leave that ever I had!"

To our inquiry, if there were much persecution now, our friend laughingly replied, "O no! sometimes an unpleasant man will offer to fight some of us; instantly one of the unconverted will be down on him, and say, 'Why, you coward! you know very well the Wee-wees won't fight, if you didn't you would not be so forward to challenge; if you want to fight some of us will fight you.' The would-be combatant sneaks away pretty quick. Often we are met with the proffered hand, and 'Good morning, Brother; how is it with you to-day?' but we always take it good-humouredly. To one such the other day I gave my hand, replying, 'Well, I thank you; we are strangers, but I have long wished to have a conversation with you, because I think you are an intelligent man. Now, suppose you heard me speak disrespectly of your mother or father, don't you think it would hurt your feelings very much?' 'I'd knock you down,' he said, as sharp as possible. 'Well,' I replied, 'it hurts my feelings very bad indeed to hear you speak of *my* Father as you do.' 'What do you mean?' he asked. 'God,' I replied, 'is my Father, and you take His holy Name in vain almost every time you speak. Jesus Christ is my Saviour, my Brother, Friend! and you constantly insult Him. Think you that this is not painful to me?' 'Yes,' broke in one who had been listening, 'it is true they *do* feel it very bad. I know my old mother, she is one of 'em, she felt powerful bad last time I was home, because I let out some oaths: I was so sorry.'"

The captain is especially kind to them, giving leave on shore to service whenever it is practicable; and when the anchorage is inconvenient for returning on board after service, will voluntarily grant permission to remain on shore till morning.

The following is an extract from a letter from this brother, dated February 22d, 1871. After giving an account of another conversion, he says:—

"I have now to relate a little story that may be interesting. One of our Christian brothers, who was brought to the Lord just before we went on leave, felt his greatest difficulty would be in meeting his wife and family. We made it a matter of prayer before we parted, that the Lord would bless us on our visit to our friends. On arriving home, he felt that the grace of God could not be hid, therefore he deter-

* This is now an order on board all H. M. ships.

mined to break the ice at once. He commenced by saying, 'My dear, will you pray with me this evening?' She instantly refused, but he would not give the contest over like that; the next evening he asked her to attend the prayer-meeting with him, she could not refuse, she went—was wrought upon by the Spirit; on the Sunday evening she accompanied him to the chapel; after service there was a prayer-meeting, and Mr. B—, the Minister, stood up and said: 'Friends, we have a sailor brother here; he has to leave to-morrow morning, and he wishes to see his wife converted before he goes.' The Lord blessed these few words. Our brother took his wife by the hand, led her to the *penitent form*, and there she found Jesus; she went home rejoicing that her soul had been set at liberty.

"The morning came, but she no longer refused to pray. They both went down on their knees and committed each other into the hands of their Heavenly Father, and thus they parted."

The number of those on board who have found the Lord has increased to eighteen. May not our friend say, "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us"? EFFIE.

MY LAST WEEK'S WORK FOR JESUS.

FOR the space of thirty-five years I have been a member of the Methodist Church, and now at fifty-five years of age have become more than ever inclined by the Good Spirit to "work while it is day." Last week I was favoured with more than usual success, and write this to show that the fields "white unto the harvest" are waiting for the reapers.

My own conversion to Christ was brought about by a young man *talking* to me, and urging me to submit to Christ. It is not, therefore, surprising that this way should always have appeared to me as the one in which I could most successfully work in winning souls, and I have found it so. Here are the results of my last week's work.

On Monday, a friend requested me to visit Mrs. Cole, in the last stage of consumption. I found her in much distress of mind, and after pointing her to the Lamb of God and praying with her, I left the house, promising to see her again. On Wednesday I called again, and in a few minutes she saw how able and willing He was to save her that moment; she at once ventured on Him, and was enabled to rejoice in His pardoning love. On my third visit I found she was still holding fast to Jesus, and she joined me in singing,—

"How happy every child of grace," etc.

She has since passed away, rejoicing in Christ her Saviour.

The person living in the next house, Mrs. Blanchard, I had known as an attendant at chapel for years, but had never spoken to her: I made this an opportunity of calling to see her. On entering the house, I said, "I have been to see your neighbour who is very ill." "Yes; she will not be here long." I then remarked, "She is not now troubled at the thought of dying, she has found the way to Jesus." "Yes; she has told me so." "Ah," said I, "what a mercy! Have you found this 'Pearl of great price?'" "No, I wish I had, it is my one concern." The Holy Spirit had evidently wrought deeply on her heart, and

after a quarter of an hour's earnest effort to make the way plain to her inquiring mind, she was enabled to cast her careworn, anxious soul on Jesus, and realized His sweet forgiving love. We knelt, not to pray for pardon, but to offer praise to God for its realization. She promised to meet in my class.

The same day I called to see a sick woman lately converted, Mrs. Billett. I found a Mrs. Smith sitting there, to whom I presently said, "Your friend has lately given her heart to God, and is determined to save her soul and get to heaven, are you happy in God?" "No, worse luck! I wish I was." "There is no luck about it; if you will turn from sin with a humble, penitent faith, you will find Him ready to pardon." She presently said, "Ah, I know that all you have been saying is true, for I once had peace with God, and lived in the enjoyment of it nearly six years, but somehow I got back into the world, a step at a time, and of late years I have been wholly indifferent about it." I showed her that it was she only who had changed, not the Lord Jesus; that the fountain is still open for sin and uncleanness, and that if, with a truly penitent heart, she would come as at first she came, and cast her guilty, helpless soul upon the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, she would find Him to be the Saviour still, ready to pardon and waiting to be gracious. I put the matter before her in the most plain and simple manner I could, and the change in her countenance clearly showed what was passing within; she presently broke out into singing, "I will, I do believe that Jesus died for me," and embraced her loving Saviour with her whole heart. She promised she would again join the Church and live for heaven; I have seen her to-day, she has not cast away her confidence.

The same day, an elderly man, B. Garland, whom I had never before seen, called at my shop to request me to visit his wife, who was ill. I found her very miserable on account of her sins; and she told me that when a girl, in the service of a godly mistress, she sought and found the Saviour, and for a time greatly enjoyed religion, but for forty years she had lost all relish for good things, and seldom attended a place of worship. I urged her at once to "fly to those dear wounds of His," and next day called again. Light had begun to dawn on her mind, and after half an hour's conversation and prayer I departed, in the hope that she would submit to God's terms, and be saved by grace alone. On Saturday I called again, and was glad to find her rejoicing in the Lord, and we sang together of Him who had washed us in His own blood.

I then found that her husband was under no small concern about his soul. He told me that when a young man he was a singer at the Independent Chapel, but had never been in earnest about his soul; that he had been a sad drunkard, and very fond of company. The poor man now seemed in great distress of mind, and said that both he and his wife had sometimes lain awake nearly all night weeping and moaning on account of their sins. But the Sun of Righteousness was about to arise in his soul, and before I left the house he had obtained "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." I have since found that he went at once and signed "the pledge," and threw away his tobacco and pipes, resolving never to touch

them again. He will at once begin to meet in class.

The sixth case was that of a master blacksmith, Charles Thatcher, about thirty years of age. He, too, had been a drunkard, and on some occasions neglected his work for a whole week at a time. Six months ago he signed the pledge and has kept it; and now in his illness he felt he had not prepared to meet his God, and was greatly alarmed at the prospect of death. Both he and his wife called themselves "Latter-day Saints," but his miserable creed gave him no comfort. He derived some encouragement by being reminded of the promises, laying firmly hold of them, and when I saw him again, on the evening of the following day, he had found mercy. He said he had been praying all night, and in the morning God spoke peace to his soul. I saw him twice afterwards, and to day he passed away, as I hope and believe, to the home of the saints.

On the occasion of these visits other persons have been present, and heard the same truths proclaimed, and in regard to some of these there is good reason to hope that the seed sown will spring up and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

F.

"LOOK UNTO ME, AND BE YE SAVED."

NOT merely the young, the cheerful, and the prosperous; but also the poor, the afflicted, the aged, and the dying, are prone to a forgetfulness of God. When Peter was walking on the waters, he began to listen to the winds, and to look at the waves, when his eye should have been steadily fixed upon his Master. In crossing the sea of life, when men are overtaken by a storm, and the billows begin to roll over their heads, they often look at the winds and waves, until they lose sight of their Saviour. Aged and dying people cannot do better than imitate the conduct of the Psalmist when he said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me." Hitherto he had felt himself to be a part of a flock of sheep. They had travelled through life in company, and frequently cheered and assisted one another. Now he must go down into the valley alone: no earthly friend could accompany him there. The valley was deep, and dark, and dreadful on many accounts. It was to be passed, not by a flock, but by one solitary sheep. He might have looked at these circumstances till he had filled himself with terror and despair. Some people seek to attain to wisdom and holiness by constantly meditating on death; but this course, instead of raising them to purity and blessedness, will rather plunge them into sullenness and despair. This was not the religion of David. He looked not at his growing infirmities, nor at his approaching death: but to his covenant God.

He had been "the glory of his brightest days," and now He was "the comfort of his nights." Death, he knew, was bringing him into the presence of God. Let not the poor look at their privations and trials; let not the sick look at their sufferings; let not the aged look at their infirmities; and let not the dying look at their coffins; but, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." By looking to God we shall be saved: saved in life, saved in death, and saved with an everlasting salvation.

—*From the MSS. of the late Rev, Samuel Jackson.*

ON RECEIVING A SMALL BUNCH OF HAWTHORN IN BLOOM.

Sweet messenger! so timely brought,
When in the midst of lonely thought;
Reminding of His love and care,
Who doth my ev'ry sorrow share.

Yes! in the Word of God I read,
That He birds of the air doth feed;
Flowers of the field attract His eye,
Who for lost man did live and die.

He whispers, ye're of much more worth
Than birds, or flowers; O! from hence-
forth,
In all your times of need, rely
On Me, I will "no good" deny.

Your joys and sorrows each combine,
While blending your own will with
Mine,
To daily meeten for that home,
Where sin and winter never come.

Springfield. J. T.

MAY.

A SONNET.

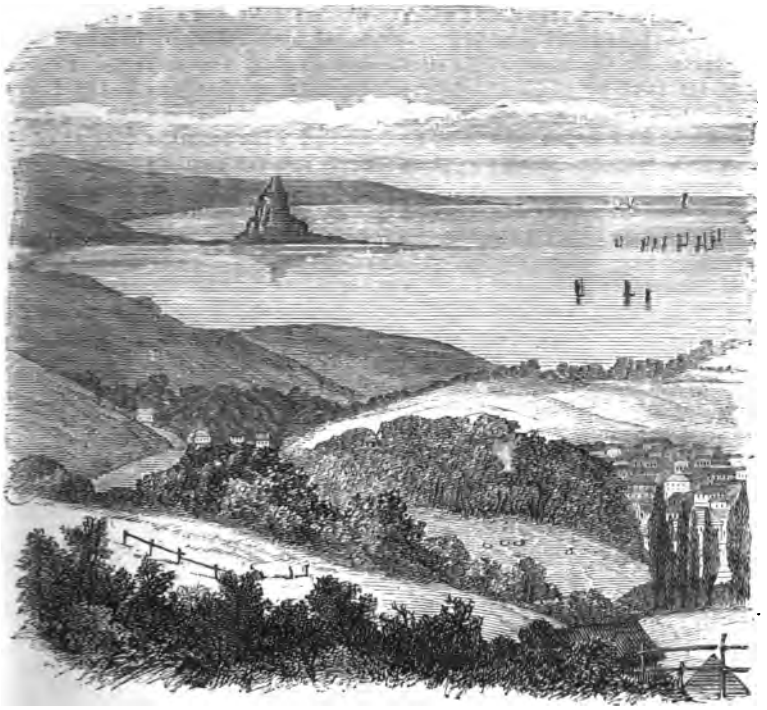
Thou harbinger of glories brighter still,
How welcome is thy footstep on the lea,
With all its vocal train of bird and bee:
What multifarious sweets dost thou distil
On man and beast, on meadow, vale, and
hill;
Benign precursor of the grand "To be,"
When summer's choicest band of
minstrelsy
The perfume-laden air with song will
fill.
Delightful month! like all thy sisters,
thou
Wilt steal into the past, and be no
more;
For swiftly by the hours are gliding now;
The spring-time of our life will soon
be o'er,
And all the golden privileges of May,
Soon, like the morning-cloud, will pass
away.

Uttoxeter. M. A. H.

PENZANCE BAY.

During a visit to Penzance in the spring of the year 1870, I had the pleasure of spending a beautiful day at the residence of N. B. Downing, Esq., the Mayor of the town, and was enchanted by the view of the Bay which presented itself from his grounds, that stand on an eminence above the town. The town itself was not in sight; but on the left we could discern Marazion, and there, rising up out of the Bay, stood, like a tall sentinel, St. Michael's Mount; whilst to the right were numerous fishing-boats anchored off Newlyn, as if ready at any moment to proceed on their somewhat perilous enterprise.

Marazion is a small town, situated on a rising hill. Its name is said to signify Market Jew; but how it came to be so called is a question in dispute. Some archæologists tell us that there was at one time a market for tin here, to which Jews came to purchase that valuable metal. But on this Professor Max Müller has lately cast strong doubt. The tide being out on my visit to Marazion, I went, in company with my brother, to St. Michael's Mount, which we reached by a causeway of rather rough stones, about a quarter of a mile in length. This causeway is, of course, under water at high-tide: thus the Mount is entirely insulated. We hastened up to the celebrated chapel, which, from the level of the sea, is upwards of two hundred and thirty feet in height. St. Michael, so says the legend, first touched this spot when he descended from heaven; and, in the dark ages, many pilgrims resorted hither with much reverence. In the ninth century a priory of Benedictine Monks was established here, annexed to the abbey of St. Michael in Normandy. At a still later period it was given by Edward IV. to a nunnery at Zion, in the county of Middlesex. Many other historical events are connected with this Mount, to one of which, the departure from it of Charles I. on taking leave of Sir F. Bassett, the sheriff of Cornwall, Mr.



Collins refers in his "Rambles beyond *Railways.*"

On entering the castle, we passed through a suite of rooms, all which are beautifully furnished. The chapel is kept in admirable repair. It contains a fine organ, which, however, is but seldom played. We were shown an opening to a small dungeon, in which were found, many years ago, the bones of a man who had there in all probability lingered out a miserable life. The castle is the property of the St. Aubyn family, who occasionally visit it in summer, and it has had the honour of entertaining some of the members of the Royal Family. The view from the parapet was most enchanting.

As I stood there, my mind was carried into the ages of the past. I thought of the period when the Mount formed part of the mainland. Then I thought of the times of early history, when the British Isles were called the Cassiterides, and this little island Mount Iktis, and when Phœnician traders came to purchase tin of the natives, which, as Dr. G. Smith and others have shown, they carried to Palestine, where it was used for making plummets. (Zech. iv. 10.) Then again I thought of the middle ages of Christianity, when first this pile of buildings was erected, and when busy workmen would be seen bringing stones and other materials across the causeway, fashioning them, and fitting them together, and gradually, for it must have taken many years, rearing the buildings which we now beheld. They were clever architects and skilful labourers, for though doubtless the castle has undergone many changes and many repairs since its first erection, yet it must from the beginning have been well built, or it

would not have braved the storms which for centuries have rolled around it.

Penzance, for the beauty of its situation, the salubrity of its climate, the loveliness of its gardens, its myrtle-groves, and its roses, is worthy of its fame. The town itself has a very clean appearance, and many of the public buildings and the private residences are stately and imposing. Methodism has long had a strong hold on the population of this town, and our chapel and school-premises are large and commodious. What a grand sight was the congregation on the evening of the Missionary-Meeting! and what a fine flow of Missionary feeling seemed to pervade the minds of that large audience! My eye rested on the tablet to the memory of Richard Treffry, jun., and I was carried back to the days of my boyhood, when I sat under his earnest and powerful ministry. Penzance can boast of several worthies, among whom may be named the inventor of the Miner's Safety-Lamp, Sir Humphry Davy, who was born here December 17th, 1778, and died at Geneva, full of honours, May 28th, 1829. He was undoubtedly one of the greatest natural philosophers of his age; and it is said of him that, whilst he felt an intense admiration of the beauty, order, and harmony which are conspicuous in the perfect chemistry of nature, he expressed these feelings with a force of eloquence which could issue only from a mind of the highest powers and finest sensibilities.

The little fishing-town of Newlyn lies to the right of the Bay. Here live many of the brave adventurers on the sea, who are dependent to a large extent on the shoals of pilchards and other fish which at certain seasons visit this coast. Miners and fishermen—how different their occupation! Both are exposed to considerable perils; the one in the bowels of the earth, the other on the tempest-tost wave: but both meet their perils with a calmness and a heroism truly admirable. Happily, many of both classes in this part of the country are pious men, and know how to pray, whether deep down in the mine, or tossed upon the angry billow; ay, and how to sing, too, those noble hymns expressive of reliance on God in times of danger, and of hope in a glorious resurrection, when both the caverns of the earth and the depths of the sea shall give up their dead at Christ's command.

But, to return to the spot on which I stood. How beautiful was the entire scene! The azure sky above, the calm sea below, the air fragrant with the flowers of spring around, a number of Christian friends met to talk about the world's conversion, and the progress of the great Missionary enterprise,—all this made one's heart glad, and one's spirit to rejoice in the Giver of all good. The painter, the naturalist, the man of science, each has his enjoyments in such a spot as this; but those of the Christian are not inferior to any of them, for he rests not in the outward and the visible, but ascends to that Being Who made and preserves all these things. Wordsworth says,—

> "Why to God's goodness cannot we be true,
> And so, His gifts and promises between,
> Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?"

Why, indeed! Might we not enjoy more of His goodness if we would dwell upon it, and the signs of it which everywhere surround us? Earnest Naville says: "Have you ever written out in thought the long chapter of lost blessings, lost through our own fault? I entered our city (Geneva) this autumn, on a glorious evening. The air was still, the sun had just disappeared behind the chain of the Jura, all the mountain-peaks shone with a calm and gentle light. It was a happiness only to breathe and gaze; and I thought of numbers to whom this happiness was lost through their own fault. I thought especially of myself, and of the many times that, employed by contemptible cares, I had neglected joys always within my reach." Yes; let us be true to God's goodness, and fewer will be the number of our lost blessings.

THORNLEY SMITH.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

X.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

ADAM CLARKE is a fine example of the benefits of early piety. He was born at *Moybeg*, near Coleraine, in the north of *Ireland*. When only six years old, he was the subject of religious impressions, which were fostered by the example, counsel, discipline, and prayers of his pious mother. He had, when young, an inclination for literary pursuits, but when the time came to make choice of an employment for his future support, he was sent to a linen-merchant. The Methodist Preachers were wont to visit the neighbourhood of his abode, and on one occasion, when listening to their definite and pointed preaching, his eyes were opened to see his danger as a sinner, and his duties and interests as one for whom the Saviour died. He then sought till he found peace with God through Jesus Christ. A new era was commenced in his existence. The influence of true religion on his mental powers is described by himself in forcible language. He says he learned more in one day after his conversion, than he could formerly acquire with equal application in a whole month. The reason he assigns for such an advance is thus given: "My soul began to rise out of the ruins of its fall, by the favour of the Eternal Spirit. I saw, from my own case, that religion was the gate to true learning and science."

Adam Clarke's life was in danger more than once. On one occasion a weight so heavy fell on him that he was taken up apparently dead. At another time he was nearly drowned. And when amidst the toils of a Methodist Preacher's life, he was more than once in great peril. But a watchful Providence stood between him and death, and kept him on the stage of action, to become a blessing to his age, to his nation, and to posterity. His enjoyment of true religion soon produced in him that zealous concern for the salvation of sinners around him, which young converts generally show. It soon appeared to those who could discern character, that he was likely to become a preacher of the Gospel, and hence he was sent to Kingswood School.

When such a proposal was first made to his parents, they were indignant at it. His father avoided his company, and his mother said if he went, he would go with her curse. But the hearts of all are in the Lord's hand, and He soon inclined the parents to agree to the wishes of their son. He reached Kingswood with only three-halfpence in his pocket.

Mr. Wesley soon called him into the work of the Ministry, and the issue proved that preaching the Gospel was the employment which God designed for him. He was not exempt from those severe tests of Christian principle which were then the common lot of Methodist Preachers: but he had counted the cost beforehand, so that he was not moved from the post of duty when dangers threatened. His motto was, "Stand thou as a beaten anvil to the stroke, for it is the property of a good warrior to be flayed alive, and yet to conquer."

He soon became popular as a preacher. Sometimes the chapel in which he had to preach was so thronged that when he arrived he had to enter through the window, and creep on his hands and knees over the heads and shoulders of the people in order to reach the pulpit. Mr. Wesley soon said of him, "Adam Clarke is doubtless an extraordinary young man, and capable of doing much good." The founder of Methodism appointed Adam Clarke one of the seven trustees of all his literary property. Robert Hall, when speaking of him, said, "He is an ocean of learning;" and another eminent Baptist minister said he was, without doubt, "the most universal scholar of his age." A great authority yet alive (Dr. Dixon) says, "Dr. Clarke was a better preacher than anything else." Dr. Clarke says of

himself, "of the thousands of sermons which I delivered, I never knew beforehand one single sentence which I should utter;" so richly stored was his mind, and so easily could he command such wealth of thought for the public good when his duties required him to do so. He was also a *successful* preacher.

Dr. Clarke rose rapidly in the estimation of his brethren in the ministry, so that they elected him President of the Conference, and when the regulations of the Body allowed it, they made choice of him again, and again, to sustain the same high position. When elected the third time the case was unique.

He soon became an author. He began in a small way; but in due time rose from a pamphlet to a Commentary. He edited and published "A Bibliographical Dictionary," in six volumes; "A Succinct Account of Polyglott Bibles," and "A Succinct Account of the principal Editions of the Greek Testament, from the first printed in 1514, to that by Professor Griesbach, in 1797." It was his practice in different towns where he resided, to endeavour to institute literary societies. In Liverpool, a "Philological Society" owed its existence very much to him, and he was unanimously chosen president. When he was in London, the "British and Foreign Bible Society" nominated him a member of its committee, and it is said the assistance he gave "was indispensable to the prosecution of the Society's plans." His "Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature," was soon afterwards issued. About the same time the University of Aberdeen conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts, and not long afterwards he was presented with the diploma of LL.D.

His popularity as a literary man was far beyond the bounds of his own denomination. His writings on Bibliography had been read by the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Right Honourable reader was so favourably impressed that he recommended Dr. Clarke to His Majesty's Commissioners of the Public Records of the kingdom, as a fit person to undertake the collecting and arranging those State Papers in different languages, and put them in a condition to be printed. The request at first filled him with astonishment, and led him to ask to be excused because of his general unfitness. But a member of the Commission, and some of his own friends, at length induced him to undertake the great work. He says it was a difficult and delicate work, engaging his attention for ten years. But he was enabled to bring it to a successful issue with credit to himself and satisfaction to His Majesty's Government. When asked afterwards what could be done for him, his reply was fine and characteristic, "O, nothing! I dwell among my own people."

But his great work is his "Commentary on the Holy Scriptures," which *is* a standing monument of his *mental* powers and literary attainments. Dr. Clarke's own language on this great work is as follows: "In this arduous labour I have had no assistants, not even a single week's help from an *amanuensis;* no person to look for commonplaces, or refer to an ancient author, to find out the place and transcribe a passage of Latin, Greek, or any other language, which my memory had generally recalled, or to verify a quotation; the help excepted which I received from my own nephew. I have laboured alone for nearly twenty-five years previously to the work being sent to the press, and fifteen years have been employed in bringing it through the press to the public; and thus about forty years of my life have been consumed."

We must not neglect to mention Dr. Clarke's connection with the Shetland Mission. In the year 1822 he was President of the Conference for the third time, and then it was that the case of Shetland was placed before the Wesleyan Ministers. Dr. Clarke took it up most heartily. To meet the financial difficulties of commencing a new Mission, he made himself respon-

sible for most of the needful supplies, and thus became the father of the Mission. He visited the islands twice in his old age, and regularly corresponded with the Ministers there. When the time came for him to resign his position, in consequence of increasing infirmities, he was much affected. The language he employed on the occasion was something like the following: "O, my poor Shetlanders, for you I have offered hundreds of prayers, have written hundreds of letters, have wept hundreds of tears, have begged hundreds of pounds, and have travelled hundreds of miles: I must now leave you; but who will take you up when I do so? I am afraid I must be like Hagar, who retired into the wilderness to avoid the pain of seeing her child die." The Mission did not die when the good Doctor went from earth to heaven; it is still in existence, and has been very successful. Some time ago the members of the Wesleyan Society there were more than one-sixteenth of the population. Once when Dr. Clarke visited Shetland, he was in the house of a Mrs. Collie. The Doctor was about to leave Lerwick in a small vessel, and go round Sumburgh-Head to the western coast. The good woman knew it to be a dangerous voyage in so small a vessel, and tried to induce Dr. Clarke not to go. He looked at her, and replied, "Mrs. Collie, if it be the Lord's will that my body should be buried under the waves between Lerwick and Sumburgh-Head, I have no objection."

Dr. Clarke was so attached to Shetland, that he once said, If when in eternity he found that human spirits were employed in ministering to the inhabitants of this world, and were permitted to select the scene of their ministrations, he would make choice of Shetland.

His preaching-power was very great. Though he did not write his sermons, he had such a command of thoughts and language that he was easily understood. If it requires a great man to make truth simple, and bring it down to the comprehension of common minds, then Dr. Clarke was a great preacher. Once when he had preached at Lerwick, a Shetland woman, who was one of his hearers, when returning home, said, "They say Dr. Clarke is a learned man, and I expected to find him such; but he is only like another man, for I could understand every word he said." His preaching was very expository.

He was strongly attached to Methodism, which he regarded as a great work of God. He left a bequest for the relief of its chapels. Repeatedly he used such language as the following: "I belong to the Methodists,—body and soul, blood and sinews. This coat" (laying his hand on his own sleeve) "is theirs." In a letter to a friend he said, "For nearly fifty years I have lived only for the support and credit of Methodism. Myself and my interests the Searcher of hearts knows were never objects of my attention; I came into the Connexion with a single eye and an upright heart; and by the mercy of God I have been able to retain both."

Dr. Dixon says of him: "Of all the Methodist preachers I ever knew or heard of, Dr. Clarke was certainly the most hard-working man." The secret of his success, under the Divine blessing, was his untiring perseverance, and the careful manner in which he husbanded time.

There was much sunshine in his spirit. His letters have a bright and cheerful tone, and the same may be said of his preaching. He was fond of showing religion in its beauty, its wealth, and blessedness. Religion made him happy in himself, happy in his family, happy in his intercourse with those beyond his home, happy in his life and labours, and happy in his dying hour.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSION OF A RUSSIAN JEW.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

(*Concluded from page* 124.)

WHEN I was imprisoned my poor family were left in extreme poverty, and had it not been for the kindness of the

Boers, of which number was the Commandant of the district, my old enemy, they would have perished from hunger. For the first month after my imprisonment my wife was permitted to divide with me the charity she received from the Boers; but after this she was forbidden to come near me without a special permit from the Landrost; as that special permit could not always be obtained, so the only consolation that was left me, namely, to behold every day the dear faces of my wife and children, was denied me. And so I was left to pine away in despair among a lot of filthy Caffres. One day as my rations were brought in to me, and laid down on the stocks, (about two pounds of dried beef and some Indian corn,) I saw myriads of worms creeping out of the beef. This sight so disgusted and sickened me that I scarcely could touch any for a time; but still one consolation was left me, namely, my wife and children were every day—whilst I was permitted to stand outside the prison—passing me at some distance, so as to show me that they were all well. One day, whilst my poor child (the eldest, nearly three years old,) passed near me, I could not restrain my paternal feeling, I caught her up in my arms, pressing and holding her fast to my heart. The jailer told me to let her go, but I refused to comply with his injunctions. He then struck my child a blow on the head with a knobkerrie. The child gave one piercing cry, then her poor head sunk, and I thought she was dead. I only now remember that I made some ineffectual attempts to grasp the jailer, who parried my attempts; and further, I recollect to have been recalled to consciousness by the cries of my wife, when I found blood streaming from two wounds in my head from the blows of the jailer with the knobkerrie. My child was still lying apparently dead. I took her up and brought her into the prison, where I was gazing at her with a bleeding head and heart. My wife in the mean time ran to the Crown Prosecutor, to complain against the jailer. He (the Crown Prosecutor) after much delay came down to the prison, examined the wound in the head of my poor child, and with a smile he told me that he believed the bones of the head of my child were fractured. After which he went out and ordered the jailer to take care that I should be kept in the stocks, and that I should not be permitted to communicate with my family. O, gracious Lord! grant me patience and meekness that I may forgive this truly hard-hearted man! And grant also that he may repent, and not die everlastingly. My child at last partially recovered, and was taken home by my poor broken-hearted wife. But my spirit, my pride and self-reliance were gone. I felt my rage to be impotent, my anger contemned, my rights trampled on, and not one soul (my poor helpless, persecuted family excepted) to sympathize with me, or to help me. I began to look upon myself as a supernumerary being, a nought. I fell into the utmost despair; I felt perfectly exhausted in body and mind; I stood upon a void. I looked upon life as a misery, upon happiness as a fiction, upon humanity as a falsehood; and death, if it were not for the sake of my dearly-cherished family—my affections for whom increased with my afflictions—would have been most welcome to me.

There were many other aggravations, but of minor import, so I need not mention them.

I was thus left in prison in a state of mind bordering on mania. I felt that if I could not get anything to occupy my mind, raving madness must inevitably follow. Hitherto I had some novels lent me by some persons to read; but at that time I had not even a novel wherewith to soothe my disturbed mind. What was I to do? I had a fellow-prisoner who had a few books with him, but they were all of them religious books—*Christian*, the very books I abhorred; but I had no alternative, as I felt the urgency for some occupation for my mind, if I wished to preserve it, so I asked and obtained permission from my fellow-prisoner to read one of his books. I

took the first book I could reach, and as I was not partial for the one part more than for the other of its contents, so I opened it in the middle; and although I knew beforehand that the book was a religious one, yet I felt chagrined to find it a lot of religious tracts bound up together.

The first words that arrested my eyes were the following: "History of a Conversion from the Bible." The tract relates how King Manasseh of Judah had repeatedly sinned against God, how he was repeatedly warned by the prophets to repent of his sins, but did not heed their admonitions and warnings, but, on the contrary, went on sinning, and at last went so far as to offer one of his children to an idol. At last the King of Assyria warred against him, and took him prisoner. Then the tract goes on to relate how the fortunes of Manasseh were reversed, how he suffered in prison, and how he at last prayed to the true God, in consequence of which he was released from prison and restored to his kingdom, and how he became a very pious king. Up to this point I read without caring for it, but the author of the tract concludes with an appeal to the reader in some such words: "Reader, if thou shouldst happen to be in prison, is it not possible that this tract is a call of God to thee? and perhaps the last call. Thou hast sinned against thy God and Saviour, the severity of the law is heavy upon thee, but thy Saviour invites thee to free grace, and offers thee a free pardon of all thy sins. Repent then, O repent before it is *too late!*" This appeal was so pointed and plain, that it struck me to the very depth of my heart. With the swiftness of lightning my past life passed in review before my eyes. I felt stung and pierced through my very soul; my hands fell for want of power to sustain them, my head leaned against the wall. Shame, burning shame, covered my face. Wretchedness and misery in all their fierceness encompassed me. O, what did I suffer in that hour! At last I found relief in a flood of bitter tears; by degrees I became calm, and then the question suggested itself, What am I to do? Supposing that Jesus, whom I almost never mentioned but to curse, is—supposing He really is—the true Messiah! Supposing! my heart revolted against the supposition. For some unaccountable reason I felt certain that Jesus is the Messiah; and, what is more, the name Jesus became music to my exhausted soul. I now for the first time in my life resolved to read the New Testament, and to read it from the beginning to the end.

I cannot now trace the progress I made in my Christian faith in the course of reading the New Testament, but one thing is certain, that after having finished the New Testament I felt that I believed with my whole soul, life, and spirit, that Jesus Christ is the true Messiah, my Redeemer, my Saviour, and my God; that I never could be justified before an infinitely holy and just God if it were not for the freely offering of Himself to undergo death of my Saviour; that I am cleansed and washed of all my sins by the blood (that blood which I sinning have so continually shed) of my precious Redeemer Jesus Christ; that I shall surely see God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the Holy Triune, and all the saints in heaven, in the world to come; and all this out of a free grace and of an overflowing goodness of my God—Messiah! that I shall on the day of judgment rise not only in spirit, but actually in the same body that I now dwell or live in.

All this was the result of reading honestly the New Testament.

And now, dear readers, I leave to you to trace the hand of an Allwise and Allmerciful God in my history. See how He led me on from one scene to another, until He brought me to the great, the most happy turning-point of my life. See how tenderly He dealt with me in chastising me when it became absolutely necessary for my eternal welfare, and yet chastised me only according to what I could bear. Quake, my soul, within me at the contemplation

of so much goodness, at so infinite mercy of an Almighty God! Leap with joy, O my heart! at the knowledge that Jesus Christ gave His heart's blood for me, for *me;* a miserable, a vile sinner; for me, who was looked upon even by my fellow-mortals as an outlaw, as a contemptible being; yet has He not considered it a disgrace to suffer for me; and now He stands before the Father to intercede for me! His bitterest enemy, who have crucified Him! O, goodness incalculable! Grace unalloyed! Let me, O my Jesus, let me cling to Thee! Yes, Thou hast revealed Thyself to me, and now that I have found Thee, I will not let Thee go. Adieu, world, for I am a Christian; henceforth art thou my slave; Christ freed me from thy rule.

I have only to record now that, shortly after my conversion, I was liberated from prison on bail, and some time afterwards the Attorney-General of this country withdrew all charges and accusations against me, and now I am leading a happy and very successful life. Whatever I do meets God's blessing, and my prosperity is the wonderment of every one that knows me; in fact, my former enemies as well as I can now plainly see the deep-laid plan of my precious Saviour for my redemption. I had to suffer until I reached a certain point marked out by my Redeemer. That point attained, all persecutions, miseries, and sufferings were replaced by unlimited happiness; but if it should please my God to chastise me again, I would still by His grace cling to my newly-found Saviour.

A long time after my conversion to Christianity I could not make up my mind to be baptized: I was too much of a coward to show to the world that I was a Jew until then. At last the Rev. G. Blencowe, from Natal, came here, and preached out of the Gospel of St. John xiv. 6: "Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." The sermon had a powerful effect upon me, and I resolved to be baptized, regardless of all consequences; and on the 4th of October, 1868, the reverend gentleman administered to me the Holy Sacrament of baptism.

And now, blessed be the name of God for His infinite goodness and mercy to me! I am now a Christian. O, what a glory! What a privilege it is to be a follower of Christ! Jesus is the greatest happiness. I speak, dear reader, as I feel. I now thank my God for all I suffered, since it led me to the throne of grace. All I have suffered was to humble me; for pride could not condescend to allow its votary to believe in a crucified Saviour, therefore my soul blesseth His holy Name.

Blessed be all my persecutors, for they were the means in the hand of God to bring me to Jesus! May God forgive them all they have done me as freely as I forgive them, and may He be pleased to bless them in their spiritual and worldly welfare! Amen.

And now, dear reader, farewell! Pray for me, all good men, that I may remain in the grace of God; for I feel myself weak and impotent, and if it were not for the grace of my God, I were irredeemably lost. The grace of God our Lord Jesus Christ is all in all to me. Remember, dear reader, I speak from experience. Read the Gospel, and pray fervently to God for light and grace, and you will corroborate my words. There is no happiness in this world, nor in the world to come, without Christ. Christ is *the* happiness. Grant me, O Lord, I beseech Thee, that this humble attempt of mine may bring sinners to Thy redeeming grace! Amen.

METHODISM AND THE AGE.

METHODISM has acted upon the Churches till she has been imitated in almost every particular,—her practical Christianity, her system of finance, her peculiar doctrines, and even her polity. Is her own work accomplished? Churches have, at some point, attained their meridian, and then turning from a Divine to a human standard, their

progress has been an undue accommodation to circumstances, a resting upon the oars, a smoothing away of the rough, angular, and jagged points which might offend the taste of a morbid and unsanctified refinement. Will such be the history of Methodism? has she reached her meridian? God forbid! She has much yet to bequeath to posterity, and we see no necessity that the future historian should ever sketch her decline.

There are two features peculiarly her own which Methodism, under God, has stamped, we hope indelibly, upon the Church at large,—out-door preaching, and revivals. We do not mean to say that these were not known in the Church till the time of Wesley, but Wesley brought the old weapon, "Out-door preaching," out of the scabbard, and showed how it could be effectively used.

The spiritual life which existed in the Churches of the Reformation had all but expired. Men had come to view Christianity from a worldly stand-point. True, there was a dim vision of something nobler beyond, a confused notion that Christianity had something to do with reformation of character and a life beyond the grave; but that the Church should descend to preach to, labour amongst, and live for the uneducated and the poor, that the preacher of the Gospel should go beyond the church-walls and discourse to sinners at the well, or by the way-side, in courts, or lanes, or on the hill-slope, was both incomprehensible and repugnant.

But God sent forth a few earnest men to shatter a prudish and soul-destroying formalism. Out-door preaching is no longer ours exclusively, but, as in former times, "*the poor have the Gospel preached to them.*"

Revivals were at first confined to Methodism, but now they have spread from Church to Church, till few that bear the name *evangelical* have been without these times of refreshing.

A present salvation was once considered a Methodist innovation, and the climax of fanaticism. It was deemed beyond the bounds of credulity for the returning prodigal to know in the first moments of his return that God was reconciled to him; but the doctrine was of God, and was proclaimed, felt, enjoyed, till the united testimony of the gathering hosts has become too strong for opposition, and now this doctrine is no longer ours alone, but the heralds of the Cross proclaim it from the pulpits of various forms of evangelism throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Salvation for all has been longer in finding foot-room outside Methodism, but it, too, is going forth to conquer. The questioning of the infallibility of the Westminster Confession of Faith, which has arisen amongst the thinking minds in the Calvinistic Churches of Scotland, and which threatens to become the question of the hour, is one amongst many evidences of this.

There are still two peculiarities of Methodism which as yet are all but its own, but that may be—yea, are—the heritage of the Church Universal; and we are thoroughly convinced its mission will never be accomplished till it has given them to all other branches of that Church. The one is the doctrine of full salvation, the other is Christian fellowship. It is not necessary here to enter into a defence of the former; but Class-meetings, owing to objectors, require more than a passing remark.

The superiority of Class-meeting over every other form of Christian communion must be apparent to the thoughtful observer. Even at the Sacrament, though the numbers are limited, the character and tone of mind of the communicants must be to a large extent hid from each other, as well as from the Minister. But in Class-meeting the spiritual life of each member is pretty accurately known to the leader, and the leader's qualification for office is known to the board of which he is a member, and to the Minister who presides; thus through Class-meeting the individual character is not lost in the mass.

We do not say there are no Christians amongst us who do not meet in Class,

but those who desire to "flee from the wrath to come," will generally find their way into the Class-meeting; those who do not are unfit for membership. Error and truth are ever in deadly conflict; and while we have been acting upon lifeless forms, and waning piety, they have been acting upon us, and possibly tinging us with the very evils we have been trying to remove.

Take out-door preaching and revivals as illustrative of what we mean. We taught the Churches out-door preaching, and, in turn, they have hewn it out for us according to their own pattern. "In season" is undoubtedly the modern reform; "out of season" has been to a great extent dispensed with. Collisions with the authorities, proclaiming Christ to the mob, preaching everywhere and anywhere according to the Wesley, Whitefield, Nelson, and Ouseley system, would be imprudent, if not dangerous. Not to court opposition is wise; but to "avoid it by all" means is a modern "improvement." We have given out-door preaching to the Churches in the rough outline; shall we accept the "improvement" in return? It may be argued that Christianity is more acceptable now than in the olden time. True; but not to the extent *improvers* would have us believe. Let the men who argue thus labour with the same unflinching heroism in the streets and fairs of Ireland as their fathers, and we guarantee them an almost, if not altogether, equally warm reception.

As to revivals, while being the medium of communicating these to others, have we not allowed them, both for themselves and us, to remodel the plan? The storms of feeling which agitated the masses, the cries for mercy, have they not been compressed into more polite bounds? The wail of anguish, and the bursting shout of praise, have not these ceased to be features in our more refined religion? Should we not be able to rejoice in all outward signs of an inward decision for God?

As to Home-Missionary enterprise, has Mission work not merged unnecessarily, too often, into the pastoral? We would not by any means throw out these suggestions by way of blame; but in the midst of rapid changes in Church forms and governments, in the midst of increasing tendencies to error on the part of those who were once firm in the faith, we think it not out of place to remind our brethren that we are not exempt from the mutability possible—we might say, common—to all; and that while we stand and gaze at the changes in the character of Churches, possibly we ourselves are undergoing similar transitions. Let us see to it that in all our reforms or remodellings we retain the essentials of true progress. Our motto as a Church should be, expansion and advancement; not by breaking down our boundaries, and allowing our hitherto felt and enjoyed Christianity to be swamped by the tide of formalism, all distinctive tests between the Church and the world being abolished; not by modifying our doctrines, or our discipline, in accordance with the carnal mind's conception of refinement; nay, let us rather seek out the old paths, re-erect more emphatically our standards, re-apply our essential tests, and give to the Church of the present and the future untarnished and unalloyed our scriptural soul-saving and sin-destroying doctrines, and our grand yet simple Christian forms; loved by ourselves, honoured even by our enemies, and unequalled, not only since the Reformation, but since Apostolic times, for the promulgation, diffusion, and progress of true piety.

J. M.

Belfast.

A SIMILE.

I WANT you, my friend, to accompany me to yonder studio, and to see there the worker employed in cutting and polishing stones, of various shapes and hues. You are astonished at the apparent irregularity and angular shape of many of them, also at the dull shade here, and then the small bright-coloured piece by its side, and you wonderingly inquire "What is going to be made from this

mixed heap of stones." "Wait awhile," and we will again visit the "artist." Ah! now we see it all; it is a beautiful piece of mosaic work. The designer looks proudly on, while you admire its beauty of pattern, and the blending of its colours. That dark, unshapely piece was but a setting to that small bright one that before rivetted your attention; and the harmony of the whole was brought out by contrast through the skill of the designer.

Now look back to your youthful days. Recall those airy castles you so brightly built: those day-dreams you so fondly lingered over. How did you feel when the first blast swept away those fancy creations of your earthly imagination? Did not your saddened heart look up to heaven, and cry in its bitterness, "Why, O Lord! is this trial permitted?" And then came again the bright colouring, and you surrounded yourself with earthly attractions, and fondly wished to dwell among pleasant associations. But, ah! no: the Great Designer saw your danger, and then came the dark setting of painful bereavement, or perhaps the hard chiselling operations of adversity, or the loss of health; and again the cry, "Why, O Lord?" came from your torn heart. But at length you reach the "borderland;" and in the rich mellow glow of sunset light you look back, and see it all plain now. Or perhaps you have gained during your pilgrimage the land of Beulah, and now see everything bathed in heaven's own light, and your questionings of the past are hushed as you see the glory and brightness of the Great Designer. But, O! wait yet again, till you enter the region of eternity; when all earthliness shall be separated from your gaze, and you can look back with the sunlight of heaven irradiating the past; when the whole design of your Heavenly Father is accomplished. O! what then will be your verdict? When on earth, every trial imposed seemed the one you were the least able to bear. The path selected for you was the very contrary one to the ideal you had formed. But the Great Workman knew your weaknesses and defects, and was polishing and shaping your character into a more glorious pattern than the one so lately admired.

Cease, then, to wonder and bewilderingly inquire into these alternate trials and bright spots of your existence; but look up with loving confidence and exclaim, "Thou knowest the way that I take."

Peterborough. S. A. T.

"TAUGHT OF GOD."

"It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God."—John vi. 45.

O is not here a promise, to nerve the weakest heart,
When earthly cisterns fail it, and earthly lights depart?
When the fierce trial's *wherefore?* is little understood,
And all things strangely seem to work for evil more than good?

When science is all helpless to aid the scatter'd thought,
And all of human teaching with ignorance is fraught?
When making for the haven, there cometh darkly night,
Or buckling on the armour we feel too weak to fight?

In the extreme of weakness, and agony of trust,
Behold my hand is feeble, yet Thou, O God, art just!
The sickle is so heavy; the reaping is so hot;
Dost Thou not count my pulses? my frame hast Thou forgot?

Why sendest Thou me fainting, when stronger ones are Thine,
The full-eared corn to garner; or prop the tender vine?
"O not because I need thee, or thou art less My care,
Or that I would put on thee more than thy faith can bear!"

O sweet, sweet condescension! O wondrous word of grace!
Who would not for such teaching the discipline embrace?
Who would not bear the chastening with smiles behind the tears,
Because the Hand afflictive condemns not, but endears?

And O from such a Teacher, what must the knowledge be!
Though covet not Earth's proud ones its high simplicity;
The student whose eyes widen before his taper's light,
Mocks blindly at the system which leads by faith, not sight.

For us, and for our teaching, He maketh earth so fair;
And clothes its breast with verdure; with rainbow tints the air;
Giving the hours their coolness, their fervor, and their dew,
Blighting the life at winter, the spring-time shall renew.

He gives the wolds their freedom, the hills their majesty,
The lights, and shades, and colours, their wondrous harmony;
The poplar-trees that shiver; the willows green that weep,
The aspens all that quiver; the vales that broadly sweep:

Each its peculiar beauty of grand, or bold, or sweet,
That we by them instructed in the Divine complete,
May in each new expression adore the wondrous skill
Which tunes the ocean chorus, and song of mountain rill.

So we are taught by beauty, and raised by the ideal,
That we on angels' ladders may rise above the real;
We have no hidden feeling, no instinct fine, nor sense,
Which knows not by vibration some outer influence.

O God! Almighty Artist! could we the secret find
Whereby to loose Orion, or Pleiades to bind,
What would the knowledge 'vail us? but to perceive the grace
Which clothes with so much beauty the exile's dwelling-place!

He elevates by beauty; by suffering perfects us;
That so He may exalt us, and may abase us thus;
Yea, even our Great Exemplar the path of pain must tread,
And perfected by suffering must bow His sacred head.

Ay, learn of Him, ye suffering, ye meek and lowly come,
His Cross shall be your refuge, its shadow be your home;
The Father's Word Incarnate, touch'd by your human woe,
Shall speak the Father's pity; Himself was chasten'd so.

O wonderful! O Teacher! O merciful High Priest!
Who though Divine bore smiting, and Lord of all, was least,
We learn in all Thy meekness, Thy fellowship of grief,
That in Thy tender pity may be our sure relief.

Christ is the Great Exponent, to human hearts, of God;
'Twas to reveal the Father He 'mid the children trod:
My soul, track then His footsteps on Sharon's fragrant hill,
By Galilee's lone waters and Siloa's sacred rill.

Amid the throng which press'd Him, amid the poor He taught,
Amid the crowd who mock'd Him, amid the lost He sought;
'Neath the cold taunt of stranger, and 'neath the lictor's rod,
Track Him as thine Exemplar, and thou art *taught of God.*

O thinking on world-beauty, thinking on human ill,
I learn'd of this great mystery: and thinking, I grew still.
I said, let me walk humbly, and question not the past;
Nor mourn o'er shatter'd idols, or flow'rs nipp'd by the blast.

'Twas that I might see clearly, my eyes were drench'd with tears;
'Twas that I might be rev'rent, my love has mingled fears;
'Twas that I might be grateful, my comforts were withdrawn;
The night-time lasted only that bright might be the dawn.

Thy ways, O God, are wondrous; Thy paths are in the deep,
Where never plummet soundeth: who can Thy counsel keep?
Yet sure is every promise as each obedient star
Which moves where Thou appointest, and holds its course afar.

May we by the creation, where'er we may explore,
Learn of Thy works Thy praises, and with Thy saints adore;
In that which is beyond us, learn of Thy Infinite;
And where our weakness trembleth, learn of Thy power and might.

Most by the Holy Scriptures, by prophecy and Psalm,
By law-awaking terrors, and Gospel-breathing balm,
Most by the Word Incarnate, and by the path He trod,
As our alone Exemplar, may we be *taught of God.*

—*Authoress of "Wild Flowers," etc.*

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

MAY.

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*	*To be learned.*	EVENING.
1.	Deut. v.	Deut. x. 12—22	John xv. 9—12	2 Cor. ii., iii.
2.	vi.	Mark xii. 28—34	13—15	iv.
3.	xxvi.	Deut. xxviii. 1—9, 58—68	16—18	v.
4.	xxx.	Romans x. 1—13	19—21	vi., vii.
5.	xxxi.	Deut. xxxii. 1—29	22—25	viii., ix.
6.	xxxiii.	Romans ix. 4—8	26, 27	x.
7.	xxxii. 45—52, xxxiv.	Deut. xviii. 15—19; John vi. 14; Hebrews iii. 1—6	To be recalled	xi.
8.	Joshua i.	Psalm xliv. 1—8	Psalm lxi.	xii.
9.	Deut. xi. 18—25	Joshua ii.	John xvii. 1—5	xiii.; Numbers vi. 22—27
10.	Joshua iii., iv.	Psalm cxiv.	6—8	Galatians i.
11.	v., vi.	Hebrews xi. 30, 31	9—12	ii.
12.	Deut. xxix. 10—21	Joshua vii., viii. 1—29	13—16	iii.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE, *continued.*

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
13.	Deut. xxvii. 1—10	Joshua viii. 30—35; ix.	John xvii. 17—19	Galatians iv.
14.	vii. 16—26	x.	20—23	v.
15.	Joshua xi.; xxi. 43—45	xxii.	24—26	vi.
16.	xxiii.	xxiv.	To be recalled	Ephesians i.
17.	Judges i.	Judges ii.	Psalm ciii. 1—5	ii.
18.	iii.	Jer. xviii. 6—15	6—10	iii.
19.	iv.	Judges v.	11—14	iv.
20.	vi.	Psalm lxxx.	15—18	v.
21.	vii.	Hebrews xi. 32—40	19—22	vi.
22.	viii.	Psalm lxxxi.	To be recalled	Philippians i.
23.	ix.	Proverbs xiv. 22—35	Rev. ii. 1—4	ii.
24.	x.	Psalm cvi. 34—48	5—7	iii.
25.	xi. 1—33	cxxiv.	8—11	iv.
26.	34—40; xii.	1 Samuel xii. 8—11; Isaiah xxvii. 4—9	12—17	Colossians i.
27.	xiii.	Numbers vi. 1—8; Amos ii. 11, 12	18—23	ii.
28.	xiv., xv.	Nehemiah xiii. 23—27	24—29	iii.
29.	xvi.	Proverbs vii.	To be recalled	iv.
30.	Ruth i.	Ruth ii.	Rev. iii. 1—4	1 Thess. i., ii.
31.	Deut. xxiv. 19—22; xxv. 5, 6	iii., iv.	5—8	iii., iv.

JUNE.

1.	1 Samuel i.	Mark x. 13—16	Rev. iii. 9—13	1 Thess. v.
2.	ii.	Psalm lxxxix. 6, 7; Matt. x. 37	14—18	2 Thess. i., ii.
3.	iii.	Ezekiel xxxiii. 1—20	19—22	iii.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

THOMAS SMITH.

THOMAS SMITH was born at Hawkridge, near Westbury, in Wiltshire, February 12th, 1798. In very early life he was powerfully impressed with the necessity of a preparation for heaven. At the early age of six his beloved mother was called away, and her dying words made a lasting impression upon his mind. She counselled her children how her as she had followed Christ, and besought them to meet her again in heaven.

Some time after his mother had passed away, he and his brother, while walking together, conversed respecting their mother's dying wish. This deepened the convictions previously made upon his mind, and thoughts of the welfare of his soul, and the realities of eternity, pressed heavily upon him. Under the influence of these considerations he

frequently withdrew himself from ungodly companions, and wandered in solitary lanes and fields, pouring out his complaint to God, and earnestly seeking to be guided into the way of truth.

At length the change came. On the 25th of December, 1814, while attending a Lovefeast, he entered into liberty, and was enabled to rejoice in the God of his salvation. The people of God now became his chosen associates, and he delighted to accompany the Circuit Ministers to their distant appointments, in order to gain information on Divine things, and have the benefit of Christian conversation. Having personally obtained salvation, he became anxious for the conversion of others, and soon began to exhort them to "flee from the wrath to come." Though engaged in the work for some time previously, his name first appeared on the Local-preachers' Plan about the year 1822.

In the year 1834, Mr. Smith went to reside at Potterne, near Devizes, occupying the same cottage in which, after the lapse of thirty-six years, he ended his earthly course. He became a "nursing-father" to the infant Wesleyan cause in that village, and the leader of the "little flock." His pulpit ministrations, and his labours as a leader, were blessed to the spiritual good of many, who will be stars in the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. Mr. Smith's private life was one of a truly Christian character. He showed "piety at home." He lived in the affections of his children, whose spiritual welfare he continually sought, and several of whom he rejoiced to see treading in his footsteps.

Mr. Smith was a total abstainer during the last thirty years of his life, and throughout the whole of his Christian course was a man of sterling integrity of character. Though "diligent in business," his outward circumstances were frequently trying, and his pathway clouded; yet when the fig-tree blossomed not, and the vine-fruit failed, he rejoiced in the God of his salvation. He cherished a broad and catholic spirit, loving all "that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." He often expressed a wish that he might be spared a lingering illness, in the words,—

> "O that without a lingering groan
> I may the welcome word receive;
> My body with my charge lay down,
> And cease at once to work and live!"

This desire was gratified; for, after an illness of only three days, he quietly fell asleep in Jesus, and his happy spirit passed away to the enjoyment of the "recompense of the reward," September 27th, 1870.

Devizes. JULIUS BRIGG.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR MAY, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
May	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	4 33	7 22	9 11a	10 39a	3 23m	11 18a	0 8m
11	4 15	7 38	8 10	11 0	2 42	10 48	11 23a
			Rises.				
21	4 1	7 53	3 56m	11 12	2 4	10 18	10 42
31	3 50	8 6	3 24	11 16	1 27	9 48	10 1

PHASES OF THE MOON.

4th, Full Moon ..... 11h. 0m. after.
11th, Last Quarter .... 2h. 23m. after.
19th, New Moon .... 10h. 45m. morn.
27th, First Quarter .. 1h. 2m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 5th	8h. after., Perigee;	distance	222,652 miles.
„ 20th	3h. after., Apogee;	„	252,544 „
Mean distance for the month			237,598 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 1st	92,420,860 miles.
June 1st	92,993,070 „
Increase of distance for the month	572,210 „

Mercury will be stationary in Taurus, quite close to the Pleiades, on the 4th, at nine o'clock in the afternoon; it then recedes till it comes to the borders of Aries, where it will be stationary a second time on the 27th, at half-past six o'clock in the afternoon, after which it advances on its way through Taurus. Between these times, on the 15th, at one in the afternoon, it will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun, near the disc on the southern side. It crosses the plane of the Earth's orbit on the 12th, at eleven o'clock in the evening, only two days fourteen hours before conjunction; had the latter phenomenon then been a little earlier, we should have had a transit of Mercury. Two circumstances must concur for a transit of one of the inferior planets,—it must be near the plane of the Earth's orbit, for that plane passes through the Sun's centre, and it must be in or near *inferior* conjunction with the Sun, that is, nearly at its least distance from the Earth.

Venus will be very near Jupiter on the 12th. One hour before noon, when nearest, the distance will be rather less than two degrees; at nine o'clock in evening it will be very little increased. So near an approach of two such fine objects is a beautiful phenomenon, and ought not to be overlooked. To the naked eye Venus is the brighter, in the telescope Jupiter is the larger. The diameter of Venus is fourteen seconds, that of Jupiter thirty-two: so that even if Venus were a complete circle, its disc would be more than five times less than that of Jupiter, but its dazzling brilliancy more than compensates. This planet will be in perihelion, or at the point of its orbit nearest the Sun, on the 3d; on the evening of the 22d it will be apparently very near the Moon. It is now very distinctly gibbous, the defect on the eastern side extending to about a fourth of the diameter. It is approaching the Earth. On the 16th it attains its greatest northern declination, twenty-five degrees twenty-six minutes. *Mars* is on the borders of Leo and Virgo, considerably eastward of Regulus. It crosses the meridian on the 13th, at eight o'clock in the evening, at an altitude of forty-four degrees. It will be stationary on the 1st, at midnight, when the apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from retrograde or westward to direct. These stations and retrogradations were a puzzle to the ancients, who knew not that we looked at the planets from a moveable standpoint. Every one is familiar with the appearance which external objects present when viewed from a railway carriage moving at a rate of forty miles an hour, but the Earth on which we tread is carrying us along nearly twenty miles *per second*, and is spinning us round more than a thousand miles an hour. The thought of being the subjects of such complicated motions is enough to make one feel giddy, but the smoothness and uniformity of the motions prevent our experiencing any inconvenience. Some people think that the evidence of our senses is against any such motion at all, whereas it is just the opposite. A baby in a railway-train thinks that the trees and fields are flying away, and that the only motion he is subjected to is a little unpleasant rocking. We are amused with his simplicity, yet there are great babies who talk quite as foolishly about the Earth and stars.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

AILSA CRAIG.

It is a curious fact that the Friths of Forth and Clyde are similarly guarded by a large insular rock. These rocks, although differing in size, are nearly alike in appearance, both rising like mountains from the bosom of the waters, defying the fury of the storm, and providing homes for myriads of sea fowls. The Bass Rock is well known to all who are acquainted with the sufferings of the Scotch Covenanters, but of lonely Ailsa little is known.

Ailsa Craig, or as it is often called, "Paddy's Milestone," is an object of much interest to all who sail up the Frith of Clyde. It has been looked upon with great sorrow by many a poor emigrant, who, as he gazed upon it, felt himself unable to repress the tear, but brushing it away, with great reluctance turned his eye to fairer lands. Others, again, have hailed it with delight as they returned from distant climes, knowing that its presence promised the fulfilment of ardent desires, and that the happiness for which they had toiled so long was almost within reach. According to the Ordnance survey, the rock is one

thousand one hundred and fourteen feet in height, exactly three times the height of the dome of St. Paul's, London. It measures about three miles in circumference. The sides facing the north and the west are extremely steep, affording no foothold to the cragsmen, but threatening death to any one who approaches too near the giddy height; while on the south and east the rock assumes a terraced form, which may be easily scaled by a persevering climber. As the visitor ascends towards the summit, he is struck in some places with the scarcity of vegetation, only a few short grasses; in other places he will find himself wading up to the waist in forests of the commoner kinds of ferns, which seem to grow most luxuriantly. Extricating himself from these, he will have to pick his way over heaps of loose, sharp-edged stones, which, through the ravages of time, and the action of the air and rain, have fallen from the sides and are gathered in large masses. "Excelsior" being our motto, we determine to carry it into practice. Upon the first terrace we find the ruins of an old castle. History is silent as to its builder or occupants, but it is supposed to have been built by the Danish pirates who infested the Frith of Clyde previous to the battle of Largs. Standing upon the top of these ruins, we cannot help wishing that the stones had tongues, that they might reveal to us the secrets they have kept so long,—of deeds performed before Scotland had a history, or scholar penned the story of her kings. On the second terrace we light upon a little loch, and sitting down, drink of its rather brackish but welcome water. After resting a short time, with a little more labour we stand upon the summit. The view is lovely. One of August's brightest days, not a cloud above, not a breath of wind to disturb the water, but all around the mighty deep lies, throwing back the sunbeams with a brilliancy sufficient to dazzle the eye. Turn what way we choose, the view is magnificent. To the north, away in the distance, the entrance into the river, guarded by the Islands of Bute and Cumbrae; in the foreground is Arran, with its lofty Goatfell throwing its shadow over the sea; to the west, the blue hills of Cantyre, the land of Lorne, limit our view; in the north, the low, flat shore of Ireland is visible, just rising out of the Atlantic. Turning to the east, our eye lights upon the coast of Galloway; and nearer still, the green fields, the long hedge-rows, the white cottages, all backed by the hills of Ayrshire—the Highlands of the Lowlands. Mustering courage, we venture near the edge of the precipice; we look over, and see, right at its base, a tug steamer on the look-out for passing vessels. As she lies sending from her funnel a long thin line of smoke, she appears like a skiff.

From a paper on the geology of Ailsa Craig, in the Transactions of the Glasgow Natural History Society, by W. N. M'Cartney, Esq., we learn that "the rock is columnar syenite, composed of felspar, horn-

blende, and small quantities of quartz. It is very close-grained, and capable of taking a high polish, and is, therefore, much sought after for curbing stone. The columns into which the rock is formed attain to various proportions. The largest one which I measured was seven and a half feet in diameter, and eighty feet in length, without visible break or joint. In some cases these immense monoliths are found lying upon the shore at the foot of the cliff, from which they have fallen, while as large masses would seem desirous of following their example, for some that I examined were supported only on their base, and had a distinct lean forward. They have a lean outwards to the north; and at a place called the Barestack, where the cliffs start from the water's edge, and soar upwards for some six hundred feet, the visitor is in momentary dread of being crushed by some huge column which overhangs the deep." During the summer the Craig is crowded with sea fowls, who desert it for the open sea in winter. The eagle was formerly a resident, but now rarely visits the island. Wild goats, rabbits, and the slow-worm—a harmless serpent—are very abundant. On sailing round the base, we were surprised to see the places where the birds were perched, little-ledges of rock which promised no foot-hold; crannies along the face of the precipice provided nests for their young. A gun being fired, the sky was nearly darkened with the thousands of puffins, razor-bills, solan-geese, gulls, etc., which flew round our heads, deafening us with their wild screaming. A few years ago the pomp and vanities of this world threatened the complete destruction of these birds. Year after year they were being killed in great numbers to supply plumes for ladies' head-dresses, until at last a merciful Act of Parliament limited the time in which these operations might be carried on. Turning the bow of our boat towards the Ayrshire coast, and after twelve miles' sail, we arrive at the nearest town to the Craig, called Girvan.

In Girvan there is a Methodist chapel and Society which have a history of their own. In boyhood, we remember sitting in the chapel listening to the message of love from an aged Local-preacher; as he spake a holy unction attended his words. We also remember a gracious outpouring of the Spirit of God, and although we did not understand what was doing, yet the services, prayer-meetings, and labours of God's servants, now pass vividly before us. At last dark days came. The chapel was closed, and it seemed as if the light of Methodism was for ever extinguished in the place. For ten years it remained closed, and the few who were left mourned over their loss, and prayed that ere they should "depart hence" the Gospel might be preached within its walls. In July, 1867, while upon a visit to the town, we had a great desire to preach in the old chapel. No obstacle being in our way, after the dust of years had been removed, we

preached one Sabbath, morning and evening, to attentive congregations. At the close of the evening service about six of the old members expressed a wish to be formed into a class. Their wish was complied with. The sympathies of some friends in Glasgow were enlisted, one in particular, who, for obvious reasons, will be nameless here, who very kindly repaired the building and rendered it comfortable to worship in. A very devoted and intelligent retired soldier consented to preach in it every Sabbath. It was the beginning of bright days, the dark cloud gradually rolled back; the services were remarkably blessed by God, souls were saved, and many were added to the Church. The little Society increased in numbers, until it was considered necessary to have a Home-Missionary Minister stationed amongst them, and even now its influence is ever widening. Looking at this success, are we not compelled to say, "This is the Lord's doings; it is marvellous in our eyes!"? We see in it an answer to prayers long presented by faithful ones, and are encouraged to "pray without ceasing."

T. J. M'C.

LESS DISTINGUISHED NAMES IN THE WORD OF GOD.

IV. OTHNIEL.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

ISRAEL was no longer in the wilderness. The wearying march among the desert-shrubs, and through the passes, walled in by stern cliffs, was over. The people had followed the ark on its wonderful path between the divided waters of the Jordan, and were in the land "where Abraham fed his flock of yore." But they could not at once take possession of the fair cities, the fields and vineyards, "the limpid wells, the orchards green," to which they had been guided by the finger of God; and from being a nation of pilgrims, they had to become a nation of warriors, and had to drive out the heathen occupants of the land by the sword. The great battle, over which God held the sun and moon as the ensigns of His victorious people, had been fought, many cities had been taken, and many kings slain; still there were rock-girt fastnesses, and "towers of giants old," and guarded defiles, and luxuriant valleys, which had not resounded with the tramp of Israel's feet. A fierce, gigantic tribe, known as the Anakims, held Hebron with other cities in that mountainous district. The feebler spirits among the Israelites would have left them unmolested, but Caleb, who, though eighty-five years old, was as brave and high-hearted as when but half that age, requested Joshua to give him the territory of the Anakims as his inheritance, confident that by the help of God he could overcome and force them from it. Hebron was taken, and the standard of Judah gleamed, and the Hebrew language was once more spoken, beside the sepulchre which Abraham bought of the children of Heth. But there was another city, Kirjath-sepher, as yet untouched; and Caleb, wishing to

bring out the martial qualities of the younger men, said, "He that smiteth Kirjath-sepher, and taketh it, to him will I give Achsah my daughter to wife."

Caleb had a nephew, named Othniel, spoken of in the narrative as his "younger brother," the term brother being used in Scripture to designate a near kinsman.* Othniel put himself at the head of a band of men belonging to the tribe of Judah, rushed down the south-western slope of the mountain until he came to the city, smote its defenders, bore his conquering arms through its gates, and returned to Caleb for the reward of his enterprise. Achsah was given to him with a dower of land and springs of water; "And it came to pass, when she came to him, that she moved him to ask of her father a field: and she lighted from off her ass; and Caleb said unto her, What wilt thou? And she said unto him, Give me a blessing: for thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And Caleb gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

After this Othniel passes out of sight for a number of years; and it is not unlikely that the victor of Kirjath-sepher settled down in the quiet of rural life, irrigating and planting the lands he had received with Achsah, and contenting himself with the recital of old war-stories, or with showing the weapons with which he had smitten the Anakims. In too many men war once indulged in becomes a passion; and the "confused noise," and the "garments rolled in blood," are almost a necessity of their lives. Victory, so far from bringing their toils to an end, only widens the area of conflict, and they think nothing gained while anything remains to be conquered.

But though Othniel could pass without regret from the excitements of conflict to the tranquillity of the farm, his life was not to glide away in unbroken quietude. Disaster had come on the Israelites. By intermarriage with the heathen they had failed to subdue, they became entangled with idolatry. The Lord who had brought them out of Egypt and into Canaan was forgotten, and they served the gods of their new associates. Their apostasy was followed by chastisement from a region painfully connected with their later history. "Chushan-rishathaim, king of Mesopotamia," a fertile country stretching from the Tigris to the Euphrates and afterwards incorporated with the Assyrian and Babylonian empires, conducted his wild, half-disciplined armies into Canaan, spoiling the land of its riches, and subduing the people to a condition little better than that of slavery. There was no help from Baalim, or the groves which had witnessed their idolatrous service; and in their distress they cried to the Lord. He heard their cry; and Othniel was inspired to deliver them from the hand which, for eight years, had been crushing and oppressing them. "The spirit of the Lord came upon" this Hebrew Cincinnatus, heightening the heroism which had prevailed against Kirjath-sepher. He came out of the obscurity in which he had been long living, and so animated the people that, under his leadership, they broke the power and drove back the forces of the Mesopotamian king. Othniel the deliverer, became Othniel the judge; and under his administration "the land had rest" for forty years.

* See Farrar's "Biblical Dictionary," articles, "Othniel" and "Brother."

"And Othniel the son of Kenaz died." He died, but his exploits would long live in the traditions of the people, nor is it unlikely that they would be celebrated in the stirring songs of the book of Jasher.*

We have but glimpses of Othniel's history, yet they are sufficient to give us a very favourable impression of him as a patriotic and godly warrior. He seems to have caught not a little of the thoroughness of affection for the people and the cause of God, and the unflinching courage and enterprise, of his uncle Caleb. Like him, he would have said to men timidly shrinking from their promised inheritance, "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." His natural force of character was intensified by a Divine principle, and in fighting for Israel he fought in the name of Jehovah; while the land on which he struggled was all the dearer to him because consecrated by the beautiful lives of his ancestors, and by prophecies of glories of which it was yet to be the scene. He was bold and fearless, for he had faith in God, and attained to not a little of the honour predicted for his tribe by dying Jacob: "Judah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise: thy hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies; thy father's children shall bow down before thee." Still, the warrior, however noble his spirit, and however glorious his achievements, is not the highest style of man; and John Fletcher shedding the light of his angelic face—the face which has been described as a perpetual doxology—on the streets, and in the parsonage of Madeley writing his powerful "Checks to Antinomianism," and winning men to Christ by his gracious demeanour and hallowed ministrations, is on a higher platform of human dignity, than the lion-like Othniel, flushed with the glow of conquest at the gates of Kirjath-sepher, or laden with the spoils of Chushan-rishathaim.

* Farrar's "Biblical Dictionary," Jasher, Book of.

A TRIP TO THE KAIPARA AND THE ALBERT-LAND SETTLEMENT, NEW-ZEALAND.

BY W. SYMONS, F.C.S.

HAVING disposed of the business which took me to Auckland, I was desirous before leaving New-Zealand to see something of its country life, and to visit some field of Missionary operation, and therefore accepted an invitation to accompany one of my shipmates to an estate he had bought in the Kaipara district, where the Rev. W. Gittos had been many years successfully labouring as a Missionary to a northern tribe of Maories. We found our way to the small coasting vessel bound for Mangawhai too late in the evening to see much of our fellow-passengers, who were waiting on the Auckland wharf for the starting of our vessel. It was a lovely night, only too calm, and after waiting until ten o'clock for a breeze, we dropped down with the tide, and gently made our way through the varied and interesting coast-scenery of the Auckland Harbour, as it opens into the Hauraki Gulf, winding abruptly round the north shore, where the signal hill and another mound, evidently both extinct volcanoes, stand out in sharp outline against the clear sky. Leaving the Frith of the Thames, the highway to the gold-fields, to the right, we glide smoothly on by

the island of Rangiteto, with its triple crater, and slowly make our way towards the lighthouse on Tiritiri, near which the Rev. Mr. Bumby was drowned. We now begin to make our arrangements for the night; there are about twenty passengers, male and female, with a few children. The small cabin will barely accommodate half a dozen; this, of course, the women and children appropriate. There are a number of sheep in the hold in the middle of the boat, so that the open deck must be our dormitory; but on so pleasant a night this was by no means disagreeable, and each tries to dispose of himself as comfortably as the circumstances will admit. Although moving through the night, our boat in the morning is only off Hawau, Sir G. Grey's island, nearly close to the mainland, from which, it will be remembered, some Maori prisoners easily effected their escape during the war. I had previously visited this island with my present companion on St. Patrick's day, which is kept as a close holiday in Auckland. Seaward, it presents a bold rocky outline, sometimes covered with trees to the water's edge. Facing the mainland, in a lovely little bay, stands a substantial stone mansion, surrounded with a well-cultivated garden, and a farm extends over a good portion of the island. Some birds, kangaroos, and other animals have been introduced by Sir G. Grey, and there are very strict regulations for visitors with regard to fire-arms, etc. A yacht was at anchor in the bay, and although there is a fine pebbly beach, our steamer, formerly a blockade runner, and a good-sized one, could lie within a few feet of the house. It was the impression in Auckland that Sir G. Grey would yet come out and reside on the island, and I believe he is now there. The numerous islands scattered over the Hauraki Gulf give it an interest and beauty unlike any English coast scenery.

Otea, or the Great Barrier, is just visible on the eastern horizon. The bold and rocky outline of the Little Barrier rises before us. It is still very calm, and our progress is slow, but sure. At length there is a summons to breakfast, but the cabin will only accommodate us in small detachments. Tea and broiled beef is the fare, and in a few hours the dinner arrives, when the fare is broiled beef and tea; tea and broiled beef being again presented as the evening closes for supper. The mainland soon becomes more varied; Cape Rodney, with Mount Hamilton in the background, rises to our left to a height of one thousand four hundred feet, covered with dense forest to the summit, over which it is my destiny in a few days to climb. Doubling another headland, an extensive bay, with a fine sweep of white sand, opens before us. I did not anticipate then that in a few days I should also form a closer acquaintance with this coast, and occupy the place of some horsemen, apparently about the size of birds, trotting along over this sand, which extends some miles, and forms part of the mail-road to Whangarei. Although the sea is very calm, the waves break on this sandy coast with considerable force, caused no doubt by the general sweep of the tidal current in the Pacific Ocean. In front of us now are the group of islands called the Hen and Chickens; the largest (no doubt the Hen) has a very bold and craggy outline, the counterpart of Breamhead, which also looks like an island, although it

is connected with the mainland, the harbour of Whangarei running up inside. It is interesting to watch the changing outline of the smaller islands as our position varies. One is called the Ship-rock, as in one aspect it resembles a ship in full sail; many of them have very symmetrical shapes; one looks like a huge bell, or, when the tide is low, more like the Albert Hat of the early volumes of "Punch." But as our vessel moves the likeness disappears as a hidden prominence comes into view. Breamhead is the terminus of the coast scene, as we have to make for a smaller and nearer headland called Breamtail. It is evening before we approach it, and although the course lies some four or five miles inland, the opening through which we are to pass cannot be seen; and even when near enough to put some passengers ashore in a boat, the entrance is still invisible, until carefully pointed out by the skipper. The tide is too low to enable us to enter for three hours; but there is some compensation for the delay. It is a lovely evening, the cutter lies quietly at anchor, and four of the sailors go off in the boat to fish. The passengers are now beginning to be more acquainted with each other. Some are Nova-Scotians, a shipload of emigrants having left America a few years since, attracted, perhaps, by the milder climate of New-Zealand, and many of them have settled here. One who was near me during the night, and who looked like a miner, now evidently showed under a rough exterior that he knew something of more cultivated and refined society. To pass the time away, two Nova-Scotians sang a Christmas piece; then a girl sang a Scotch air, with an accent and feeling that told of the old country. Some other pieces followed, but all indicated a religious influence, which I found general through this district. As nine o'clock approaches the anchor is weighed, and now the seamanship of the skipper is called for, as, although it is quite calm, yet the narrow entrance to the Mangawhai river is agitated with large breakers; and there being a tacking wind, it requires all his experience to get his vessel exactly in the right position to ride over the bar into smooth water. But all goes off well, although for a few minutes not very smoothly, and we are inside the sand-bank. There is yet some hours' work to do; as the moon rises, the rippling reflection of her beams can be seen through the clear water on the sandy bottom as the cutter glides silently down the tidal river, now swelling into a lake. As it becomes shallower, the vessel is more than once aground, and has to be pushed off by the united strength of sailors and passengers. The township of Mangawhai, as marked in maps, is near the mouth of the river; but, as is frequently the case in New-Zealand, the town on the map is in one place, and the town *de facto* in another; and it is past eleven o'clock before we are finally aground within sight of the hotel and the skipper's house, which is also a boarding-house, and the only store in the place. As the Nova-Scotian families fill the skipper's house, we proceed, under the guidance of our rough-exteriored gentleman, to the hotel. He seems well known here, and soon rouses the inmates, and we are introduced to two rather minute beds in a very small room. On the shelves in this room were several Latin and French books, and the next morning our unknown companion told us the hotel was kept by a retired military captain.

It seems the contiguous land had been given by the Government to military settlers; but it was nearly all worthless, and few, if any, of the settlers were left on it. Our road next morning lay for some miles over this barren tract. Like thousands of acres in this part of New-Zealand, nothing scarcely grows on it but a shrub called "ti-tree," pronounced, and sometimes mis-spelt, "tea-tree." Cattle will not touch it. Judging from its taste, it may possibly be an aromatic bitter medicine, but it does not appear to be so used. Where this shrub grows the land is considered worthless, except for Kauri-gum. This is dug out of the ground both by Maories and Europeans, who have nothing better to do, and bartered to the storekeepers for provision, clothing, etc. It sometimes is found in masses larger than an orange, although generally much smaller. Many bright pieces look like amber, and ornaments are made from it, some of which no doubt pass for amber. There is a considerable trade in this gum, or rather resin, at Auckland, and when a ship is loading for England rows of large chests of it may generally be seen on the wharf. It is chiefly used in the manufacture of varnish. Although found chiefly where no trees are growing now, this gum has been secreted from the Kauri Pine, the noblest tree of New-Zealand forests. Its trunk is sometimes ten feet in diameter, and mounts up without a branch for one hundred and twenty feet.

The land where the gum is found appears to be completely exhausted, and the Kauri trees that produced it must have flourished centuries, if not millenniums since, as it seems to be semi-fossilized; for it is stated that the gum produced recently from growing trees is not marketable. Mounting a hill in this open country, we saw before us, and soon caught up, three of our shipmates, who had a horse between them. The lady riding insisted on taking our bags, all being old friends by this time. The young lady who had brought the horse for the others knew the Rev. Mr. Worker, a Methodist Minister whom I wished to see, who on account of his health had emigrated with the Albert-Land settlers, and was now settled on a farm in this district, but some distance inland. She soon pointed out, in the vale below, a small church where he was expected to preach the following Sunday.

This was one of Bishop Selwyn's school-churches. These not being consecrated, Nonconformist ministers sometimes conducted service in them. A little further on a written notice of this service was fixed up at a settler's gate. Our companions, who were Nova-Scotians, were bound for the same homestead as ourselves, but they left the road to call on a relative, and we proceeded alone through an improving country, covered with small trees and brushwood, in the midst of which a young Irishman had just commenced clearing. He had a small tent, hardly large enough for himself and a table; two powerful dogs, and a horse tied to a tree. A fireplace was dug out of the ground, and the first rough timbers of a small house were just being put together. He jumped down through the brushwood to a brook in the glen to get us a draught of water, apologizing for the poorness of the fare, and promising better next time. With his directions we soon found our destination, a farm belonging to the Pickford of the neighbourhood, who kept a team of

oxen and a cart, which my friend wished to hire to get his baggage from Mangawhai to his farm, yet some miles farther on. The sun was just setting, and although ready to do justice to the supper prepared for us, I could not but linger over the glorious scene around. The house stands on one of several small hills rising from the head of the Kaiwaka river,—one of the numerous tidal tributaries of the Kaipara, which, flowing out on the western coast, sends numerous branches, like arteries of the sea, nearly to the eastern side of the island. In the background rises the highest mountain of the district, conspicuous with its double crater from our vessel yesterday, covered to its summit with verdure. The dense forest around was being gradually changed by the persevering settlers into cultivated fields. Looking back on the past, it was easy to imagine the far distant time when probably many districts of our old island home presented somewhat similar scenes, and to anticipate the future, (but not just yet,) when sturdy arms would bring this whole district to subserve the welfare and convenience of man.

SHEEP'S CLOTHING EASILY SOILED.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

SOME years ago, Earl Fitzwilliam was paying a visit to one of his friends, Mr. Brown, of Rossington. They strolled together through Mr. Brown's grounds, and over his farm. As they were crossing one of the pastures, Mr. Brown said, "I cannot tell how it is that my sheep always look so dirty. We have no manufactories here, and do not make much smoke at the house, yet the sheep always appear as though they lived in some dirty street." His lordship replied, "I think, Mr. Brown, I can suggest the reason. How far is it from Rossington to Sheffield?" "Well, as the crow flies, and as the soot-flakes would come if they really did so, it must be about twenty miles. I can scarcely think we ought to blame your South Yorkshire furnaces and forges for dirtying my flocks." The Earl replied, "I have no doubt that we are to blame for your annoyance; smoke, in some states of the atmosphere, travels far." "But," said Mr. Brown, "the foliage and grass look bright and green, and I find no trace of soot on the cattle. We have not even any complaints from the laundry." The Earl was, however, quite satisfied that he had furnished the right solution. The coats worn by horses and cows do not show stains so readily as the wool of sheep; and linen only remains in the outer air a short time, and is not rolled among the grass. But the grass is exposed night and day, and however the wind blows, and the sheep lie down on it continually. So when the Earl and his friend had entered the shrubbery, the former took one of the bright, green leaves, and called Mr. Brown's attention to its cleanly appearance, and then wiping it with his handkerchief, he showed Mr. Brown that there was, even there, soot, which he fully believed to be Sheffield soot. Such impurity, then, was everywhere around, but it was only perceptible on the sheep's clothing.

Any stain on sheep's clothing will be readily discerned.—This was evident in the instance just narrated. Mr. Brown had resided at Rossington a long time, and had been deeply interested in all that concerned his farm, yet he had, in this respect, been puzzled only concerning the sheep. He had asked no such ques-

tion concerning the cattle,—English, Irish, or Highland. The same has been observable in other places besides Rossington. The appearance of the fleece on the sheep has often suggested the vicinity of iron-works or factories not visible from the place. When we inquire how it is that anything faulty is more readily discerned in a man if he is a professor of religion than if he is not so, one reply has already been suggested. There is a contrast between the fault and his profession. Men expect holier lives from professors than from other people. But there is also another reason. The conduct of professors is examined in a different manner. Farmers do not generally put on spectacles when they pass from the field in which the cattle are grazing to that in which the sheep are feeding. We may be quite sure that such partial use of spectacles was not the occasion of Mr. Brown's difficulty. But worldly people use all sorts of spectacles,—magnifying, coloured, and crooked,—when examining the sheep of the Lord's flock. Hence they arrive at singular results which could not have been anticipated.

Much that is calculated to sully is around us.—When the noble Earl, at the Sheffield cutlers' feast, mentioned the circumstance narrated above, he very properly gave his Sheffield friends and neighbours suitable advice: "See that you do not poison your fellow-creatures by too much smoke." Worldly-minded people who rail against professors never think of taking heed lest they should thereby injure themselves. In some instances those who have contaminated, boast themselves against those who have been polluted. The grass in Rossington fields might thus have called the poor dirty-looking sheep to account, forgetful or ignorant that contact with the grass had been the chief occasion of the sheep's undesirable appearance. "Who admires not my greenness?" might the grass declaim. "No one complains that I am sooty." Yet the poor sheep, with their fleeces still white, though not spotless white, knew not how to keep clean if they must feed and lie down in those fields. So those who are striving to live godly are often surrounded by much that is evil. In the workshops where they must earn their bread; in the market-place where they buy and sell; in the dwellings where they eat and sleep; along the streets they traverse; everywhere, are those who allow evil in themselves, but are ready to rebuke its very semblance in others. Some of God's servants have to keep their garments undefiled amid iniquity prevailing, as formerly in Sardis.

It is exceedingly desirable that no stain should be discerned.—Real inconsistency and unfaithfulness would, of course, be fatal to ourselves. We are only Christ's servants so long as we do the things which He commandeth. None can injure His sheep while they are following the Good Shepherd, but they are no longer safe if they stray from Him. "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." An aged preacher of former days was addressing the members of his Church on alleged inconsistencies. After making all reasonable allowance for the unkindness of their accusers, he added: "But I have too much reason to know that some of you stray into crooked and dirty ways. You call yourselves the

Lord's sheep; but, how do you live? What difference is there between you and the goats? If Satan were just now to come into this place and seize hold of some of you, what could I do? O, what could I do? What could I say? Could I as much as cry to the devil, Stop, thief?" But the appearance of inconsistency may have a most disastrous influence on those around us. Our conduct can be no excuse whatever for their disobedience to God; but they are on the look-out for an excuse, and ready to take up with anything that resembles one. Besides, they know nothing of our sorrow, and our pleading for restoration and mercy. They are quick to discern any departure, however brief, from the right way; but they hear not our cries to the Good Shepherd to forgive us and lead us back. They are too pleased to have found a fancied excuse for their own wanderings.

Ceaseless care should therefore be employed to maintain our purity.—It will be needful that we become well instructed in God's Holy Word, or we shall be assuredly deceived by the sophistries and illusions presented to us. It will be needful that we commence every day with the renewed determination that we will, by God's grace, live that day in accordance with His holy will and commandment. It will be needful that we attain the wisdom of serpents as well as the harmlessness of doves. It will be needful that we "walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise." It will be needful, above all, that we continually cry to the Lord for supplies of grace, that we may thus be enlightened, and sanctified, and strengthened. So important is it, however, that we should "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things," that all needful effort must be used. Thus, as Christ's sheep, following the Good Shepherd in this wilderness world, we shall be conducted to the happy fold above.

Once upon a time, we need not say when, a certain prince, we had better not say who, was at the residence of a nobleman, we had better not say where. But, on a certain Friday, the prince, according to previous arrangement and announcement, laid the foundation-stone of a church about to be erected on the property of the noble duke. The prince was presented with a costly and beautiful trowel for the occasion, henceforth to be among the heirlooms of his family. With solemn services of psalms and anthems, prayers and Scriptures, the stone was laid by the royal prince, who seemed on the occasion nothing less than a devoted son and pillar of the Church. On the following day, however, the County Hunt was to be inaugurated. Again the post of honour was offered to and accepted by the royal guest. Foremost of the red-coated nobles and squires rode the heir to a throne. They were following no terrific beast of prey, such as lion or tiger, demanding for its overthrow the bravest of the brave. They were but chasing a fox, which any dozen clowns of the parish would have tracked and killed if required to do so; and which would probably not have been there, had not it or its progenitors been brought thither at considerable expense. But the prince rode right gallantly. The fox was killed. Its tail, severed from its dead body, was given to his Highness, who placed it in his pocket amid the cheers of those who claimed to be the heads of county families and national grandees. The

public were not informed whether the trowel was in the prince's other pocket at the same time. Most likely it was not. But to some it seemed as though when laid together in his rooms, or placed together in his trunk, or only imagined together by those who knew of the prince's doings, there was somewhat of incongruity.

There was, however, no inconsistency which occasioned remark from the prince's friends and suite. Still farther was such incongruity from injuring the prince's title to the throne. In due time he would have to reign over church-going people, and fox-hunting people. Some would chiefly admire him as the possessor of the precious trowel, and others would admire him as the possessor of the brush. Others there might be found who would admire him because he gained both. Certainly he in no wise endangered his attainment of the crown by what might to some appear inconsistency.

Those, however, who are heirs of eternal glory, and hope one day to sit down on a throne in heaven, and wear "a crown" which "fadeth not away," must strive to make their profession and their conduct agree. Inconsistency in this would, if persisted in, prove fatal to their hopes, while whole-hearted fidelity will make their final triumph certain. "Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall: for so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with Me in white: for they are worthy. He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life, but I will confess his name before My Father, and before His angels."

"IT IS ONLY MY WAY."

"O, HE will excuse me, 'it is only my way;' I mean no harm!"

But pause a moment, and you will see that the little outbreak of hasty temper, the rash utterance, or the abrupt manner, is doing harm, in spite of your not meaning it. You are a member of Christ's Church; you profess to be a follower of One whose daily life was so perfect that even His enemies could find no real fault in Him. You are one of His representatives. Many eyes are upon you. Young disciples, with hearts full of earnest love, restlessly eager to attain high moral excellence, are brought into contact with you. They see these plague-spots in your character, these little sins. For a moment, startled and amazed, they hesitate to follow your example; but too often they are led to conclude that while those who are much older in experience than themselves thus act, they need not be so careful. The harm is *done*, without being meant.

Moral men are looking from the towering heights of self-righteousness. They view the erring Christian, and complacently contrast their own fancied goodness with his slender piety. Worldly men, lynx-eyed, track your footsteps. Think not that any false step, any slight stumble, or any slip of the tongue, is overlooked by them. No; they mark your ways with quick precision, never extenuate a failure, nor in any way shield the defective Christian,

while they sneeringly ask, "Is *this* religion?"

Can we wonder at the genuineness of that piety being questioned which allows its possessor to indulge without remorse in angry words, unloving deeds, haughty bearing, curt utterances, fretful repining, and sullen discontent?

"Only my way; no harm done." Ah! say not so. *Much* harm is done. And it certainly is *not* God's way. He wills that His children should shine in all "the beauty of holiness," and hate even the garment spotted by the flesh. Think how you grieve your loving Saviour by these frequent and scarce recognized sins. Think of the dishonour done to His name. Mark how often the Gospel is made of no effect by the faulty lives of those who profess to serve Him. Don't you think that hell exults when one who has entered the narrow way is seen to walk with such staggering gait that those who would go faster are sadly hindered, and some who wish to enter are altogether prevented?

Could we see how largely the prevailing scepticism around us results from the inconsistent lives of professing Christians, we should vividly realize our fearful responsibility, and, with stricken hearts, mightily cry for pardon and help, while tremblingly seeking so to order our steps by God's word as that iniquity should not have dominion over us. Earnestly should we plead for the change of raiment promised in Zech. iii. 4, and carefully should we watch against what we now so mildly call our "failings."

The duty enforced by St. Paul, of learning first "to show piety at home," needs to be strongly urged upon us. Home piety! The very mention of it brings visions of quiet beauty and power; for as the daily home-life is the severest test of character, so the piety which unflinchingly bears this test is the most powerful of any. High-toned consistency is imperatively needed. It is undying in its influence, boundless and resistless in its strength, and thrice blessed in its results.

J.

CELESTIAL SCENERY.

When soothing slumbers wrapt my weary limbs,
And steep'd my spirit in a transient calm;
When worldly scenes and earth's distracting noise,
In distance dying, vanish'd from the sense;
When undisturb'd I was alone with God,
Nor felt the horror of the shades of death;—
O, who can tell the experience of that hour!—
With sudden blaze a train of visions gay
Illumed the interior chambers of my mind,
And sounds of minstrelsy from angels fell.
I thought I felt the breath of a new morn,
And heard strange speech, as of another realm;
Yet could I understand, that voices call'd
To rise and come away; and with the words,
Lo! wings are given, and wafted through the night,
That veils all nature's face with starlit gloom,
I float upon the buoyant air of heaven,
And, gazing downwards, fill with gradual joy,
That still increases with exhaustless charms,
The more I linger o'er the enchanting view.
Behold the springs of *Peace!* pellucid streams

Close at the foot of God's own mountain rise,
Water the plains of light, and softly glide,
With silvery course encircling Heaven's fair bowers,
And with their flowing music please the ear.
Then 'neath o'erhanging foliage blossom'd o'er
With all rich blooms of *Wisdom* flourishing,
With all the luscious fruits of *Love* matured,
Trace their meandering way, and mingle pure
Within the lake of *Truth*, 'mid azure depths
Pictured with snow-white clouds; or spread at length
Into the river of *Life*, whose ample breast
With glittering sheen reflects the genial rays
Of yonder sun, whose rays are *Righteousness*.

This river, clear as crystal, pours along
A channel, broad and deep, and cover'd o'er
With golden dust, and in its current bears
Rare gems of priceless worth, which sparkle through
The lustrous waves, or flash upon the bank.

Pure spirits here drink immortality,
From hence derive the essence of their bliss,
And, yet unwearying, hither still return
To taste *Salvation* fully, and allay
Their ardent thirst, full soon to thirst again,
Yet not with pain, but with intense delight.

On either bank there grow the trees of *Health*,
Whose spreading branches with a graceful sweep
Dip in the freshening wave the wholesome leaves,
And offer all their precious produce free.

Beneath the shade the happy saints recline,
And tune their harps sublime to sacred strains,
Or wandering widely through the smiling fields,
Gather the flowers of *Joy*, that strew their path,
And weaving fragrant garlands deck their brows.

Through grove and glade diffused, a spirit of *Faith*
Preserves unmarr'd the harmony of bliss.
The docile ox lies near the shaggy bear,
And harmless wolves feed side by side with lambs;
Their wanton young ones all together play,
And fear no latent foe nor poisonous herb;
The stingless serpent has no noxious gaze,
And songs of birds no melancholy tone.

An air of *Rest* perpetual breathes around,
Or dwells in quietude upon the scene,
Save when the murmurs of melodious voice,
Or bursts of music, various, strike the ear,
From distance brought by breezes ever bland,
That whisper of sweet flowers and fountains fresh,
Which they have pass'd in their careering joy.

Hope spreads the landscape wide in prospect long,
And leads by purple charms the enraptured eye
Through fields clear spread beneath the unclouded beam,
Where fadeless blessings spring with lavish growth.

Full in the midst, the *City of the Lord*,
Imposing in its grandeur, stands secure.

The pearly gates, thrown open, welcome yield
To all His servants, when at even they turn
From daily tasks and service duly done.

The streets of *Glory*—lined with noble palms,
That wave their clustering foliage overhead,
While frequent fountains cast the cooling showers—
Are paved with adamant of *Grace*, that time
Can never wear away with numerous feet.

Beauty and Virtue here together dwell
In holy wedlock, never more to part;
The sharers of each other's happiness,
The aiders of each other's schemes and toils,
And robed in *Purity* of unstained fringe,
Walk arm in arm abroad with guileless souls.

Here people worship God with grateful songs,
And ceaseless duty blamelessly performed,
And love each other with an earnest heart.

Nor is there seen a cripple, wretch, or knave,
Nor Famine gaunt, nor broken, pale Disease,
Nor deadly Passion with distorted lip,
Nor skulking Fear, nor Vice with branded brow,
Nor Sorrow prostrate with dishevell'd hair,
Nor Curse in any of its myriad forms;
But Freedom is the universal lot,
For ever varying through progressive change.

By walls inclosed, with battlements and towers
Of solid marble built, and lofty strength,
And watch'd with care by Him that never sleeps,
This city fears no scheme of leagued foes,
Nor quick surprise, nor menaced strong attack,
But calm surveying all in safety rests.

Far in the distance, far as eye can reach,
Or thought can venture forth on boldest wing,
Darkling extends the unknown and mighty sea,
That must by all be traversed ere they land
Within the clime of blessedness and rest.

O happy they, whose bark is strong and swift,
And guided by a brave and skilful hand!
O happy they, who weather through the waves,
That ominously heave and foam with rage!
O happy they, whom on the shore of love,
The friendly bands of aid celestial hail!

Wellington. P. M. KEELING.

GLENCOE.

THE account of the massacre which lends to Glencoe its chief historical association, reads more like an episode in Indian or New-Zealand warfare, than a leaf out of English history. Had Captain Campbell and his followers been a tribe of Red Men, come with scalping-knives and tomahawks to cut off some hostile tribe in the North American Mountains, their conduct, though bad enough, would have been no worse than might have been expected; but when we know that they were in the service of one of our greatest kings, we cannot read of their doings without a thrill of horror, or without feeling thankful for the great difference that exists between times past and present. Little wonder that the feeling which this massacre aroused in Scotland, survived long after William III. had gone to his rest, or that his share in it, whatever that may be, forms the darkest blot upon his reign. Before, however, we can pass any judgment on his conduct, we must know the circumstances which led to the massacre.

When William mounted the throne, he had to contend with a powerful opposition in Ireland and Scotland; and Melfort, the private secretary of James II., was in such high hopes of success, that in some of his letters, which were intercepted, he discussed the punishment to be awarded to the rebels, when his master was restored. At length, in 1690, the Highlanders, with Dundee at their head,

broke into open rebellion; which was put down after a short campaign, marked by some hard fighting. This defeat, however, wrought no change in their views and habits; they were still staunch Jacobites, ever ready to rob and annoy their more peaceful neighbours, and it was well known that they were also ready to revolt again, whenever an adventurous leader should appear among them. Hence Earl Breadalbane proposed a plan for winning them over to the Government. A pardon was to be offered them, and £12,000* distributed among them, on condition that four thousand clansmen should be held ready to repel any French invasion. This scheme was adopted, and a proclamation issued, offering a pardon to the rebel clans which should take the oaths of allegiance to the new Government before the 1st of January, 1692. The money was given for distribution to Breadalbane, the author of the scheme, a cruel and crafty man; which perhaps was the reason why it did not work well. The Duke of Hamilton had other schemes of his own to oppose to Breadalbane's, and the Highland chiefs had no faith in the pecuniary honesty of the parties who would have to pay them the money. Breadalbane was naturally disappointed: perhaps his pride prevented him from seeing how much his own character had to do with his failure, but this was a matter which he would take good care to hide from William III. and his advisers. Whatever allowance may be made for the chiefs on the ground that they had Breadalbane to deal with, their conduct

* Some authors say £20,000.

might well inspire deep alarm at a time when the state of society was so unsettled, and the established Government so insecure. They played a double game: they wrote to James II., asking his consent to their submission, which they engaged to throw off when necessary; and, on the other hand, tried to instil doubts into William's mind as to the fidelity of his supporters and ministers. They probably took it for granted that their intrigues with James were unknown to William, but that they were right in so thinking is far from certain: in an age full of plots and conspiracies, the art of detecting them would naturally be brought to a high degree of perfection, and far more of their plans may have leaked out than they imagined. Be this as it may, however, that part of their conduct which was patent to the world was anything but reassuring: they showed great readiness to get Breadalbane's money, and none whatever to return to their allegiance.* The Government had foreseen this, and had a fearful alternative in store. It was stated in the Royal Proclamation that those clans which would not submit before the 1st of January, 1692, should be exposed to the extremities of fire and sword. Troops were collected to put this deadly alternative into force, for it was believed that many of the clans would hold out: they became alarmed, however, and very unwillingly took the oath, only just before the day named, though not in a way which redounds much to their credit. They sought to defy and insult the Government as far as they dared, and yet get out of it as much money as possible. When it became known that money had been paid to the more powerful chiefs, the lesser ones raised their demands, but found the King's agents quite a match for them. It must be admitted that they suspected Breadalbane of retaining for his own use part of the funds entrusted to him, but then, as the proverb says, "two blacks can never make a white;" even if their suspicions were well founded, his wrong-doing could not justify theirs. Both Breadalbane and Stair thought the terms which some of the clans stood out for extravagant, hence the money negotiations with them were broken off. Among the Highlanders thus foiled in their efforts to fleece and overreach King William * were the Clan of the Macdonalds, whose character we must take some pains to study, else our very pardonable sympathy with them in their sufferings may lead us to draw fancy pictures of them, and to think that, though they were rebels, to be sure, they led lives of patriarchal harmlessness and simplicity. The very reverse is the fact. The rude clansmen who were slaughtered in the valley of Glencoe were no saints, though it must be added, in common fairness, they were singularly exposed to temptation. The truth is, the Macdonalds were notorious for their predatory raids, and were little better than a set of common thieves. Among other robberies on a large scale, they had stolen a number of cattle from Earl Breadalbane, a proceeding which, in the end, had a great influence on their fortunes. Unhappily for Scotland, such habits were very far from being confined to the Macdonalds; they prevailed among their Highland neighbours generally. Dr. Doddridge, in his Memoirs of the Munros, has well pointed out two leading causes of the evils which, just then, afflicted the Highlanders: "their idleness, and their ignorance. The former subjects them to a slavish dependence on their masters, and the latter makes them a prey to Popish priests, and missionaries from Rome, who are constantly, and in great numbers, trafficking among them. It has been very justly remarked that the success they have had in seducing these poor ignorant people, is caused in a great

* During the course of the negotiations, Breadalbane found that the secret fidelity of the clans to James II. was too strong to make it safe to assemble them in a military body, as had been proposed.

* How else shall we describe their receiving money for the discharge of military duties they never meant to perform?

measure by the vast extent of the parishes in these Highland counties. Now, it is clear that these poor people can only be cured of idleness, by teaching them manufactures, to which they are wholly strangers; and it is hard to imagine how they can be rescued from Popish ignorance, until there are several new parishes erected in these extensive counties." We have no reason to believe that either remedy was fairly tried in William III.'s day.

To return to the Macdonalds of Glencoe. Mac Ian, their chieftain, (better known to English readers as Macdonald,) was one of the most tardy in preparing to take the oath of allegiance. As a leading Jacobite, as the hereditary enemy of Breadalbane, and as obnoxious to Lord Stair, placed, therefore, in a position in which his words and acts were peculiarly liable to be misunderstood, he, of all men, ought to have been guarded in his conduct; but he seems, just at this time, to have been swayed far more by pride and passion than by prudence and a wish to "avoid the appearance of evil." Still, he evidently felt that his enemy Breadalbane had tried to defraud him. When the latter came to pay the chieftain his share of the £12,000, he insisted on deducting the value of the stolen cattle. Macdonald refused to consent or submit, and even after he had made up his mind to do the latter, an account (probably highly coloured) of his lawless deeds was sent to the Government, which created a very strong feeling against him. Had he foreseen all, he would have shrunk from anything which looked like wanton defiance of the King. As it was, not until the last day of the year did he prepare to yield; and then, instead of going to the sheriff of his county, or to some civil magistrate, he went to Colonel Hill, the governor of Fort William, who told him that, as a military officer, he had no power to administer the oath. Macdonald, now alive to his danger, hastened, in spite of rough roads and bad weather, to Inverary, which he reached two or three days too late. Still, the sheriff administered the oath, and reported to the authorities that he had complied with the spirit of the Proclamation. Whether he had really done so may be fairly questioned, and probably it *was* questioned at the time. What the King required was honest submission, however tardy, not the sort said to have been advised by James II.: "Keep quiet, until you feel strong enough to do the Government mischief." Whether in a case of emergency he would have been content with a lower grade of submission than that referred to in the Proclamation, is a very distinct question, and one with which we need not just now trouble ourselves. The sheriff could have made out his argument only by proving that the chieftain of Glencoe was loyal at heart, and had blundered in a mere matter of form.

Macdonald was now just in this position: by his own blameworthy negligence he had not strictly complied with the terms of the Proclamation, and it was for the Government to say whether or not he deserved to have the benefit of it, in consideration of the fact that he had made an attempt to comply at the very last. Much would depend on the report sent up by the King's Ministers in Scotland. Could they possibly think that the attempt at submission was sincere? They must have known that the allegiance of the Highland chieftains was only feigned, that they waited for the first chance of revolting, and therefore could not fairly claim to be treated as loyal subjects, while Macdonald was the most disaffected of them all. Ought he, therefore, to be shielded by an oath insincerely taken, when, after all, he had taken it too late; not through want of sufficient time to take it in, nor yet through illness, but because his reckless, wanton defiance of Breadalbane and the King led him to postpone everything to the last moment? Very far are we from defending the course taken by Lord Stair * and his colleagues; but they had

* Sir Walter Scott shows that for some time before the close of the year 1691, Lord Stair was enraged against Macdonald for having by his interference marred the bargain between

a difficult task before them. Were they to let Macdonald go scot free? Such was the disaffection in the Highlands, that others might be encouraged to copy his open disloyalty; and if this became the rule, any little spark might soon set that part of Scotland in a blaze. Or were they, on the other hand, to advise that Macdonald should be made an example of, so as to warn others who were equally rebels at heart? This would seem to make an extreme distinction between Macdonald and the other chieftains, when at the bottom they were guilty of the same crimes, although his case may have been somewhat worse than theirs. Yet that there was a great difference in their respective positions must be allowed, in common justice to Lord Stair. Whether the other chieftains deserved punishment or not, it was impossible to get at them without outraging public feeling, for the King had pledged his word to spare them; but it was far from clear that the pledge extended to men in Macdonald's situation. He had fairly placed himself in the meshes of the law, and it was for the King to say whether or not he had any claim to mercy.

In an order sent to Lord Stair, William stated that "it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves," the inhabitants of Glencoe, if they could be separated from the other clans. This argument, though used by William, seems really to have belonged to Lord Stair. We read in the Memoirs of the latter that he thought "mercy would be thrown away upon them, because they had been in the irreclaimable habit of making incursions into the Low Countries for plunder, and because he had himself obtained a pardon for them from King William, when one of the clan having discovered his accomplices in a crime, the rest had him tied to a tree, and every man of his tribe had stabbed him with a dirk, Glencoe, the chieftain, giving the first blow." It has been replied, that "all this was Highland law and Highland usage," and that if this particular clan deserved punishment on this ground, so did many others, for the whole occupation of the outlawed clans was warfare and marauding, and they were miserable in quiet times. But this logic tells in more ways than one. If the evil had gone so far, it was high time that something should be done to put a stop to it, though certainly not in the way actually chosen; yet the Highlanders of Glencoe had no right to complain if the experiment was first made on themselves. On a review of the whole case, one is led to think that their combined lawlessness and disloyalty called for the exercise of severity on the part of a just ruler, though to have had its right effect, severity should have been tempered with mercy. Had Macdonald been thrown into prison for a time, and rigorous measures taken to make his followers lead quiet, orderly lives; had they even, as a last resort, been shipped to some place beyond the seas, where they could do no mischief, and be forced to work honestly for a living, we should probably have heard very little about the valley of Glencoe. Scotland might have pitied the offenders, but must have seen that in their treatment an effort had been made to combine mercy with justice.

It is hard to imagine a course of conduct which could be more easily misrepresented by an enemy than that of Macdonald, or one which could be more readily misunderstood by strangers at a distance. The natural result followed. When, among a list of papers, William III. signed the warrant for military execution against the people of Glencoe, he did not fully understand its object, and no account of the chieftain's tardy submission had been sent to him. There is no reason to think that he was aware of more than an intention to send soldiery against "a nest of thieves" in

---

Breadalbane and the Highland chiefs, and that he hoped Macdonald would be one of those who would not submit in time, so that the Government might be able to utterly destroy some of the clans, and thus terrify the rest. Statesmen more favourably situated than Lord Stair, have, like him, yielded to the temptation, "Let us do evil that good may come."

actual rebellion; but he ought not to have let even this pass without further inquiry. Accustomed as he was to the comparatively quiet, orderly life of Holland, he could not have foreseen in what a cruel, treacherous way his order would be carried out, nor had he enough knowledge of Scotch affairs to enable him to do so. In February, 1692, Captain Campbell, with some other soldiers of Breadalbane's clan, marched into Glencoe and quartered there, under pretence of collecting taxes, or (as Sir W. Scott asserts,) of relieving Fort William from overcrowding. Campbell, who was a relative of the chieftain by marriage, was well received; in fact, he and his followers enjoyed the hospitality of the clansmen, and lived on friendly terms with them for a fortnight, and after all this, left them for awhile, and then returned to murder them when they were fast asleep. This cruel scheme did not succeed as it was meant to do, but thirty-eight persons were slain, while one hundred and fifty males escaped, besides women and children; still, as the cattle were driven off and the houses plundered, some of the women and children died through want and the severity of the weather.

William, alarmed no doubt at the horror which this deed caused throughout Europe, sent down a Commission of Inquiry, whose labours led to the dismissal of Lord Stair from his post; indeed, until 1700 he was afraid even to sit in the Scotch Parliament. He deserved this punishment. After receiving from the King an order extending the time of taking the oaths of allegiance beyond the 1st of January, he persuaded him to exclude the Macdonalds of Glencoe.

God is ever bringing good out of evil, and so making the wrath of man to praise Him; if He did not, society must have fallen to pieces long ago. In time, such evils as the Massacre of Glencoe, and the failure of the Darien Scheme, worked their own cure, by teaching thoughtful men how impossible it was that Scotland should be well governed from London, without a thorough union of the two kingdoms. It is but fair to add, that William, after having borne his share in the evil, and suffered from it, was one of the first to suggest the remedy. That the Act of Union was passed so soon after his death, was probably owing in part to his own forethought.* M.

*The chief authorities for these facts are Sir Walter Scott; the Religious Tract Society's "History of England," Vol. III.; White's "History of Scotland;" Dr. Doddridge's "Miscellaneous Works;" "Old England," Vol. II.; and Macaulay's Sketch of William III.'s character in the second volume of his "History of England."

THE COLLIER'S WIDOW.

As the bells of the village church were chiming out the year 1817, the widow of a poor collier sat in deep grief in her little cottage, where seven small children were asleep beside her. In the early morning of that day the husband and father had gone forth, healthful and lighthearted, to his wonted toil, but he was brought home lifeless. He had perished in the coal-pit.

The stay of the household had been taken away at a stroke, and the bereaved woman was inconsolable. He had been to her a good and faithful husband, and had cheerfully laboured to sustain the family. Her grief threatened the loss of reason, and it seemed likely that the seven helpless ones would lose their remaining parent. She was aroused from her deep melancholy by the thought that the indulgence of this sorrow would end thus fearfully; and for her children's sake she made an effort to meet life's claims. Another thought now possessed her: she became concerned for the salvation of her soul. The remembrance of her past life awakened new grief, and she had no hope for the future. She greatly needed guidance and encouragement; but all around her were ignorant of the way to the mercy-seat. For weary weeks she was in deep gloom: it seemed to her that God's mercy was "clean gone for ever." But He led her by a way she knew not.

A sermon from behind a chair, in a poor man's cottage, is not so common a thing as in days that are past; but such sermons have been blessed of God in the conversion of souls. "The day shall declare" in how many instances. The preacher in a humble cottage-service was to the sorrowing one an *Evangelist*. She was told by him where she could get rid of her burden. That burden was indeed heavy; conviction for sin was real; repentance was genuine; she wept before the Lord.

She retired from the service resolved not to sleep until she had found the Saviour, of Whom she had heard that "He would save the worst." In her humble home, her children quiet in their beds, she knelt in true prayer. She appealed to God: "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!" Midnight still found her pleading with God; but now the smitten one is healed. She has received "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." In her utter distress she fled to Jesus. He spake: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Joy and peace filled her soul, and she arose from her knees, and praised God with a loud voice. All her children were asleep except the eldest, a boy of eleven years. He had witnessed the sorrow of his mother, and had been kept awake, probably from sympathy; and now, marking the change, his first thought was that she had lost her reason. He began to cry bitterly. "O, what shall we do? we have lost our father, and now mother has lost her senses." Poor lad! he needed comfort, and his mother did her best to make him understand that God had pardoned her sins, and made her His child; but he was in great grief; he was hard to be persuaded that his mother had any sins to be forgiven.

The saved one reared an altar for God in her home; and her children remember how earnestly she prayed for their salvation. Happy in the Saviour's love, she sought the fellowship of saints. The cottage-preaching had led to the cottage class-meeting, which was composed of some four or five: "meek, simple followers of the Lamb;" and at their head was a real "Faithful," who was "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

These were the days of suffering for Christ's sake. Some "ignorantly, in unbelief," "persecuted this way." Methodists were thought to be under a grievous delusion, and efforts were made by "their betters" to undeceive them. But the bush was not consumed, accessions were made to the little flock: many were saved.

The poor widow was sorely tried; but God gave her health and courage,

and she still bore up. The lady of the mansion became concerned for the good order of the village, and undertook to rid it of these *fanatics*. She had no doubt the thing could be done. She went from house to house, amongst her own tenants and workpeople, to warn them against *these Methodists*. All were not proof against her efforts; some shrank from giving offence, and ceased to attend the proscribed services. She came to the house of the widow, and remonstrated with her strongly; assured her she would certainly be led astray by these Methodists; and further, gave her to understand that, however reluctant she might be to resort to harsh measures, she should feel bound to withdraw all help from herself and children, and could be to her a friend no more; and, striking her hand upon the table, she said: "No habitation under me you shall have."

It was hard for the desolate widow, with a large dependent family, to risk all this loss. Where was she to find a home and bread for her children? The lady had been a friend to her in her need. The poor woman was stunned for the moment; but she remembered the Word of God. "It seemed," she said, "as if a voice spoke to me, 'Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.'" After slight hesitation, she replied: "Very well, Ma'am, my house, my all must go; my trust is in the Almighty God, and He knows all about me. It is with this people I have got my good, and I am resolved, 'This people shall be my people, and their God my God;' I cannot leave them." Her ladyship was surprised, and bade her farewell.

The tried disciple went to her faithful Class-leader, and told him all the circumstances. He commended her for her noble resistance. It was indeed noble! "Blessed is she that believed." She answered to St. Paul's description: "Now she that is a widow indeed, and desolate, trusteth in God."

From those two cottages, that of "the widow indeed," and her faithful counsellor, ascended earnest prayer that night that God would open a way for His handmaiden and her fatherless children. It was the prayer of faith. They "believed God." One knows not what passed in the palace-like home of the lady, whether "her sleep went from her," or whether she mused on the firm resolve of the widow, and thought that, after all, it might be hazardous to disturb her: "because that the Lord is the Avenger of all such." Certainly, next morning, at an early hour,—much earlier than the hour at which she was accustomed to make her calls,—she was at the house of the widow.

Noble lady! She acknowledged her error to the poor widow; expressed her deep regret that she had been so severe, and hoped she would forgive her, as her conduct must have caused her grief. The widow and her family experienced no abatement of the lady's kindness, and she had the widow's prayers.

This fresh proof of God's goodness called forth a song of thanksgiving, and her spirit was bound more closely to the Saviour. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him," was her rule, "and He shall direct thy paths," was her solace.

From the memorable night in which her boy wept under the impression that his mother had lost her reason, in which she reared an altar for God in her home, her faith was strong that He would save her children. There was everything in the example she set them to sustain the influence of her prayers and counsels. She was most conscientious in the observance of the Sabbath; and her attendance upon the public services was punctual and devout. From day to day in the widow's home prayer went up to God from unfeigned lips. Her children were restrained from the corrupting associations of questionable amusements. They were "trained up in the way they should go," and they have not departed from it.

In the year 1832, the village and neighbourhood were favoured with a gracious and extensive revival of religion. The firstfruits of this harvest

were four of the widow's children. Their conversion was followed by the conversion of many. For two years special visitations were vouchsafed; the cottage-service gave way to a chapel, and a Sabbath-school was established.

Until far advanced in years, the widow continued to worship with the people of her choice in the village. As infirmities gathered upon her, a loving daughter took her to her own home, glad to be be permitted

"To rock the cradle of declining age."

For some months before her departure to her "Father's house," she was unable to attend the public services; but she had delight in prayer, and the reading of God's Word. She loved to talk of the goodness of God to her, and how wonderfully He had upheld and guided her during her pilgrimage. The writer retains a lively recollection of the simplicity of her spirit, and the intelligent and healthy godliness she manifested.

If the morning of her life had been beclouded, her day had brightened as it advanced, and her sun was setting gloriously. Of the seven children left fatherless by that sudden stroke, all were either *with* Christ or *in* Christ; some waited for her on the shores of bliss; others ministered to her in her feebleness. Her cup was full, she desired no more: "Now, Lord," was her language, "lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace;..for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." With her mental faculties scarcely impaired, honoured and loved by her children, with a heart full of gratitude to her loving God, she calmly waited. Almost her last words were, "The Lord is about to take me to my eternal rest; my children and classmates and friends will welcome me on the shores of that blessed world." She slept in Jesus, July 13th, 1865, in her eighty-sixth year.

CONCERNING WORK.

A YOUNG man sat with folded arms, his eyes fixed on the glowing coals, and an expression of deep thoughtfulness upon his countenance. Evidently he was not quite at ease in his meditations, for he moved restlessly, even impatiently, in his seat, and then muttered half aloud, "Work, work; yes, I feel I ought to do something for the Master. But what? To be sure there is Sabbath-school teaching, tract distribution, and other work of the kind; but such would be but trifling services, and I want to find some department of Christian labour in which I can concentrate all my energies, and in which I can accomplish great things for my Saviour, and His cause. Now, if I could but carry the Gospel to the heathen, or go forth among my own countrymen as an ambassador of Christ, my desire would be realized. But difficulties surround me; I must wait a little."

Thus the young man reasoned with himself. It was not an overweening confidence in his own abilities, or an exaggerated opinion of the character of his talents, that led him to pass by what he deemed to be "trifling services," and to look abroad for work greater and nobler. His motive was pure; he desired to lay himself out in plans of usefulness for the good of perishing souls, and for the glory of God. He had received the command, "Go work to day in My vineyard," and he was anxious to obey the call; but he was not content to begin by plucking up the weeds, and clearing the ground of stones and stubble. His eager spirit, burning to effect mighty achievements in the cause which he had espoused, could not brook the idea of his going forth with his spade turning up the hard neglected sods, and plodding day after day with but little apparent progress. He wanted to be among the vines, and olives, and fig-trees, where he might see the rich fruit daily deepening with the beautiful hue of perfection.

Again and again was Philip urged, first by one friend and then by another, to take charge of a class of Sunday-scholars; to join the little band of tract distributors; or to assist them in the

holding of their cottage prayer-meetings; but in vain. He was looking out for some great life-work in which he thought he could best serve the Lord. He forgot that whilst he waited, precious opportunities were slipping by, never to return; and that the very talents with which he meant to perform the mission for which he watched and longed, were undergoing a gradual enervation, consequent upon their disuse. Had he prayerfully and properly considered the matter, he would have seen that he who in the true spirit of service faithfully and cheerfully does the little within his reach, serves God as truly as he who, occupying the most exalted position in the Church, performs its highest functions. But Philip did not thus consider. His zeal was not linked with that knowledge without which all zeal must be blind and erring.

Two years had passed away, and Philip's place in the sanctuary was vacant, and he was found no more among the people of God. He had ceased to perplex himself with the question, "What is my work?" Whilst he was wasting his time and energies in seeking after ideal labour, temptation came, presented in words so smooth and subtle, that the young man paused to listen: and noting the attitude, the tempter knew that his design was half accomplished. To lend a ready ear to the seductive voice of the charmer, is to yield in part.

And Philip yielded to the suggestion, that it would be better first of all to make his mark in the world; to strive for, and win, an honourable place among his fellow-men; for then his influence would have greater weight, and the opportunities of fulfilling the desire of his heart be altogether more propitious and favourable. So he nerved himself afresh for this new undertaking, turning all his thoughts and attention into one channel; and henceforth the one great question with him was—how to obtain worldly success and distinction.

He did not toil in vain. And did he now dedicate himself to the service of God? No; he had gradually lost all relish for, and desire to engage in, a work so delightful and blessed. Rich—his one aim was to become richer; having the honour of the world, he thirsted for more.

One day as Philip, harassed and burdened with business cares, was hurrying along the city street, one face out of the many passing to and fro, preoccupied as he was, arrested his attention. He turned, and followed him to whom it belonged—a man apparently about his own age, but whose garb, though neat, was of the humblest. Overtaking him, Philip gave another searching look into the cheery, intelligent face.

"Ah! Roberts, I thought it was you," he said, holding out his hand. "How are you?"

"Well, thank you, Sir; and glad to see you after all these years;" and the honest eyes lit up with real pleasure.

"All these years!" The simple words stirred a whole tide of emotions in the breast of him to whom they were addressed. Notwithstanding the great social difference between these two men thus brought in contact after a long term of separation, there had at one time existed a true and firm friendship. As seekers of salvation they had knelt side by side, and together had enrolled their names as members of Christ's Church. As he stood there, Philip took a swift review of those happy, bygone days; and as his careless and worldly mode of life, from that period to the present, passed before his mental vision, there was awakened in his conscience a feeling of remorse.

"Well, Roberts," he said presently, "you see circumstances have far removed me from the scenes in which I once mingled; but I must confess that I look back on the intervening years with a little regret."

Was it not rather his own blindness and self-will that had lured him from the path in which he once delighted to tread? Thus Roberts queried within himself; but he only said very gently, "Then, Sir, you've found riches and honour without satisfaction?"

The two parted; but as day after day went by, Philip could not forget Roberts' words, "you've found riches and honour without satisfaction." How true he felt them to be! Wealth, luxury, distinction, and what the world calls pleasure, were his; but peace, an easy conscience, and *satisfaction*, these assuredly were not numbered among his possessions.

The burden resting upon his soul grew heavy; he saw where he had erred, and resolved, in the strength of Divine grace, to start again for the kingdom of heaven. And very soon, to the joy of his humble but attached friend Roberts, Philip, having first given his heart to God, again joined hands with His people. Humbled by his unhappy fall, and mistrustful of himself, and of his own powers, yet "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might," he became henceforth ready for every good word and work. Not waiting till there was opened to him some brilliant opportunity of serving his Master, or till a grand door of usefulness was presented to him, he took the work that lay at his feet, and did it. Patiently, laboriously, lovingly he toiled, unnoticed and unapplauded by the world; yet wise in winning souls to Christ, he now waits to hear his Lord's "Well done!" and receive a crown which shall "shine as the stars for ever and ever."

Uttoxeter. S. J. H.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

XI.

JOHN HUNT.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

JOHN HUNT, "a Missionary to the Cannibals," was born near Lincoln, in the year 1812. His parents were not able to read, and were so low in temporal matters at one time that the workhouse seemed the likely place of their future abode. At that time it was the common lot of children born in the villages of this country to be soon sent from the humble school to obtain the means of their subsistence. So it was with John Hunt. At the age of ten he began to work on a farm, and thus entered upon the stage of active life with the prospect of going through this world but little known beyond the village where he was born, and the farm on which he toiled.

Though his parents made no profession of religion, yet the Divine Spirit graciously visited him when he was but a child. The turning-point in his history was when he resolved to separate himself from all sinful connections, and to seek, till he found, "peace with God through Jesus Christ." Till then his life was a blank. He found salvation in a religious meeting conducted by the late Rev. John Smith, who was so eminently useful.

When Hunt was nearly nineteen years of age, his stock of knowledge was very scanty. He had read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a part of the Methodist Magazine for 1812, and a few tracts. "This," says he, "was my only library for the first two years after I began to serve God." The providence of God then placed him in another family, where he had access to more books. But the book which most occupied his attention was the Bible; and no book has done so much to form great characters as it. A distinguished Archbishop once said regarding himself, "I owe all I have to the Bible." The doctrines, the facts, the principles, the reasons, the motives, and the examples it contains, all speak to man with an authority which has no equal in this life. The religion thus obtained and supported took hold on the faculties and capacities of John Hunt, so that his character soon presented a shape, shades and quality that impressed observers much in his favour. He soon began to exhort in religious meetings, much to the satisfaction of those who heard him and knew his daily life; and thus commenced his bright career as a Methodist preacher.

We here see the adaptation of Methodism to bring out latent talent, and to find proper employment for those who wish to do good, and who, without such

help, could not be so engaged. Without the aid of Methodism, how many who are now distinguished in the history of the Christian Church, would have gone through life to the tomb verifying the words of Gray:—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Without the help of Methodism, "John Hunt, the plough-boy," would not have been able to preach the Gospel to the Fijians, and afterwards translate the New Testament into their own mother-tongue.

He soon passed through the stages between an exhorter and a Wesleyan Minister. It seems he had an inward persuasion that, if faithful to his trust, he would in due time be employed as a Missionary, for which he felt a governing desire. Whilst he was preparing in the Theological Institution for the Foreign work, and with an expectation of being sent to labour in South Africa, a cry came from another scene, and passed over the Methodist world in the thrilling language, "Pity poor Fiji!" It was an appeal to Christian sympathy for help which none but the consecrated to God could give. To respond to such a call required piety, talent, self-denial, health, superiority to the fear of death, and a willingness, if the Master saw fit, to die amongst cannibals. Who will reply to such an appeal? John Hunt answered, "Here am I, send me." Has a scene of danger and difficulty ever presented itself to be occupied by Christian Missionaries, for which Methodism has not found those who were willing to go?

When a stronghold has to be stormed by a portion of an army, lots are drawn to determine which regiment shall lead the van; but when volunteers offer to walk into the jaws of death, that strikes us as noble! John Hunt did that.

False friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose by instituting a comparison between the comforts of a colony in South Africa, and the want of necessaries in Fiji, where the people were by no means particular as to whom they clubbed and cooked. But he heard a Voice they did not hear, he saw a Hand they did not see, and he felt a Power they did not feel. Events have two sides, the human and the Divine; John Hunt viewed his own case on the Divine side, and went to preach the Gospel where it had never been preached before. Who will say Heaven did not exclaim, "Well done!" Was it not the hinge in his life on which his history for time and eternity henceforth moved? Let posterity, and the judgment-day in the world beyond the tomb, decide.

When he arrived at the scene of his labour, the natives were much surprised to see him and his wife come amongst them. There the people in a state of heathenism stood, nearly naked, staring and shouting with astonishment, as they had only seen one white woman before. Others who had lived amongst the Fijians were so afraid of them that they would not walk about amongst them unless well armed with pistols, cutlasses, etc. The will of the chief was law. Amongst them were not many degrees of punishment; most crimes were capital. The Mission-house was within a few yards of the place where the people who were killed were cooked and eaten. Mr. Hunt had sometimes to see a woman of high rank led to her grave alive, and strangled there by her own sons, who seemed to enjoy the horrid deed. When Hunt first went to Somosomo, the principal chiefs were quite impatient of reproof. They were not afraid to say that the customs of eating human flesh and strangling were good, and the people considered the Missionaries their enemies when they reproved them for doing so. No other white man was then living on the island; and so trying was the case, that even Mr. Hunt once said, "Every feeling of our nature, and every principle of our religion, has been tested." Burying alive was one of the customs of the islands. The Missionaries sometimes had to say, "All is war, murder, and destruction;" and they found the people "more like incarnate fiends than men." They needed "always to be ready to part with their property and their lives."

(To be concluded.)

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

JUNE (*continued.*)

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
4.	1 Sam. iv.	Exodus xxv. 10—22; Psalm lxxviii. 56—64	To be recalled	1 Timothy i.
5.	v.	Habakkuk ii. 18—20	Psalm cxxxviii.	ii., iii.
6.	vi.	Jeremiah x. 6—16	Phil. i. 1—4	iv.
7.	vii.	Psalm cxv.	5—8	v.
8.	viii., ix.	1 Samuel x. 1—16	9—12	vi.
9.	x. 17—27	xi., xii.	13—16	2 Timothy i.
10.	xiii. xiv. 1—23	Deut. xxxii. 29—43	17—20	ii.
11.	xiv. 24—52	Psalm xliv. 1—7	21—26	iii., iv.
12.	xv.	l. 1—15.	27—30	Titus i.

In the sixteenth chapter of the First Book of Samuel we have the first notice of the son of Jesse; before venturing to compare the Psalms of David with the events of his life, it is necessary to remark, that we should not forget that they are prophetic writings, many passages having their full significance only in Christ, the establishment of His kingdom, and the righteous overthrow of His enemies.

13.	1 Sam. xvi.	Psalm cxlviii., cl.	To be recalled	Titus ii., iii.
14.	xvii.	xxxiii.	Phil. ii. 1—4	Philemon.
15.	xviii.	xxvi.	5—8	Prov. xxiv.
16.	xix.	xi.	9—12	Ps. lix., cxxxi. lxxxvi.
17.	xx.	Isaiah li. 7—13	13—16	xii., xiii., cxl.
18.	xxi. xxii. 1—5	Psalm xxxiv.	17—20	1 Sam. ii. 27—36 xxii. 6—23 1 Kings ii. 26, 27
19.	Psalm cxli.	cxlii., cxliii.	21—24	Ps. xxxviii., xxxix. xl. 1—4
20.	1 Sam. xxiii.	xxxi.	25—30	xxvii., cxxxix.
21.	xxiv.	lvii.	To be recalled	lvi., lxiii., iv.
22.	xxv.	Prov. xviii. 11—24.	Phil. iii. 1—4	Prov. xxx.
23.	xxvi.	Psalm xvii.	5—8	Ps. xxv., cxxi.
24.	xxvii. xxviii. 1, 2 xxix.	2 Chron. xix. 2 Psalm xxxvii. 7—10	9—12	Deut. xviii. 9—14 1 Sam. xxviii. 3—25 1 Chron. x. 13, 14
25.	xxx.	Psalm ciii.	13—16	1 Sam. xxxi. 1—10 2 Sam. i.
26.	xi. 1—9 xxxi. 11—13	2 Samuel ii. 1—11	17—21	2 Sam. iii., iv. Ps. cxxv. 5
27.	1 Chron. xi. 1—19; xii. 38—40	Psalm ci.	To be recalled	lxxviii.
28.	Num. iv. 1—20	1 Chronicles xiii.	Phil. iv. 1—4	lxvi., viii. Matt. xxi. 15, 16 Heb. ii. 6—9.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE, *continued.*

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
29.	1 Chron. xiv.	Psalm ix.	Phil. iv. 5—8	Ps. v., xxx., xxiii.
30.	xv.	lxviii.	9—12	Ps. xxiv. / 1 Chron. xvi.

JULY.

1.	1 Chron. xvii.	Psalm cxlv.	Phil. iv. 13—17	Psalm xxi. / Jer. xxxiii. 15—26 / Luke i. 26—33
2.	Gen. xxvii. 26—37, Ps. lx.	1 Chron. xviii.	18—23	Psalm xviii. / Rom. xv. 8, 9
3.	1 Sam. xx. 11—17, xxiv. 16—22	2 Samuel ix. / Psalm xv.	To be recalled	Psalm lxv., cx. / xl. 5—10 / Heb. x. 4—13
4.	2 Sam. x.	xx.	Col. i. 1—4	Psalm cvii.
5.	xi.	2 Samuel xii. 1—23	5—8	xxxii. / Isaiah lv. 6—13

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MARY T—.

MARY T— was born at C—, in Cornwall, in the year 1830. When she was about two years of age her parents, who were Methodists, went with their family to live at T—. By the blessing of the Holy Spirit following the teaching she received at home, and at the Sunday-school in that place, she became in very early life the subject of deep religious impressions.

When she was about eight years old her parents placed her at Mrs. N—'s school in T—. Serious impressions followed her. When she was thirteen, she became deeply convinced of the need of a change of heart, and was much affected during a service conducted by the late Mr. Edmund W— one Sunday evening at T—, and in a Love-feast after the public meeting she found peace with God, and under the influence of heart-renewing love, she from that period went on rejoicing in God as the God of her salvation. She became a member of the late Mr. B—'s class at T—, and received a note of admittance into the Methodist Society in June, 1843.

The work of grace increased and deepened in her soul, until she loved God supremely; and the testimony of those with whom she lived is, that she continually aimed at the glory of God. She had regular seasons for retirement every day, and would not allow worldly cares to interrupt her communion with her Heavenly Father. She greatly revered and delighted in the Word of God, and regularly read a portion of it upon her knees, *morning*, *noon*, and *night*; always praying for the Divine blessing before she opened its sacred pages. The souls of the family with whom she resided were very dear to her, and she laboured in many ways, as the Holy Spirit instructed her, to win them to love their Saviour. She felt a lively interest in the revival of the work of God, and the Lord was pleased frequently to answer prayer and pour out His Spirit where she dwelt. She manifested her interest by kneeling beside the seekers of salvation, and successfully

pointing them to the Atoning blood! Many of the young persons to whom she was made a blessing corresponded with her after they left school. In one letter she wrote, "How do you imagine I commenced the year? Not as I anticipated, but I trust profitably, watching by the bed of a sick cottager, who then appeared near death—poor fellow! destitute of the grace of God. O, how I long to help him to heaven!"

At Christmas, 1853, she left T—, and soon after was married to Mr. W—, a Local-preacher. The change did not alter her fixed purpose to serve God; she continued to write to her young friends on the best subjects. One correspondent, in writing to the bereaved friends, gives this testimony: "I can truly say I never spent half an hour in the company of our dear departed friend without being benefitted in some way. Truly she was a 'living epistle.'" And another writes: "She helped me to cast my burdened, guilty spirit on the Atoning Lamb several years ago, and has ever since been a faithful friend, and by precept and example, assisted me to follow on to know

> 'The joys of holiness below,
> And then the joys of heaven.'"

The Leader of the class in which she last met, says: "From the time that Mrs. W— became a member of the class at B—, I have been greatly impressed with her devoted Christian conduct and her attainments in piety. It may be truly said of her that she enjoyed the 'deep things of God.' When speaking her experience in the class-meeting, I have seen the members melted to tears, and when she would engage in prayer at the close of the meeting, you could feel that she was not a stranger to, but a child of, God. I saw her two or three days before her decease; the place seemed a hallowed spot near the verge of heaven." Her bereaved husband, in conversation with a friend, said: "I believe, after dear Polly's conversion, she never lost her confidence in God. When we conversed on experimental religion, I always found her on 'The Rock.' I do not think she supposed herself near death until two or three days before her decease; she then said, 'I have given up *all*.' I asked: 'Do you feel Christ precious?' 'Yes,' she replied; 'Christ is precious, all is well;' and after she was too weak to speak, she gave signs of unwavering trust in Jesus Christ her Saviour. Her last illness was long and painful, but she bore it with calm resignation, and in the morning of the 2d of August, 1858, she 'entered into the joy of her Lord.'"

Callington. JOSEPH MOLE.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

John Wesley: His Life and His work. By the REV. MATTHEW LELIEVRE. Translated by the REV. A. J. FRENCH, B.A. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Sold at 66, Paternoster-row. 1871. —This is an admirable production. Here all the leading facts of Wesley's Life and Work are presented with wonderful succinctness, vividness, and effectiveness. Whilst the author shows a rare power of selection and compression, his narrative is never bare or hurried. The translation is not only strictly accurate, but also strikingly felicitous. The accomplished translator has not let slip any grace of style, but preserves all the freshness, ease, vivacity, vigour, and precision which constitute the charm of first-class French writing. The original volume has attracted great attention in France, and we hope that this charming English version will find at least equal favour in Wesley's own country. We know no better book for a Family Bookcase.

The Life of Samuel Bradburn. By the REV. T. W. BLANSHARD. Second Edition. London: E. Stock.—We are glad of the

opportunity afforded, by a "second edition" of this book, to call the attention of our readers to it. Its subject was one of the greatest orators to which Methodism has given birth, and yet, until the present attempt, nothing has been done in the way of a worthy biography of this remarkable man. Unlike most religious biographies, the one before us does not aim at suppressing the faults and failings of the hero. With the exception of an attempted "smartness" of writing, the author has done his work well.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For June, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
May 31	3 50	8 6	3 24m	11 16a	1 27m	9 48a	10 1a
June 10	3 43	8 15	2 58	11 8	0 51	9 18	9 19
20	3 42	8 20	2 43	10 54	0 17	8 48	8 37
30	3 46	8 20	2 52	10 34	11 41a	8 18	7 55

PHASES OF THE MOON.

3d, Full Moon ..... 6h. 27m. morn. | 18th, New Moon .... 2h. 29m. morn.
10th, Last Quarter .... 0h. 37m. morn. | 25th, First Quarter .. 10h. 44m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 3d ..... 6h. morn., Perigee; distance 221,860 miles.
„ 16th ..... 7h. after., Apogee; „ 252,543 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 237,202 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 1st..... 92,993,070 miles.
July 1st ..... 93,207,580 „
Increase of distance for the month ..... 214,510 „

At New Moon, which occurs on the morning of the 18th, our satellite will be interposed between the Earth and the Sun, and an eclipse will be witnessed toward our antipodes. We see that on the afternoon of the 16th the Moon will be at its greatest distance from the Earth, and consequently the apparent magnitude will be least; the distance will be only slightly diminished at the time of New Moon, so that the apparent diameter will have increased only about two seconds; it will then be twenty-nine minutes and a half as seen from the *centre* of the Earth. Of course at the nearest point of the Earth it will appear larger in the proportion of fifty-nine to sixty; its distance from the Earth's centre being about sixty times the Earth's radius, and consequently its distance from the nearest point of the Earth is about fifty-nine times the Earth's radius.

At that point, then, the apparent diameter of the Moon will be almost precisely thirty minutes, or half a degree. But the Sun's apparent diameter at that time will be thirty-one minutes thirty-three seconds, and so exceeds the Moon's by at least one minute thirty-three seconds: hence at no point on the Earth's surface can the Moon's disc completely cover the Sun's; in other words there cannot be a total eclipse.

At those points where the line joining the centres of the Sun and Moon meets the surface of the Earth, the Moon's disc will appear as a dark circular patch on the Sun, leaving a narrow ring of light round the border. This interesting phenomenon, an annular eclipse, will be witnessed in a line nearly touching Australia at the north-west and crossing Papua. It begins to be visible on the Earth, fifty minutes after Greenwich midnight, on the 18th, and ends at twenty minutes past four.

On the 21st, at 9h. 42m. in the evening, the Sun attains his greatest Northern declination, twenty-three degrees twenty-seven minutes twenty seconds, and the astronomical summer quarter commences.

Mercury will be at its greatest western elongation from the Sun, twenty-three degrees, on the evening of the 10th, and of course rises before him, but hardly in this instance by a sufficiently large interval of time to enable one to see the planet with the naked eye. On the morning of the 16th, soon after midnight, it will be occulted by the Moon,—both will be far below our horizon.

Venus will be very near *Uranus* on the morning of the 4th, and about the same distance from the Moon on the evening of the 21st. It is still approaching the Earth, but has not yet reached its greatest elongation from the Sun, so that the form is slightly gibbous. On the 8th this planet and the Sun will be equally distant from the Earth. Early in the month it will be quite close to Castor and Pollux; on the evening of the 4th the three objects will appear to be in a straight line, Pollux nearly midway between Castor and Venus.

Mars is now in Virgo. On the evening of the 3d it will be remarkably near to *Beta*, a third-magnitude star in that constellation. To the naked eye the appearance will be striking; the fixed star, by contrast, will look like a tiny satellite almost touching the planet. It is very instructive to watch with a good telescope the form and progress of the dark patches, probably seas, on the surface as they are carried round by the planet's rotation on its axis. The brilliantly white tracks round the poles strongly confirm the presumption that there is water on the planet there crystallized into snow, and from the extent of the arctic and antarctic regions compared with those on the surface of the Earth, give us too the information that the temperature there is not very different from what it is with us in the same latitude; and that we have to do with a world very similar to our own, and perhaps quite as well adapted to be the abode of sentient beings. In addition to the information bearing on this point, we seem to be now rapidly approaching to a knowledge of the constitution of this planet's atmosphere.

Jupiter is getting near the Sun, with which it will be in conjunction on the 30th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, and now sets early in the evening. On the 18th, at setting, it will be quite close to the Moon.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Baker, Mr. Richard,	Peterborough,	Peterborough,	67	Mar. 29th, 1871.
Botterill, Mr. Wm.,	Swine,	Hornsea,	83	Feb. 8th, 1871.
Naylor, Mr. Joseph,	Garthorpe,	Goole,	84	Dec. 11th, 1870.
Sherwood, Mr. Wm.,	Hornsea,	Hornsea,	56	Mar. 15th, 1871.
Tanton, Mrs. Priscilla,	Hatfield,	Hornsea,	61	Nov. 2d, 1870.
Webb, Mrs. Ann,	Dresden,	Longton,	44	Feb. 12th, 1871.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH THE CHILDREN.

BY E. WADDY.

"Now, isn't this vexatious?" said George, as he turned reluctantly away from the window; "here's the Sunday we have been looking forward to so long, Miss B— away, no lessons, Cousin Amy here, and we had meant to sit out of doors all afternoon, and this tiresome rain has just come to stop all our pleasure."

"For shame, George," answered his older sister, Rose, a tall girl of thirteen; "you ought to know better than to call the rain 'tiresome;' don't you remember"—

"Yes, I remember all about it, and I am pretty sure you *think* it is

very tiresome, if you are too proper to say it. Won't you get very tired of spending a whole afternoon in-doors, with nothing to do, when you are used to have so much to fill your time up? Because if you do get tired, I suppose it's tiresome."

George looked triumphant, but his expression changed to one of deep disgust when Rose remarked,—

"If you miss our studies so much, you had better apply yourself to them. If you like to write the sermon, or learn your Catechism, I daresay Miss B— will kindly hear you to-morrow; and if not, you will have the advantage of a pleasant employment now, and increased knowledge hereafter."

"What a speech!" sighed George; "I declare, Rose, you and the rain are enough to provoke a saint!"

"And Master George not being a saint, but a very ordinary little boy, is accordingly provoked," continued Rose, with aggravating coolness.

"O, do hush!" exclaimed Amy; "this is a wretched way to spend the day; let's play at some Bible-game."

"We mustn't *play* at anything on Sunday," exclaimed Phœbe, who was sitting on the hearth-rug with her lame foot doubled under *her*, and the kitten in her lap.

"But Bible-games?" urged Amy.

"There are no games in the Bible," said George, sulkily; "at least, all I remember ended in fighting."

"I meant games about the Bible; acrostics to find out, and describing people till the others guess who we mean, and that sort of thing," replied Amy, a little incoherently. "I suppose it is better to read good books, but you don't seem to have many nice ones here. However, it must be better to talk about the Bible than to quarrel."

"What do you do at home, Amy, on Sunday afternoon?" asked Phœbe.

"I learn the text, and a hymn, and some Catechism; then Mamma generally talks to me. What does your Mamma do?"

"Reads to herself, or goes to sleep," answered Phœbe; "we are not old enough yet to sleep in the afternoon, unless we are ill. Sometimes, if I have had a very bad night with my foot, I drop off in the day; but I expect when I have left school, I shall find the two services quite as much as I can manage, and then we can all nap every Sunday after dinner."

"Well, I never heard such a funny thing!" began Amy; but George interrupted her.

"Do you think Aunt would come and talk to all of us, instead of to you by yourself?"

"I should think so; I'll go and see."

In a few minutes she returned, saying, "Mamma just wants to finish her chapter; but she says she will come by and by."

"Of course! that may be any time between now and five minutes

to tea. I know what it means when grown-up people say 'by and by' to children. It means, 'I don't want to leave what I am doing, nor to appear cross by refusing you outright; so if I find a fragment of my valuable time which is quite useless to myself, I will attend to you, but not unless.'"

"Not when *my* Mamma says it, George;" and Amy's cheek flushed.

"Take no notice of him, Amy," said Rose; "he is not generally a rude boy, but just now he is cross."

The indignant disclaimer which was ready on George's lip, was forestalled by Phœbe's plaintive, "Please, don't let us quarrel!" and by Amy's energetic, "Rose, how can you! Mamma says you *never* ought to tell any one they are cross, because if they are not, it is just the way to make them, and if they are, it makes them furious. I think it's dreadful to be called cross, when you are trying all you can not to show it."

This speech had given George time to control himself, so with a mental resolve to tell Amy, the first convenient chance, that she was a dear little thing, and he was sorry he had offended her, he said, in a cheerful tone,—

"If you will show us how, Amy, we will try one of your plans till Aunt comes down, and then perhaps we shall not find the time so long."

As Amy's sympathies had quite swung round to his side, she was prepared to meet his advances cordially.

"I'll get on the sofa before we begin," said Phœbe; "I am tired now."

As soon as the little sufferer had carefully turned pussy out of her lap, George had his strong arms round her, and laid her on the couch as easily as if she had been a baby; for George was really a kind-hearted boy, and very good and gentle to Phœbe.

Meanwhile, the door opened, and Kate, a bright, lively child of six, made her appearance. It was supposed that the nursemaid was taking care of her; but as Susan liked a quiet Sunday after her week's work, the little one had found the nursery so intolerably dull, that she had slipped off unnoticed to join the party in the school-room.

"Now," said Amy, when all were settled, "let us each choose some plant that is mentioned in the Bible, as our favourite, or what we should like to be like, and then all give our reasons. My chosen plant is the vine."

"I prefer the cedar," said George.

"The reed for me," said Phœbe.

"I'll be a gourd," cried little Kate.

"Come, Rose," said George, "one would think you had not far to seek."

"The Rose of Sharon? Too obvious; besides, if it is to be in any way my emblem, it would be scarcely reverent to take that; I say, corn."

"And here's Mamma," exclaimed Amy, in delight; "will you choose a flower, Mamma dear?"

"Not this time, my love; but I will perhaps talk to you about your favourites when you have said your say. Will you begin, George?"

"Cedars are called especially, 'trees of the Lord,' and that seems a grand and honourable distinction. They are such majestic things, so tall, and strong, and wide-spreading, and so supremely indifferent to outward influences; green in the winter, when other trees have given up in despair; dark and sober in the summer, when prosperity—I mean sunshine—has induced the flowers to rush into gaiety."

"Well done, George," cried Amy, clapping her hands, "I don't suppose we can keep it up in that style;" and Phœbe sighed, but Rose smiled complacently.

"But you interrupted me, Amy; I was going on to say that the cedars are 'full of sap;' and I think that's like me, for when I get into mischief, it isn't for the sake of doing wrong, and growing up a wicked man, but I feel it's in me; my blood seems to course through my veins so hot, and quick, and strong, I'm up to anything. Papa says, 'That lad has enough animal spirits for two!' and I have, but I was made so, so it is not my fault, and I think God must like it, or He would not have made both me and *His* trees 'full of sap.'"

Mrs. M— smiled at the impetuous boy, but it was in a very kind and gentle tone that she began,—

"The expression, 'of the Lord,' does not always mean that the things are favourites of the Lord. The Hebrew language is not so complete as ours, they have not such convenient comparatives and superlatives. When they wanted to express themselves very emphatically, they often did it by repeating the verb; for instance, when Judah said to his father, 'Could we certainly know that he would say, Bring your brother down?' in the original his speech is, 'Knowing could we know,' etc. I might give you better examples, but I do not know Hebrew; you will find in your reference Bibles the one I mention. If anything is to be distinguished as very great, sometimes it is called 'of the Lord.' You will find examples in the first chapter of Job, the sixteenth verse, and in 1 Samuel xiv. 15. I give you these examples to show that we need not conclude that God prefers cedars to any other trees. But if I take away your first reason, I strengthen your second; and certainly the cedars are grand and strong, and it is a great blessing for you to feel strong, too, George, but mere power is not admirable unless it is well-directed,—

'What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for Him.

'But saints are lovely in His sight,
He views His children with delight;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks and loves His image there.'

Use your strength in protecting weaker boys, instead of conquering them, and your courage in daring to do right. Be a 'Greatheart,' and you will find full employment for all your energies and spirit, while many a timid pilgrim will love you here, and the 'God of the pilgrims' will bless you eternally. Now, Amy, what have you to say?"

"I love the vine because it is beautiful to look at, and its fruit is not only pleasant, but refreshing and good for sick people. Then, too, Jesus calls Himself a Vine, and says we may be branches, and I want to belong to Him, and live with Him always, close, like the boughs on the vine."

Mrs. M— looked down on the fair young face, unclouded by care or sorrow, and felt a mother's instinctive dread of the trials which she could not avert, which were necessary that so promising a branch should "bring forth more fruit;" but she subdued the emotion, and fondly stroking her little daughter's curls, she answered, "We must be grafted into that Vine, my child, before so close a union can exist. We are not born good branches; but you know this, and have sought and obtained acceptance; your danger now would lie in not keeping up the connection that is formed. Children of pious parents, who are trained to all the outward observances of religion, whether they like them or not, and who are hedged-in from committing the grosser kinds of sin, are tempted, like the Jews of old, to trust in all these things, which are really no credit to them, instead of seeking real heart-religion. Never forget, Amy, that the branch after it is 'grafted-in' may wither and die and be broken off again, 'whose end is to be burned: but, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak.'"

"I want to be a gourd," began Kate, "because it grew up so fast, and was so useful, and a great, big, grown-up man could get under it, and hardly knew what he should do without it."

"That was Jonah's gourd, Kate," said Rose; "it grew up like that by a miracle, they don't grow so fast now."

"If it had grown slower, very likely it would have been useful longer," urged George; "how should you like only to live one day after you were grown-up?"

Kate discreetly ignored Rose's view, and turned her energies to attacking George.

"It wasn't the poor gourd's fault that it died the next day; you can't prove that it would not be alive now, if that naughty, cross man had behaved himself. God had to kill his gourd to punish him, because he grumbled so."

"It was altogether an extraordinary case," said Phœbe; "I think it is hardly fair to argue about it at all, and you will never convince each other."

"So I think, Phœbe," said Mrs. M—; "but there is a good deal of truth in George's idea, that the same amount of work may be done in one exhausting effort, or safely spread over a long time; we see that constantly."

"But, Aunt, I want to be useful *quick*. I can't do anything yet."

"Not much, perhaps, Katie; but you can certainly do something, either to help or hinder grown-up people. A child has been known to lay stones on the railway-line to stop the great train as it came along."

"O, Aunt! how wicked; I would never do that."

"No, dear, I am sure you never would; but once there was a man dragging a heavy hand-cart up a steep hill, a little boy went and offered to help him, but he told him he was not strong enough, he would hurt himself. So the little boy began to kick all the stones aside that lay in the way of the wheels, so that the road might be smooth and easy. That is a parable, my pet; I don't mean you are literally to dash into the horse-road and pick up stones, only to do any little thing you can to help others. Yesterday, as Mamma and I sat sewing, her reel of cotton rolled down amongst your toys without her noticing it, so that next time she wanted it, she wasted her time looking for it, and you never thought of bringing it to her, till she asked you straight out if you had seen it."

"But I was busy with my doll."

"Mamma is often busy when you want her to do things for you; if you loved her as much as she loves you, you would have taken it to her at once, before she had lost any time. That would have pleased her very much, and it would have pleased God as well."

"Does God care about a cotton-reel? I only expected to please Him when I was a woman, and did great things."

"Indeed, God cares very much about little things, Katie; so much so, that He promises to show you how to do great things when you have learned to do the little ones well. Will you go on, Phœbe?"

"I like to think about a reed, because God made it weak on purpose, and because He never loses patience with it for being weak, not even when it has given way and nearly broken"—

Her quivering lip showed that she could not finish her speech with a personal application, and after a moment's waiting for her to go on, Mrs. M— lifted the little cripple on her knee, saying, "No, my darling, our Father never loses patience; He loves and pities the weak. Do you know, Phœbe, it is often easier for sick and weak people to trust Him, than it is for those who are strong? Yes, I know it sounds strange, but the more helpless we are, the sooner we learn to trust in God alone. When we feel we are strong enough to take care of

ourselves, and to do a great many things, we get independent and self-confident, and almost think we can do without God's help. If your weakness makes you sad, tell your Father all about it, He will *always* help you."

"I chose corn because it is so extensively useful," began Rose. "In its simple form it 'ministers seed to the sower;' in another form 'bread to the eater;' but is never flaunting. So I wish, as far as is consistent with womanly modesty, to exert a good influence on all around, to sow the seeds of Divine truth in the hearts of the careless, and by word and example to nourish the higher life in those who have already believed."

"A slight confusion in your figures, my dear; but this is not a composition exercise. I hope you will be as good as wheat, and bring forth a hundredfold. Only, mind you *are* wheat. Do you know what 'the tares' of Scripture are?"

"Vetches, I believe, which bind the wheat together with their clinging tendrils, and destroy it."

"That used to be the opinion, but it is now believed that the word should be darnel. I will fetch you a picture of it. The stalk is bent to get it into a small page, but it grows about as high as the wheat, and is so much like it that it cannot be distinguished in the field. If the seeds are accidentally used with the grains of wheat, they make people sick and dizzy. Remember, it is its similarity to the good corn, and its growing with it, that make it dangerous. Openly wicked people are not 'tares.' Tares are those who have entered the visible Church from various reasons, but have never joined the spiritual. Moral people, who talk like Christ's own disciples, behave like them, as far as man can see, and yet have never been converted. There are many such, who have been well trained as children, and attend the same place of worship as their parents, and are very nice, amiable people; but though we cannot see that they are hypocrites, God can; and when He gathers the wheat into His garner, He will reject such, despite of their fair seeming."

"Aunt, does wheat ever grow wild?"

"No, Rose; some sort of corn flourishes in every part of the world, if it is sown; but a field of wild wheat, self-sown, is never found."

"Another lesson, is it not, that good people don't grow good of themselves, without cultivation?"

"Not only so; but if corn is neglected, and allowed to run wild, it generally turns to darnel, and becomes useless, or rather injurious; so a Christian who grows careless, soon ceases to have a good influence, and at last does positive harm."

There was a moment's silence, then Kate jumped up, saying, "Well, I have not understood it quite all, but it was nicer than sitting quite still on Susan's knee while she read to herself."

"Mamma," exclaimed Amy, "I do believe you have turned our game into a Class-meeting. We have told you our thoughts and wishes, and you have given us advice."

"Hardly your 'experience,'" said Mrs. M—, smiling. "However, it is perhaps a children's Class-meeting, after all; in that case we will conclude properly, as there are yet a few minutes before tea-time. Let us sing,

'I think when I read that sweet story of old.'"

As they knelt down after the hymn, Rose whispered, "Aunt, pray that I, that we may none of us be darnel."

Mrs. M— did so in a few words, and before their patience had begun to be taxed, the prayer was over.

"I wish you were going to live here always, Aunt," said George, earnestly; "it is so hard for children to know how to spend Sunday both properly and happily, unless grown-up people will help them."

"Perhaps I shall stay over next Sunday, George. Hark, Mamma is calling us; we must go down now."

SAVING FAITH,

IN ITS RELATION TO THE WORD OF GOD AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. FINNEMORE.

"The true, living, Christian faith, which whosoever hath is born of God, is not only assent, an act of the understanding, but a disposition which God hath wrought in his heart; 'a sure trust and confidence in God, that, through the merits of Christ, his sins are forgiven, and he reconciled to the favour of God.'" — *Wesley's Sermon on "The Marks of the New Birth."*

ACCORDING to this quotation, saving faith is not a mere assent of the mind, but implies also a disposition of the heart. In its ultimate, effective operation, its object is not a statement or a theory, but a Person. It is the reliance of the heart upon Jesus Christ, in the confident belief of His power and willingness to save. Yet this disposition of the heart is essentially related to the assent of the mind,—without the one, the other is impossible. I must *know* a person before I can *confide* in him; and to know him, I must either live with him, observing everything that will give me an insight into his character, or I must have an authoritative and undoubted testimony respecting him from some other, whose knowledge and character qualify him to make such a statement. This is precisely our position in reference to saving faith. We are required to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; to place our entire confidence, for time and eternity, in Him. It is obvious that we cannot so believe in Him without knowing Him, and it is equally clear that we cannot obtain this necessary *preliminary* knowledge from personal contact with Him. We are, therefore, altogether dependent upon the statements of others. The only authoritative and reliable statements to this effect are those contained in the Bible. Hence the essential relation between saving faith and the Scriptures.

The truth concerning Christ is the

great central truth of revelation. Towards this all its lines converge with unerring exactitude. Its history, its doctrine, its poetry, and its prophecies, all look towards and are explained by the one truth to which all others do homage. This is the sun of the system, without which all those other truths which shine like stars in the firmament of revelation would be dark. If you take Christ from the Bible, you take the keystone from the arch of truth, and what remains falls into a heap of ruins; beautiful in its parts, but without form or continuity. So essential is the doctrine of Christ to the entire system of truth propounded in the Bible. It is, then, from this that we obtain that knowledge of Christ which begets and justifies our confidence in Him.

"Here Jesus in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts His poverty and pains,
And tells His love in melting strains."

It is by the unprejudiced and prayerful study of this Word that Christians gather strength to their faith, until, in their confidence, they become "divinely bold." The reading of the Scriptures with prayer is most conducive to this end, and those who use it are constantly gaining confidence and increasing strength.

It is by the simple and faithful proclamation of this Word that men's confidence is won, and such proclamation is successful in proportion to the clearness with which the great central truth is set forth. Lectures on dependent truths are useful so far as they clear the perceptions and establish the minds of men. But the truth concerning Christ, is that by the enunciation of which men's hearts are to be won, and their faith encouraged and confirmed. The Cross—"the great attracting sign"—is not lifted up in vain. The very exhibition of it revives hope and encourages confidence, for it is the foundation of both. All other parts of the Christian system are dependent upon this, and, therefore, in some way point to it, so that, however varied the distinctive themes of our discourse may be, we can proclaim the same great truth in connection with them all. It is, then, by the faithful preaching, or the prayerful perusal of God's Word, that men come to believe. The relation of the one to the other is clear. The Word is not itself the foundation of our faith, but it discovers such foundation to us. It gives us that information without which we could not properly believe.

We now proceed to notice the relation of this same faith to the Christian life. The Holy Spirit begets Christian faith by means of His Word; He also begets Christian life by means of this faith. The relation between the two is so essential, that without the one the other is impossible.

Faith is the condition of that salvation, the enjoyment and prospect of which are the distinctive characteristics of the Christian life. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, but he that believeth not the Son shall not see life." Here is the distinction between a man who is a Christian and a man who is not. The one is in a state of reconciliation; the other, of condemnation. Humanly speaking, it is by that faith in Christ by which we appropriate the merits of His death, that this distinction is made. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." It is, then, by faith that the stream of grace is turned into the channel of the heart. It is not the Christian life

itself, but it opens up the source of that life, and establishes a medium of communication between that source and the soul.

Faith is the condition of the Christian life in all its stages. St. Paul teaches this in his sublime paradox: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." By the constant operation of faith, he becomes one with Jesus Christ in such a sense that the distinctive features of his own human life are lost, and it resolves itself into an exhibition of the spirit and life of Christ. His life flows from the Lord, and therefore resembles His. It is the same with all Christian life. It is the result of union with Christ, and flows from Him. It is, therefore, an exhibition of His character and life. It is true only so far as this is the case. We live, yet not we, but Christ liveth in us, and the life which we now live, we live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved us, and gave Himself for us.

The essential relation of this faith to the Christian life is, then, perfectly clear. It is the link which unites us to Christ, through which He communicates His own life to us. As the lightning-rod conveys the electric fluid from the clouds above to the earth beneath, so faith conveys the Divine life from Christ to us.

We have thus seen that saving faith draws its life from the Word of God, and that it brings life to the soul of man. We could not believe in Christ, without that knowledge of Him which the Bible gives. We could have no Christian life without that faith which unites us to Christ. We, therefore, urge our readers to make the truth of Christ the great subject of their thought, that their faith in Him may become stronger, and their Christian life more vigorous, day by day.

FEMALE PRAYER-MEETINGS.

AFTER our week of special services about twelve months ago, a great desire was felt by some ladies of the congregation that the blessings then obtained should not be lost, but that they might be led from strength to strength into that way of holiness in which it is promised the redeemed shall walk. To plead for this, they resolved to meet once a week for an hour of prayer amongst themselves, and also to intercede for the blessing of God upon their work in His vineyard, and for an increase of numbers and earnestness in our Society and congregations. This meeting included only females who were willing to pray in their turn. Sometimes the room in which it was held was full; sometimes only two or three were met together; but since the commencement, every week there has ascended earnest, sincere prayer to God, and truly every week has the Saviour, according to His promise, been in the midst, hearing and answering. All who met together were workers in Christ's Church: Leaders, Sunday-school teachers, tract-distributors, and others who were striving in various ways to lead souls to Christ; and we think there is not one who has not cause to remember those happy hours with thankfulness, feeling that they have been the means of bringing down showers of blessing to water the seed their hands have scattered. In every kind of work we have been blessed; the Leaders have seen their classes increase, in one case more than doubled; the Sunday-school

teachers have seen their girls brought by the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit to care for the salvation of their souls; and the tract-distributors have felt encouraged to go onward with their work, in the morning sowing their seed, and in the evening withholding not their hand, though they know not "whether shall prosper, either this or that." But besides this increase of energy and efficiency in our existing agencies, the idea was suggested of commencing cottage prayer-meetings for poor women in those parts of the town where few attended any place of worship. For this purpose rooms were kindly lent, and every week one or two ladies attended to conduct the meeting, aided in some neighbourhoods by poor women who were themselves Christians, and gave most willingly their help in prayer, and by inviting their friends and neighbours.

To the tract-distributors this plan was particularly welcome, for poor women with little children and many household cares, seem often so overburdened, that the story of Jesu's love and the better country, seems to them scarcely a reality. Every one who has tried to induce them to care for their souls, knows the oft-repeated excuse that the baby cannot be left, or the dinner must be cooked on Sunday, and how difficult it is to draw their attention from the things of this life to those that are unseen and eternal. The want of clothes, too, fit for attendance at any place of worship, is often a great obstacle; but we can persuade those who would not be seen at chapel or church, that anything will do to come in for an hour into their neighbour's kitchen, though one poor ragged creature was ashamed to appear even there until the lady offered to walk with her to the meeting. Yet it is surprising to see how eagerly these same women will listen to the Word of Life, or to the prayers offered up to Him Whom they have so long slighted.

Our usual plan is, after the opening hymn and prayer, to read some portion of Scripture, and explain it briefly and simply; the rest of the time is spent in singing and prayer, the whole meeting usually lasting an hour. We have seen eyes not used to tears overflow at the story of the prodigal son, and the explanation of our Heavenly Father's wonderful love to sinners; and faces heavy with many a care and sorrow, brighten as they heard of the city whose streets are of pure gold, and whose gates are of pearl, the place prepared for them if they will strive to enter. And how often while assembled in our little room with those poor women, have we felt Jesus in the midst speaking His blessing, "Peace be unto you!"

In this work, as in all work for Christ in which we attack the prince of this world, whose kingdom we would overturn, we have met with discouragements. Sometimes our attendance has been small, yet we have always had some one. We have now six meetings in different parts of the town, held every week, and our average attendance is about fifty. There are ten or twelve ladies engaged in the work. The tract-distributor in the district has generally the most interest in the people, and where she can be present weekly the meeting is the largest.

We give this brief outline of our little meetings in the hope that some lady with a little time to spare, who is desirous of working for Christ amongst the poor, may find it useful, and be induced to try a similar plan; for we know that by

this means some who were living in indifference to all religion, have been brought to seek and find their Saviour, and that an influence for good has extended over the neighbourhood in which these meetings have been held. "We have souls as well as other people," said one woman to a lady visiting her. The speaker had seemed thoroughly engrossed with this present world. "It was so beautiful to hear them praying as if they knew Who they were talking to," said another, who had probably never heard a prayer for years. And who that love Christ as their own Saviour, will not be anxious to teach these, our sisters, who are bearing the burden and heat of the day, that they have not only souls, but a Saviour Who can give to those weary souls rest; that they who have so many sorrows and cares, have also a Friend Whose ear is ever open to their cry, Who has borne their sorrows, and is acquainted with their grief, on Whom they may cast their every care, for He careth for them?

Our meetings have been for women only, but their influence has not ceased there. When a wife is converted, her first thought is for the soul of her husband, for whom earnest prayer is often offered in the meeting, and in some cases the answer has already been given. We may relate an incident of a woman who, having been led to Jesus, persuaded her husband to come to some special services held in one of our chapels. He was there convinced of sin, and went home very cast down. All night he, with his wife by his side, prayed and wrestled with God until he found peace. These people, living in a most ungodly neighbourhood, lent their kitchen for one of our meetings. It was soon filled, and not content with this, they wished to have a general prayer-meeting on Sunday evening, which is attended by as many as can possibly be crowded into the house, and has already been made the means of salvation to several. Thus the "little leaven" works, and it will presently "leaven the whole lump."

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. And if the promise be true, that what we ask we shall receive; that those who seek shall find; that to those who knock it shall be opened, we must believe that on high there is the record of prayers, and sighs, and desires which shall in due time receive their answer.

We hope still for greater things than we have yet seen, knowing that there is no depth of sin or misery deeper than the Fountain open to wash away all sin. Other ways of benefitting these women might perhaps be more attractive and draw together larger numbers, but when they are hungering for bread shall we give them a stone? and while they are thirsting for the Water of Life, shall we bring them to cisterns of our own hewing, and not to the River of Life? We would not let this interfere with any effort in helping their poverty, nor say, "be ye warmed and filled," and send them away empty. We may well strive, as far as we can, to help to clothe and feed them and their children, and we shall have their grateful thanks; but how different is their heartfelt love to those who have taught them first to look to Jesus as their Saviour and Friend.

We have had no difficulty in finding helpers ready to assist in this work, and to devote to it an hour every week or fortnight, and as there is no expense incurred, any one desirous of trying the plan has only

to engage the help of a few friends who are ready to take up the cross, (if it be to them a cross,) and go forth to plead with their sisters before the throne of grace. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." On this promise we rely, but sorrowfully acknowledge that the asking is more easy than the believing. If it were not so, if our faith were as great as our desire for the salvation of others and the coming of Christ's kingdom, most surely we should oftener receive those things for which we ask.

It is a very silent work, making no noise or show; week by week the workers go forth and sow the seed. A few tears, a faltering prayer, a heart-broken cry for forgiveness, these are the signs that the seed has fallen into good ground, and with thankful, humble hearts the sowers return to their homes. We cannot give a description of a meeting, it is not to be written about or discussed. Many are the beautiful thoughts which, in the simplest language, we hear from the lips of those who, all untaught, and unused to pray, strive, perhaps for the first time in their lives, to come to the mercy-seat. And how can we tell the rush of hallowed joy we feel as one by one the Spirit touches not only the heart but the lips with the live coal from off the altar, and the burden borne for so many years is cast in child-like faith at Jesu's feet? "My heart is so full I can't pray," said one. "That's just the time to come and tell it all to Jesus," said another, kneeling by her who had shortly before found peace herself; and soon that poor heart, so full of care and sin, cast its burden upon the Lord in earnest, pleading prayer. And any one who will try a similar plan will find, when the Spirit descends with His mighty power, and those living far from God are brought "nigh by the blood of Christ," that an influence is there which is not human, but Divine. We feel that the great mission of our Church is to carry the Gospel to those who will not come to hear it; to go forth into the highways and hedges, and compel the people to come in.

And while on every hand the cry is raised for women to have liberty and room to work, let us, the women of Methodism, rejoicing in "the glorious liberty of the children of God," strive by earnest prayer and patient self-denial to help our sisters, however low they may be fallen, that they, with us, may serve and praise God in the home-circle, training up their little ones "in the fear of the Lord," walking before Him with that "meek and quiet spirit," which is in His sight of "great price."

SELF-INCLUDED RETRIBUTION.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

"The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways: and a good man shall be satisfied from himself." (Prov. xiv. 14.)

He who, leaving the highway in which he has been lawfully travelling, breaks through hedges high, and thorny, and strong, is likely to suffer. There are the elements of penal distress in the way he has chosen. Possibly the hand of the constable may be speedily laid on him. He may become practically acquainted with the prison cell, the stocks, or the treadwheel. But, whoever exacts such penalties from the offender, or refrains from so doing, the transgressor will not escape. The road he has selected contains in itself the occasion of suffering. Conviction,

sentence, and punishment will go on as the man proceeds, if even no magistrate live within ten miles of the place. The misery he thus incurs will not avert future infliction of a legal kind, but it will have to be endured meanwhile.

He who devotes himself earnestly, and skilfully, and perseveringly to the cultivation of the plot of ground occupied by him, is likely to have daily bread. Some day he may be enriched by an unexpected gift, or by a long-anticipated legacy, or in some other manner. But he need not look with painful anxiety beyond his own farm. With the blessing of Providence on his endeavours, he may expect daily bread from the land he tills. Industry, and tact, and patience have their reward. Windfalls now and then happen. Some men are thus favoured. But we shall not do well to depend on them. We had better look for satisfaction from suitable effort.

In like manner those who do right have much blessedness whatever betide. That which is altogether beyond their power to direct may be favourable. Acquaintances may prove exceedingly kind. Business may be successful beyond any reasonable expectation. Health may be prolonged to an advanced age. Should these external advantages be afforded, the good man will thankfully rejoice. But he is not dependent for his blessedness on any of them. Those who do wrong cannot be truly enriched by any external circumstances. Such may be placed in a position envied by observers, yet the occasion of wretchedness is within, and will make itself painfully felt.

Somewhat more than half a century ago, one of the earliest agents of the Church Missionary Society proved unfaithful. He yielded to temptation, fell into gross sin, disgraced the cause of Christ, and, of course, had to be dismissed from the post he had previously occupied with considerable credit and success. He was, however, a man of great energy and undoubted ability. Those who had been associated with him felt that they had, by his unhappy apostasy, sustained a great loss. He at once entered into business, and, as the colony to which he had been sent was in prosperous condition, he was very successful. But he was unhappy amid augmenting wealth. As an agent of the Missionary Society he must have remained comparatively a poor man, but would have enjoyed a peace of mind to which, as a wealthy settler, he was utterly a stranger. After the lapse of some years he wrote thus to one whom he had known and loved in happier times:—

"When I was with you last Saturday evening, my heart was so full that I could not give expression to my feelings. While I was thankful to God that I had ever known you, I had distressing apprehensions we should never again meet on earth. You have laboured many years in this remote part of the world, and God has honoured you with great success in winning souls to Christ. Ah, my dear Sir, I cannot refer to my own case, it is too painful! You are aware that I have, at this moment, two rich and extensive estates; but I am miserable. In my rush-covered hut where you used to visit me, I was happy. The pleasure I experienced in the service of God, the joy arising from a good conscience, and the approbation and prayers of Christian friends at home and abroad, mitigated my many trials, and made me indifferent to poverty and danger.

My children are well, happy, and dutiful. I have abundance, yet I am miserable." The unhappy man had been painfully taught that "the way of transgressors is hard." Let us hope that he was led to repentance. Soon after he had penned the letter from which we have made the preceding extracts, he set sail in a boat to arrange concerning the fulfilment of a mercantile contract. The boat was unfortunately upset, and he, with several others, were drowned.

One day a woman was taken to an hospital, as she had received very serious injuries. Her husband, while drunk, had pushed her downstairs. It was one of those cases which are so common that they attract little attention, but are unutterably painful in their details. Her leg had been broken, and her head much injured. The limb was duly set, and the head examined and bound up. The surgeons thought she might get better, yét were somewhat doubtful, as the fracture of the skull was serious, and her constitution exceedingly feeble. Having dwelt in a drunkard's home, there was no wonder that she was weak. Her sufferings in the hospital were very severe, and there was no pleasant prospect for her if she recovered. None of the attendants, however kindly disposed, could bring anything like gladness to the sufferer. They might, to some extent, and at times, relieve her agony, but they were unable to provide joy for their patient. Yet did that sufferer possess such happiness. The wellspring thereof was within her own heart. Those around were led to wonder thereat, and to ask whence the joy came.

As she lay on her bed in extreme suffering, she was overheard repeating to herself, from time to time, the hymn commencing, "Here we suffer grief and pain," etc., and especially dwelling on the lines concerning the gladness of those who enter heaven:

> "O, that will be joyful,
> Joyful, joyful, joyful!"

One medical student especially was led to see the value of such Divine comfort in affliction, and to seek it for himself. He perceived how speedily streams of earthly sort might fail, and how important it was to have the wellspring within. The sufferer was not required to return to the wretched home of her wicked and besotted husband. She had acted her part nobly and lovingly. God took her from that sick-ward in the hospital to His home in heaven. To the last the sufferer whispered, "O, that will be joyful!"

A CURIOUS PRAYER.

An old Methodist preacher in America, named Derwell, was a very pious man, but rather eccentric, like many of his brethren in that time and country. In 1812, he went from Tennessee to Kentucky to visit a relative, the Honourable William Bolton. This gentleman made no profession of religion, but as a matter of courtesy he invited his cousin to lead family prayer with them every evening. One day, a judge and his lady arrived from Nashville, to stay the night at Mr. Bolton's. Their host felt embarrassed as the hour for prayer approached; and, in giving the Bible to his cousin, he whispered that he had better "be short, as the judge was not likely to be accustomed to that sort of thing."

"Very well, very well," replied Mr. Derwell.

He read a single verse, then knelt down, and prayed as follows:—

"O Lord! we are poor creatures, we have great needs, and we know that Thou canst succour us; but Cousin William says that the judge and his wife, who are come from Nashville, are not used to family worship; and so, though our wants are great, we have not time to pray to Thee! Amen."

The judge was greatly surprised at this prayer, but not more so than Cousin William. They both begged the old preacher to conduct the service as he had meant to do in the first instance. He promptly complied with their request, and acquitted himself to the complete satisfaction of all.

SONNET.

O God of summer! Thou with joy hast fill'd
Our hearts to overflowing. May our praise
Rise as the fragrance of these glorious days,
And round Thy name a grateful song upbuild.
Thou hast endow'd all things with beauty,—hill,
And dell, leaf, bud, and blade; a beauty *felt*,
And through our breast, with a delicious thrill,
Leaps purest pleasure; in Thy hands a belt,
Binding our thoughts to Thee, and scenes more fair.
Shine down, O Sun of Righteousness! and make
Perpetual summer in our souls; now take
Them, gentle Husbandman, beneath Thy care,
Till, unto full perfection brought, we stand
Among Thy chosen, in the cloudless land.

Uttoxeter. S. J. H.

BETHESDA.—John v.

A motley crowd—blind, wither'd, halt, and lame—
In those five porches at Bethesda lie,
Waiting the messenger from yonder sky
To stir those depths,—new wonders to proclaim.
But in that crowd moves One of holiest mien,
Lord of that healing power! He looks around,
And one in abject want upon the ground
Arrests His eye of love. Small need, I ween,
To pour that plaint, "I have no man to bring
Me to the pool, and others step before."
Nor needeth he, poor wretch, to utter more;
His woes and wants have moved a deeper spring
Than this famed pool. The word, to "lift his bed,
And journey home," is given. His wants and woes are fled.

Gosport. Charles Churchill.

BELFAST.

A WALK FROM PETER'S-HILL TO SMITHFIELD, SATURDAY NIGHT, 8 P.M.

We take our first position on the top of Peter's-hill; Millfield, a near relation of Pound-street, is on our right, and Carrick-hill, its twin brother, on our left. At the corner of the latter street, is the house of the late Dr. Hanna, bearing on its gable, and in the wood-work and plaster, a number of bullet marks, remembrancers of the riots of 1864. Directly in front of us is North-street, containing, as far as the eye can reach, a surging sea of human beings. One could easily think it possible to walk on heads from this point to Hercules-street. North-street has been lately paved with square *setts*, and the constant tread of feet has made them pretty smooth. At the joinings the sand has edged itself in, thereby

making the street a level and pleasant parade. The shop-windows all down on either side throw their cheerful blaze across the street, and the now neat footpaths are really suggestive of comfortable things, such as clean kitchens and nice fires, or even parlours, cozy grates, and easy sofas. We do not wonder that the working-men of Belfast, and their wives and children, under the influence of relaxation, and in a sauntering mood, find their way in thousands into North-street on Saturday evenings. There is no mistaking the mood of mind they are in at present, or its cause. Those cheerful shop-windows and their tempting wares,—bonnets and boots for the wives, and "slips" and sweetmeats for the children,—are not unpleasant commodities when you have money. Did you ever examine Mary's countenance as she brought you face to face with a nice bonnet, or a neat pair of boots? or picture your own physiog as the appeal went home, and you gave way, and allowed yourself to be led in, just to have a look and ask the price? The beauty was bought, and Mary was triumphant. Now, there is a couple who seem to be at home; they have got about

as much as both can carry,—meal, flour, butter, eggs, beef, two new hats, and the rest we cannot see. "Now, John, get something for the baby;" and, of course, John stops and looks in at this and the other window. It is really difficult to decide what is "nicest" and best for baby, — tarts, toffy, and sweetmeats— basket-shaped, fish-shaped, and egg-shaped. But Mary decides that it shall be a gingerbread horse and a rider with a gold-leaf cap. She knows children love horses, and so John fumbles and fishes up twopence to be spent in luxuries for baby and the rest. O, well, Mr. Savings'-Bank, the outlay might be spared! luxuries, whilst there are so many poor, are wrong, but still we think the horse for baby is well-spent money.

We force our way down North-street, —no easy task; here is a lot of little fellows with their noses as close as possible to a pastry-shop window. "Eh, Dick, isn't that a fizzer?" says one, pointing in the direction of a savoury-looking mutton-pie. "Man, Billy, couldn't I!" says Dick, bringing his lips together, as if munching and crunching. There are too many of them, or we should be tempted to treat them to pies all round. Almost everybody in Belfast comes to North-street on Saturday night. If you took a general survey of the head-gear from Peter's-hill, you would agree with us, that the classes mingle, and are fairly represented here. Here are satin hats, fine felts, medium, spicy, rakish, trim, neat, half-worn, etc.; and then of bonnets there are fancy, genteel, quiet, respectable, flashy, *stuck-up's* and stuck-on's. At intervals on the side-walks are apple, orange, and fish-women, pushing their several wares with tact and generalship. They have lungs of the right sort; we guess they are seldom troubled with colds. Their specifics in regard to sound lungs and cold-prevention would be useful to all out-door preachers, and might be something like this: "Speak so as the people can hear you, and to be able to do this, speak often; throw away your neck-ties and collars, and *give mouth*." As good a receipt, we dare say, as Stolberg's lozenges.

A squabble has just burst out of one of the lanes. "It's them 'coorts,'" says an old woman. Yes, it is the *courts* and the drink. With great difficulty we squeeze into Wine Tavern-street, which contains an unusual quantity of human hen-coops and sentry-boxes. From cellar to ceiling it is packed up, jammed up, crammed up, piled up with immortal beings. Nothing but a general conflagration, or a universal besom of destruction, would be of any service here. Whenever we come in contact with people living in localities like this, our invariable advice is, "Get out of this, if you can, and as soon as possible;" for almost anybody living in dens, dirt, and misery, will sin, and sin, and sin, and swear at neighbours, themselves, the stools, or the rags in the window-panes. "'Tis of no use," said Jemmy to us the other day; "not the slightest, my dear Sir, running away into metaphysical poetry to describe the advantage and beauty of city-life; the plain truth is, your towns are the shambles of society, mills where souls and bodies are ground up for villas. I call it savage to shut people up in lanes and courts. Call that civilization; bah!" It was strong language, but with truth in it.

But we trudge on, and by and by we find ourselves in Smithfield. Smithfield is a square within a square, *imperium in imperio*, the outer one consists of a range of all sorts of houses, pawn-shops, public-houses, furniture dealers, coopers, etc.; the inner one is a market for all sorts of things, round which are ranged sheds outer and inner, the greater number being divided by a partition. The inner shops face the market, the outer front the publicans, pawnbrokers, coopers, etc. The market is uncovered, and the entrance to it is by four arches, or gateways, which are closed at night. The sheds contain tinsmiths, saddlers, hardware merchants of old saws, old planes, old everything; book-men, picture dealers, bedstead fixers, and so forth. Yes, we have a Smithfield in

Belfast, equal, excepting its religious associations, to that in London.

We push our way through one of the archways, and are in the centre of the city of Belfast, in the centre of our northern civilization; in other words, in Smithfield. To the right are wholesale merchants of small fish, who drive a large trade with rag-men and timber-merchants in the fire-light line. Near to them are gardeners from the country, disposing of flower and shrub roots, crocuses, wallflowers, mignonette, laurel, etc. Some of the flowers are in bloom. What a contrast—fish and flowers! and what a blending of perfumes! Beyond, are old-iron stalls; further on still, and beneath sheds, are old clothes and old hats, in such quantities, and of such variety in shape and style, as to suggest the idea of a wholesale emigration of the natives, in the hurry of departure leaving behind their garments. To the left are picture-frames containing pictures of—well, we had better not say what; old beds, old chairs, old clocks; birds and cages; old cupboards; crockery; tables of the usual worm-eaten, legless, spliced and polished-up class; cart-wheels; broken-down coaches; old books; oranges, apples; boiled beans, etc. Here, in this mart of tumble-down rubbish, congregate every Saturday night the struggling, suffering, and sinning masses of the city, to spend what is left of the pence or pounds of the week's earnings. Here are females, with their heads enveloped in old capes or shawls, poking amongst a lot of rags that were once caps and little coats, or petticoats. What a stretch of imagination it requires to see in those nondescript articles the future Sunday finery; but necessity is the mother of invention. What a study for the artist are those mothers!—their features indented by poverty, suffering, sin, reverses, and disease.

There are a few even here whose decent rags and honest look speak of patient toil and cheerful trust. God bless you! hope on! Others, alas! bear the brand of sin. Downcast features, leering looks, unkempt hair, and foulness of dress, indicate Godless homes, and drunken husbands. Several auctioneers are shouting, "Going, Going," at the top of their voice; receiving imaginary bids, and knocking goods down to nobody, occasionally getting a genuine bid. Their goods, too, are of the Smithfield type,—coats of the newest fashion, the tails having been cut off and sewed to the outside pockets, and made "round-abouters," or, as near as the cloth would permit, to a faint imitation of modern style. Other garments have been turned upside down, or inside out, and hemmed and braided to perfection.

Little ones are here with their pennies, looking consequential from the fact of their having the command of the biggest penny-worth obtainable in whelk, bean, apple, orange, or toffy. Yonder is the weighing-machine, guaranteed to weigh correctly self, top-coat, brogues, and bundle, for the small charge of a penny; and there, the universal pill-and-plaster doctor. He has got hold of a human skull, and of the words *cranium* and *cerebellum*, and is putting the trio through their facings; now balancing the skull on the tip of his thumb, and dwelling largely on the cranium, and now juggling cerebellum through an immense variety of provincialisms. Yet the oratory had the desired effect. A doctor that could handle a skull with freedom, and use words that neither he nor his audience could comprehend, left an impression in favour of his pills and plaster, and so the audience listened admiringly, and bought. If phrenology be correct, the owner of the manipulate skull must have been governed in life by the animal propensities. But grace reigns through all formations, and in all circumstances. The Bible is our guide, not the glimmering of immature science. But we leave phrenology, the doctor, and his audience, and pass on to the indispensable book-stall. How many hours we have spent about this old stall! Here we often see the notables of our city rubbing sleeves with the boys in fustian. Give that lad a little time and

a few books, and the fustian will be exchanged for broadcloth. If it were not for that old book-stall, we should seldom be found in Smithfield; for though we sympathize with the poor, and would wish to see them improved, both in circumstances and in soul, yet we do not admire the market-place of misery.

But let us glance at the outer square. More easily said than done! The passage to the arch opposite is choked by crowds listening to speech-makers, mock-auctioneers, and sellers of different wares. There ought to be some right-of-way out, but vendors pay for their positions, as well as some occupants of higher places. So we must push on and edge through as best we may. Here is a youth trying to make people believe that he is putting shillings and sixpences into a purse and selling the entire lot for a shilling, and buyers are numerous. Mark this proof of progress, a boy of sixteen can cheat a man of sixty! So those poor souls allow themselves to be cheated of their hard-earned shillings.

At length we are free; free to breathe, even if it be factory smoke, once more. The demand governs the supply, and the demand for such places as Smithfield in every large city speaks in unmistakable language of suffering, poverty, sin, and sorrow. Such scenes cry aloud on behalf of the neglected to the Christian philanthropist, "Come and help us."

Belfast. J. M.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

XI.

JOHN HUNT.

(*Concluded from page* 187.)

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

MR. HUNT, writing about the scene of his labours, says, "One place in my Circuit is about a hundred miles off, and another about seventy, and a third thirty. Besides, I have made a Missionary tour round an island, Na Viti Levu, about three hundred and forty miles in circumference, and preached the Gospel to the people of five different tribes or kingdoms, who have never before seen a Missionary." Surely Missionaries need the special support of Divine grace, and the special protection of Divine Providence. This will be seen if we look at Hunt's calmness amidst the trials and dangers which surrounded him. He says he was "saved almost from fear," though surrounded with men who had scarcely any regard for human life. When he was about to leave a station where he had been useful, for one remarkable for danger and trial, he said, "The difficulty of leaving Rewa and going to Somosomo only affected them as *mortals;* as *Missionaries* they thought nothing of the trials and privations they might have to endure." Think of their landing at Somosomo, where the canoes, with half-naked savages, the most ferocious cannibals in Fiji, crowded about the schooner, to the great terror of the captain and crew, who kept strict watch over their ill-famed visitors. One canoe is brought alongside to receive the Mission party, and as the ladies are lifted into it, men stand on deck at each side with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, to keep off the people amongst whom the Missionaries and their wives are going to live and labour for their salvation, and ultimate admission to the blessedness of heaven. A chief told the Missionaries that the chiefs had been consulting together, and their conclusion was that the Missionaries should go away, for they could not embrace Christianity. The Missionaries in reply told them they would not leave unless they were driven away. At another time when fatal danger seemed nigh, Mr. Hunt said, "if God should permit us to fall by the hand of the rebels, we shall go to heaven with the mark of them that cry and sigh for the abominations done in Fiji."

But it was the happiness of Mr. Hunt and his colleagues to see "the wilderness and the solitary place" made "glad for them;" and those who had sowed in "tears" at length reaped in "joy,"—the joy of successful toil. True conver-

sion is the same everywhere, and in every human breast there is a response to the Gospel. So it was in cannibal Fiji. The Missionaries became the means, under their Divine Master, of ending the inhuman practices of the Fijians. But success went beyond the temporal evils which were so common. Mr. Hunt mentions two of the worst men in Rewa who had embraced Christianity, one of whom, a Tongan, was said to have eaten more men than any one in Fiji. After a while the people were so much under the power of Christianity, that they who were naturally covetous, "took joyfully the spoiling of their goods," when persecution required them to make such a sacrifice for conscience' sake. A pentecostal season was at length given to those noble men of God. Whilst they were holding a "penitent prayer-meeting," an answer was given in a signal manner. There was first a quiet weeping, then crying and sobbing, till many voices joined in prayer and weeping before God. Mr. Hunt says some would have deemed it "discordant noise," but "it made true harmony with the praise of watching angels." When the meeting closed some were still unhappy, and they "went home to weep," and "continued all night in prayer." Then the men of prayer, and toil, and tears, and soul-travail for the salvation of the Fijians rejoiced before God "according to the joy in harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil."

For several days ordinary business was almost suspended; and from many a house in Viwa, and from the chief's house most of all, could be heard far off the sound of those who cried for mercy, mingled with the songs of those who rejoiced in the Lord.

The great Thakombau, before he embraced Christianity, wished, as a warrior, to carry all before him, and stated that, had it not been for the Missionaries, "Viwa should certainly have been destroyed." To a few poor Christians he sent word that they must either give up their Christianity or come to Mbau and be cooked. They replied, "It is very easy for us to come to Mbau and be cooked, but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity." After a while the Missionaries could write, "We can now report upwards of three thousand who attend our ministry and that of our teachers every Lord's-day." Again they say, "We have now one thousand seven hundred and thirty in Society, and one hundred and fifty-nine on trial."

It is well known that Mr. Hunt wrote "Letters on Entire Sanctification," which after his death were published. The book does credit to his head and heart. It seems wonderful how he, living amidst the scenes which he had to behold continually, could have maintained that purity of heart which was so essential to the writing of such a book. Is not the book a key to the secret of his accomplishing so much in Fiji?

His translation of the New Testament into the Fijian language was a great success. His acquaintance with the language of the people was so rapid, that he attempted to address them in their own tongue in about a month after his arrival. He had to read nearly the whole of his sermon, of course, but the people in general were very attentive, and he had, for the first, a comfortable time. In less than six months after his arrival in Rewa, he began to think of translating. As to his method of performing his great undertaking, he says, "I use as my standard for the text the Greek Testament, together with the English version; and for the translation, not any man exclusively, but myself, all the natives I can have access to, and the translations that have been already made." Regarding the building used for the printing of the Scriptures, we are told, "Mr. Hunt completed the first stone house built in Fiji. The stone for lime and for building was brought from the reef, often by the Missionary's own hands. When, after all, the house was finished, it was cheerfully given up for the use of the Mission printing establishment, and thence issued the first Fijian New Testament."

At length an edition of one thousand copies of the New Testament in the language of Fiji was worked off. When in the next District-meeting well-bound Testaments were presented to the meeting, all rejoiced together in the accomplishment of so great an enterprise. Thus Mr. Hunt gave the Fijians access to the treasures of Divine Revelation. What greater good could he have been the means of conferring on them?

Whilst he was instrumental in giving the people the great blessings of the Gospel, he did not neglect the bestowment of others of minor importance. By administering medicine, his influence over the people greatly increased, and it is said he had quite a little hospital at Viwa. At a fixed hour each day a bell was rung; when very frequently as many as thirty patients would present themselves to obtain the benefit of his treatment, which was remarkably successful.

On one occasion a captain of a vessel endeavoured to persuade the natives that Mr. Hunt had deceived them. They promptly said, "Will the sun rise to-morrow?" "Of course it will." "Then so certain is the word of Mr. Hunt," was the reply.

His various duties at length proved too much in such a climate. The machine was worked beyond its power, and the good man was laid aside from active labour by bodily affliction. The Missionaries, the Fijians, all felt severely at the prospect of Mr. Hunt's affliction ending in death. It was then that the high place which he had gained in their esteem fully manifested itself. When George Fox was in prison, many to whom he had been made a blessing so loved him that they went to Oliver Cromwell, and offered themselves for imprisonment instead of the servant of the Lord. The Protector was much affected at such a display of Christian attachment, and said he had no man under him who would do that for him. Let us see how strong is such a bond of friendship in Fiji.

Verani, when in his natural state, was a sinner of influence. The importance of his conversion was seen and felt by the Missionaries. They prayed much for his salvation, and at length the renowned warrior and polygamist, who was nephew of the Chief of Viwa, embraced Christianity. Like Moses in Egypt giving up all for the blessedness of true religion, so it was with Verani in Fiji. He sacrificed position, influence, and wealth for the sake of Christ. He gave up all his sinful indulgences, and became a Christian amidst strong opposition from the mighty Thakombau. It was a great triumph of the Gospel; a great joy to the praying Missionaries. Let us see how he felt and acted when the man of God, to whom he was so great a debtor for his spiritual state and prospects, was likely to die. Verani knew what the people were when Mr. Hunt came amongst them, and he felt in himself, and saw in the conduct of others, what a gracious change had been accomplished since the Missionaries had lived and laboured amongst them. He feared lest an unfavourable reaction should take place; he was afraid that a sad blank would be made in society there should the good Missionary die. He was with others around Mr. Hunt's bed. The Missionaries had wept and prayed. Verani at length offered prayer, and his language addressed to the Great Ruler of human life was, "O Lord! we know we are very bad; but spare Thy servant. If *one* must die, take *me! Take ten of us.* But spare Thy servant to preach Christ to the people." "Behold how he loved him!"

Mr. Hunt in his last affliction had the feelings of a husband and a father, as well as the consolations of a child of God. He said, when referring to his bodily pain, "I feel my troubles; but however my pain is, I have the same uniform peace of mind, there is no change in that respect." No! certainly. The Saviour is always present with His faithful servants who fall in their armour on the battle-field. When Howard the philanthropist was entreated by some of his friends not to go to Constantinople,

lest he should there fall a victim to the plague, he replied, "If so, heaven will be as near from Constantinople as from London."

So felt John Hunt in Fiji. As this world retired from his vision, heaven came nearer and nearer still. His state and prospects in the solemn hour shall be told in his own language: "I have a strong 'desire to depart,' if it please the Lord; 'and to be with Christ' would be far better. I feel Him to be a perfect Saviour. I never had such views and hold of the Saviour as I have in this illness." To his friend and brother Missionary, Mr. Calvert, he said, "For two days I can think of nothing but St. Paul's words, 'I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better.'" To Mr. Lyth he said, "Jesus is very precious to me. If this be dying, praise the Lord. I want strength to praise Him. I am very happy. I see nothing but Jesus. Now He is my joy! I thought I should have entered heaven singing, 'Jesus and salvation;' now I shall enter singing, 'Jesus, salvation, and *glory*—ETERNAL GLORY!'" So passed away this soldier of the Cross to the joy of his Lord.

FORSAKEN GOLD-DIGGINGS.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1852, three men were working hard in search of gold at the White-horse-gully, Bendigo diggings. Their names were George Potter, Robert Bennett, and John Hassett. The allotment of land which they had jointly secured, and on which they had perseveringly toiled, was very nigh to the spot where the famous "Victoria nugget" was discovered. But these three partners had not been very successful; no great prize had been secured by them, though they had employed great diligence and care. They had searched most of their allotment several times over, and regarded it as useless to repeat their efforts. Many of the holes they had dug were full of water, and the men had no intention whatever to empty them. There was a small space, however, which they had not examined. Earth had been thrown on it as the work had been carried on. In order to examine the place, this earth must be, of course, removed. It seemed better to leave it as it was, and take another allotment, where they could prosecute the search. Indeed, it appeared doubtful whether they would not have been richer if they had kept to their own calling as sailors. They might have been earning good wages month by month. And any small quantity of gold they had found had been needed to buy food and clothing at the very high prices charged there. However, as the three men were on the point of leaving the place, something induced them to set to work afresh, and clear the small part yet unexamined. They had scarcely done so, when George Potter struck his pick on an amazing nugget, which had been lying imbedded in the sand, and only about eighteen inches from the surface. This immense piece of gold was found to weigh five hundred and forty-five ounces. The three partners were made rich at once, and yet, an hour previously, they were on the point of abandoning the allotment in a somewhat desponding state of mind.

Many gold-diggings were forsaken by those to whom they belonged, yet were afterwards proved to contain large treasure. But we are thinking now of treasure more valuable than any gold that was ever brought from Mexico and Peru in ancient days, or from California and Australia in modern days. God's Book speaks of true religion, the pardoning and renewing grace of God, as gold: "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich." More frequently, however, we are taught in the Sacred Writings that this heavenly wisdom is incomparably superior to all earthly riches. "It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the

crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold." (Job xxviii. 16—17.) "The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." (Prov. iii. 14.) "My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver." (Prov. viii. 19.)

Almighty God has graciously arranged that this inestimable treasure, this fine gold of the kingdom, shall be attainable in all lands. Wherever a human being is placed by Divine Providence, he may thus be enriched. London streets are not paved with gold, as village children used to be told they were; but those who trudge along those streets, though footsore and penniless, may be acquiring more of the heavenly treasure. Coal-mines, we are told, do more to enrich Britain than gold-mines ever did for Spain, but certainly our black-visaged miners never bring up any nuggets of gold in their pockets; yet in those dark coal-pits many of them are daily securing this best of wealth. The digging is being successfully carried on in all sorts of strange and unlikely places. Those who are diligent in this sacred toil are becoming rich all unknown to their slothful associates. This digging for gold can be carried on in connection with all lawful employments. It does not retard the loom or the hammer, the needle or the pen; but, on the whole, tends to aid those who use the implements of honest toil. Yet there are places which may be justly regarded as specially favourable for the attainment of this fine gold of the kingdom. There the priceless treasure is more abundantly found, and more readily obtained. There also instruction is imparted how, in other places and on other occasions, the search may be profitably prosecuted. Those who gain most in these privileged places, are most likely to be successful elsewhere. Each house of prayer, where God is worshipped in sincerity and truth, where men draw nigh to the Almighty through the once crucified Saviour, is such a privileged place. In the sanctuary, devout worshippers obtain supplies of grace, and also learn how, all the week long, they may be growing in grace, and increasing in the best of all treasure.

It is to be regretted, therefore, that so many neglect those highly-favoured courts. Some have never been led thither, and therefore, though their absence is an occasion of loss to themselves, and of regret to their best friends, it cannot be altogether an occasion of surprise. But there are too many who were taken when children to the house of prayer as Sabbath-scholars, or by God-fearing parents, who never enter the Lord's house now. Some of these now have children, and send these to the Sunday-school, and allow them to be taken to church or chapel, partly to get rid of them for a time, and partly from a notion that this discipline will prove for their good; but the fathers and mothers do not themselves enter the sanctuary. The place where the priceless treasure might be secured has been by them forsaken. This is far more to be regretted than that men should leave gold-diggings while ponderous nuggets lay undiscovered at their feet. Men would be vexed to learn that they had, from heedlessness or despondency, failed to secure lumps of gold which might have lawfully and easily been theirs. Yet these very men may have done far worse for themselves by neglecting the house of prayer. This may easily be made out beyond denial.

The treasure obtained in God's house is needed by all.—An accumulation of money is not needful in order to make men happy. With the smile of God resting on the conscience, and the grace of God ruling within the heart, thousands of men have been contented and joyous, though they seldom saw any gold, and more seldom touched any, and most seldom of all possessed any of their own. Farm-labourers in the south of England do not earn twenty shillings a week, and often scarcely half that sum. One of these seldom sees gold unless he happen to be standing by when his

master is paying or receiving money, seldom touches gold unless entrusted by his master to get change for him in order to pay wages, and seldom possesses gold except at the close of harvest, when he has by extra toil secured as much as will pay his rent. Yet many a good man thus circumstanced has been happy in the favour of God and the hope of heaven. Many a man of this sort, even without religion, has been happier than his master, who had no more religion than himself, and had a greater number of hurtful desires. Gold is not needed to ensure real joy; but true religion, the fine gold of the kingdom, is thus needful. All gladness, in hearts where the grace of God is not found, is liable to be turned into misery. How can a man be happy, with money or without money, if he is so frightened of dropping into hell before he awake, that he scarcely dare to sleep in his bed? Yet such fear will torment any sinner who remains unsaved, so soon and so long as his eyes are opened to see his true position. How can a man be happy while he is led captive by some sinful lust which makes him obey, and yet despise himself for *so doing*? A poor drunkard, or one who is licentious, or one who has made money to be his idol, cannot have true peace until he obtain deliverance, yet will never be so delivered until he cry to the Saviour to set him free. How can any one have abiding joy within his soul, while pride, or envy, or rage, or discontent, or any other evil feeling, or a whole brood of such, lurk and sting therein? Men may be happy, really happy, happy to the end of their days, although there is not a grain of gold in their house. But they cannot be *thus* happy if they have no religion. Myriads have obtained this heavenly treasure in the house of prayer. How lamentable it is that these gold-diggings are forsaken by many! Have you forsaken them?

The treasure obtained in God's house ever proves invaluable. — Two men who were working at the gold-diggings, found one day a nugget which they afterwards sold for four thousand pounds. Their joy was unbounded, as we may suppose. They had been labouring in company for a considerable time, and had not been successful. As they had failed to secure much near the surface, they had dug a sort of shaft or well. They took turns to work at the bottom, while the other drew up the earth to the top and carefully examined it, hoping to find some particles of gold. They had sunk the well to a considerable depth, when the man who was at the bottom struck his pick against something which had the right sort of ring about it. He struck it again and again very attentively, and felt sure he had got a prize. He stooped to pick it up, as he thought he had sufficiently loosened it. But it was still fast in the earth on all sides. It extended in every direction into the soil, so that its size could not be ascertained. It was evident, however, that the dimensions were considerable. He once more made an effort with his pick to free the nugget from the surrounding earth, but the excitement of hope and gladness had proved too much for his vigorous frame. He felt sick and faint, and had to make signals to his comrade that he wanted to be drawn up to the surface. When he joined his companion he informed him concerning the treasure below, and the glad listener rapidly descended to secure it. When, however, he had struck it, and was satisfied that the lump was really of precious metal, and had also observed its considerable though undefined extent, and thought of its probable worth, he also was so excited that, for the time, he was unable to extricate the nugget from its place. Only when he had become somewhat calmer could he succeed in doing so. Then he and the treasure were drawn to the top. When the news became known, the two were the envied among all diggers. As stated above, the gold was sold by the finders for four thousand pounds, and each found himself suddenly in possession of two thousand pounds. We do not wonder at their excitement. Most men would have experienced something of this sort,

if the prospect of escaping from privation, and poverty, and slavish toil, had been thus unexpectedly placed before them. Two thousand pounds will secure so much. Yet that amount of money will not do everything. It will not cure heart-ache. It will not bribe death to delay his approach, nor secure for the departing spirit an entrance into heaven. A man may have two thousand pounds, and yet remain both wicked and miserable, and so be in danger of being undone for ever and ever. Religion, if really secured, will ensure its possessor advantage from every sorrow he may have to endure, and an admission, in due time, into that happy home where no sorrow is endured. Is it not desirable to repair where such treasure is secured, and where people are taught how to be securing such continually? Do you frequent these gold-diggings?

The treasure obtained in God's house is universally attainable.—We have referred to those who became the possessors of large lumps of gold. But, where one was so fortunate, hundreds were disappointed. The gold-diggings could not be reached without long voyaging and wearisome land travelling. Then it was quite useless to undertake all this toil and peril without strong arms, and a vigorous constitution, and considerable resources, and a stout heart, and unless prepared for persevering toil when he arrived at the place. Besides, if exposure or miasma, or any other cause, brought on fever, or he had the misfortune to break his arm or his leg, the gold-digging must be suspended. In one way or another many were poorer when they returned to England than when they started. So it is with all sorts of gold-diggings of earthly kind. There are a few who find gold in abundance among cotton spindles and looms, among iron forges and rolling mills, among stocks and shares, among railways and shipping. These get at the gold mines without quitting their native land. But there are ten-fold the number who only wield the pickaxe and delve with the shovel. Something to eat and wear is all they secure, and often not enough of these. But in God's house the best of treasure is free for all. Many a man goes to chapel in good broadcloth, and has, notwithstanding all the collections, money in the savings'-bank, who would, if he had neglected religion, been lounging about in fustian, dirty and ragged, and would have lived in penury and died a pauper. But, if the good man still wears fustian, he may have in his heart, beneath the coarse jacket, as much of the heavenly treasure as any man in the parish, and as much wealth laid up in the skies. Somehow, most of the land, with the waving harvests on the surface and the mineral treasures beneath, has passed into the hands of a few. Thanks to Almighty God, there are these best of all gold mines free for all who will dig there. Do you diligently employ your glorious birthright?

The treasure obtained in God's house may be retained.—Of course those who have anything valuable, and wish to keep it, must use reasonable care. When the digging for gold in Australia had been for a little time moderately successful, a few persons having obtained considerable wealth, and many having secured fair remuneration for their outlay and toil, it was greatly regretted that much of the treasure was wasted in extravagance. Those who had been most fortunate, were, in many instances, injured by their success rather than benefitted. The streets of Melbourne were at times crowded by tipplers who had been squandering their hard-earned wealth in the dram-shops and beer-houses. Drunken men who had recently returned from the diggings, had to be conveyed to the police-stations. There they were searched, so that due care should be taken of anything of value which remained in their possession. During one week seventeen pounds weight of gold was discovered on the persons of those who had been picked up in the streets of Melbourne incapable of taking care of themselves or their property. How much such people had been robbed of, and how much they had

paid for the strong drink which had rendered them helpless, cannot be calculated. Such mode of proceeding was not the way to retain their money.

Now, of course, we must acknowledge that it is possible for a man to frequent the house of prayer and get true religion, yet afterwards, through unwatchfulness, lose the blessing. Perhaps you sometimes speak of the inconsistencies of professors. In those cases you are sometimes mistaken, because uncharitable. In other cases the people you speak of, though church or chapel-going, never found real religion; as a man might go to the diggings expecting to pick up gold without taking off or soiling his kid-gloves, and when he discovered his mistake, might still refuse to get to work. Then there are a few cases wherein people have lost their religion, yet hold fast their profession; as a poor tippler at Melbourne, who had lost all his gold among dram-shops and pickpockets, might still flourish the canvas-bag which once served as a big purse, and had been full of gold. It is solemnly possible for real religion to be lost; but it is also graciously in our power to retain it when we have once secured it. We may keep it throughout our entire lives. A good man, who had long worked in a cotton factory, and had both served God and saved a little money, as he hoped for his old age, said afterwards, "I don't know what the Americans did at each other, but they certainly have *fettled* us." The poor fellow's little store had to be used up, as in the case of thousands more, during the cotton-famine. But though the good man had lost his money, he had not lost the smile of God, nor the grace of God in his heart. That was not exposed to any mere mischance. We may also retain our religion at the close of life. The Savings' Bank at the Post-Office is a wonderful convenience to working people who save a little money, especially if they have to remove up and down the country. A servant-maid in Birmingham accumulates five pounds, and places it in this Bank, and then removes with the family to Camborne. Should she want a sovereign during the week of her arrival in Cornwall, there she will get it. Then, before her savings amount to ten pounds, the family remove to Perth. When they arrive in Scotland, the young woman has only to go to the post-office there, and ask about her money. It is all safe and at her disposal there. But there is no way of getting money across the river of death. Coins of gold, silver, and bronze must be left for other people to use. But the treasure we may gain in the Lord's house, true religion, will be ours on the other side that river as on this. Many are accumulating this fine gold of the kingdom. Have you forsaken the diggings?

The treasure obtained in God's house ought to be secured by us.—Most likely you believe that there are many who go to church and chapel who are strangers to true religion, and that there is a great deal of pretence. But you are not advised to seek after a mere counterfeit religion. If anybody should come to your house with counsel of that sort, show him to the door, shut the door after him, and never open it to him again until you know he has something better to say. Use all possible care to get the right thing. Search the Bible for yourselves, and pray to the Lord to help you, that you be not deceived. Be on your guard against shams. There seem to be new sorts of counterfeits made continually. As sure as ever something good is discovered which the Lord has provided for our advantage, selfish men are sure to make worthless substitutes wherewith to defraud the unwary. But we must not refuse or neglect the real because of these shams.

What do you think of this? When men had been toiling for a time in Australia at the gold-diggings, and gold-dust and nuggets had become common in places of sale, some selfish scoundrels in England manufactured spurious nuggets, and also sham gold-dust. The electro-gilding process was used to make the worthless rubbish look like real gold. Then the stuff was sent out to Australia

to deceive merchants and others. Many were taken in at Melbourne and elsewhere. What would you like to have done to the villains? Well, never mind that. What did the traders do when they learned what a fraud had been perpetrated? They were on their guard. They provided themselves with suitable tests. It was honesty against roguery. But the merchants went on buying real gold-dust and real nuggets as eagerly as ever. Now, in many a house of prayer the Lord is offering true religion to each of us. He is saying, "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich." The counterfeit rubbish would not stand the fire. But God's holy religion will bear any scrutiny. If you have any misgiving concerning what you hear in church or chapel, compare it with the true sayings of God's Word. Indeed, you had better do so whether you have any misgivings or not. But be sure that you secure the fine gold of the kingdom, the religion which is better than fine gold. Neglect not the privileged places where this priceless treasure may best be gained, and where you may learn how to be gaining such all the week round, wherever you are by duty called. That you may be rich, rich now, truly rich, and rich for ever, hearken to God's counsel. Be not of those who forsake the house of the Lord, and so live without God, and die without any good hope.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." Then from your heart, like David, will you declare, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." B. S.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

JULY (*continued*).

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
6.	2 Sam. xii. 24, 25	Ps. cxxvii.; Prov. iv.	Col. i. 9—12	Psalm xix. Romans x. 17, 18 Ps. l.
7.	1 Chron. xx.	Psalm cxviii. Matt. xxi. 1—9, 42.	13—18	x., xxix, xcvii.
8.	2 Samuel xv.	Psalm lxiv.	To be recalled	xl. 11—17 lviii., lv.
9.	xvi.	vii.	Col. ii. 1—3	lxix. John ii. 17; xix. 28, 29 Romans xi. 7—10 xv. 1—3
10.	xvii.	iii.	4—7	Ps. xlii., xliii., lxi.
11.	xviii.	Prov. xxiv. 15—22	8—11	Prov. xxi. 1—12 Ecclesiastes xi.
12.	xix. 1—40.	Psalm cxliv.	12—15	Psalm cxxv., cxlix., xciii.
13.	41—43 xx.	Eccles. ix. 13—18	16—19	Psalm vi., xxviii., lxii., lxxi.,
14.	1 Chron. xxi.	Psalm cxxx.	20—23	cxxxv., xli. John xiii. 18
15.	xxii.	xcii.	To be recalled	Ps. lxvii., xcviii., cxvii. Rom. xv. 8—11

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE, *continued.*

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
16.	1 Chron. xxviii.	Ps. lxxxiv.	Col. iii. 1—4	Psalm xxxvii.
17.	xxix.	2 Samuel xxiii. 1—7	5—8	Psalm xvi. Acts ii. 22—32 Psalm lxxii. Revelation xi. 15.
18.	2 Chron. i.	Proverbs i.	9—12	Proverbs ii.
19.	Deut. xii. 10—28	2 Chron. ii.	13—16	Prov. xvii. xviii. 1—10
20.	2 Chron. v.	Ps. cxxxii., cxxxiii., cxxxiv.	17—20	Proverbs viii.
21.	vi.	Isaiah lvi. 1—8	21—25	Psalm xlv. Hebrews i. 1—9 Rev. xix. 11—16
22.	vii.	Romans x. 12—21	To be recalled	Song i.; Isaiah lxii.
23.	viii.	Psalm cxxii.	Col. iv. 1—4	Song viii.; Isai. liv.
24.	Gen. xv. 18—21 Deut. xvii. 14—20	2 Chron. ix. 1—28	5—8	Ecclesiastes i. 1 Cor. i. 20 Job xxviii. 12—28
25.	1 Kings xi. 1—25	Nehemiah xiii. 23—26	9—12	Proverbs v. Eccles. vii. 7—29
26.	26—43	Ecclesiastes ii.	13—18	Eccles. iii.; Ps. xlix.
27.	xii.	Matthew xviii. 6—9	To be recalled	Eccles. iv. 5 Matt. vi. 19—21
28.	xiii.	2 Kings xxiii. 15—20	1 Thess. i. 1—5	Eccles. x.; James iii.
29.	xiv. 1—20 xv. 25—30	Isai. xlviii. 17—19, 22	6—10	vi., vii. 1—6 Psalm xc. 11—14
30.	2 Chron. xi., xii.	lvii. 13—21	To be recalled	Eccles. ix. 1—12, xii.
31.	1 Kings xv. 1—4 2 Chron. xiii.	Psalm cxlvi.	1 Thess. ii. 1—4	Prov. vi. 1—22, ix.

AUGUST.

1.	2 Chron. xiv., xv.	Psalm c.	1 Thess. ii. 5—8	Ezekiel xviii.
2.	xvi.	Proverbs xxix. 14—27	9—12	James i.
3.	xvii.	Psalm cxxviii.	13—16	ii.
4.	1 Kings xv. 33, 34 xvi.	Jeremiah x. 1—16	17—20	Proverbs xi.
5.	xvii.	Luke iv. 25, 26 Hebrews xi. 32—40	To be recalled	Deut. xxix.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

HENRY TENNANT.

THE extensive propagation of Christian truth in the form of Wesleyan-Methodism in many of the dales and outlying districts of the north of England, was largely owing to the unwearied efforts of a race of zealous, laborious Local-preachers, now fast passing away. Happy will it be if their junior brethren catch their falling mantles, imbibe their spirit, and follow them as they followed Christ. It is a pleasant duty, and a

real "labour of love," to endeavour to rescue from oblivion the name and character of any of these worthies. Nor will our "labour be in vain in the Lord" if, by the blessing of God, some aspiring youth should become a follower "of them who through faith and patience," now "inherit the promises." It is with this hope that we would briefly trace the history of the good man whose name stands at the head of this sketch.

Henry Tennant was born at Thoralby, in Wensleydale, in the month of July, 1809; but was removed in infancy to Grisdale, where he spent the greatest part of his life. As a youth, he was marked by his steadiness, sobriety, and general good conduct; and, being careful to avoid evil company, he was saved from many of those snares and temptations into which others have fallen. He, nevertheless, continued for a long time a stranger to spiritual religion, and to that happiness, peace, and comfort which invariably follow in its train.

At length, when about twenty years of age, he was brought under those gracious influences which led to his conversion. The plain, pointed, and arousing ministry of the Rev. Joseph Mortimer was the means, in the hands of God, of convincing him of sin; and having been in mercy awakened to a sense of his danger, he sought and found, in private, pardon and peace through the precious blood of Christ. He at once became a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society; but was soon afterwards much discouraged by the inconsistent conduct of some of his class-mates, and was ready to draw back, when a pious "mother in Israel" encouraged him to proceed, reminding him that the wheat and the tares must grow together till the harvest. From this time he continued a steadfast member of the Society till his death.

Mr. Tennant was afterwards appointed Leader of the class in Grisdale, which office he held for about twenty-seven years, until his removal from that place. He became a Local-preacher about the same time, and preached his trial sermon with much trepidation in the old chapel in Garsdale, before the late Rev. W. Huddlestone. His mind was deeply impressed with the responsibility of preaching the Gospel; and being naturally of a timid disposition, he frequently spent sleepless nights in prospect of an appointment. He continued his labours as a Local-preacher without intermission, and with acceptance and profit to the people, until laid aside by the loss of his eyesight, which occurred about four or five years before his death.

On his removal to Frostrow, near Sedbergh, Mr. Tennant took charge of the Class there, which met in his house, and was enabled, amid much weakness and affliction, to discharge the duties of Leader till within a few days of his removal to the "better country." He was confined to his house during the last five years of his life by his blindness and general weakness; but no marked alteration in his state of health was observed till within about three weeks of his decease, when he began to sink rapidly.

During his last illness the mind of Mr. Tennant was kept in perfect peace; and, on the occasion of his frequent pastoral visits, the writer invariably found him trusting implicitly in the merits of the Redeemer. There were, moreover, seasons when he was favoured with cheering views of the heavenly world. More than once he asked his beloved wife if she did not see the glorious light which was shining around him filling the room, which he said he saw clearly. He was remarkably patient under his sufferings, and was unwilling to talk about anything but spiritual things. For some days before his death he could say but little that could be understood; but what he did say was very satisfactory. The night before his final change he raised his hands repeatedly, and exclaimed, "Beautiful! Beautiful!" These were the last words that were distinctly heard from his lips on earth; and after a painful struggle, which lasted two or three hours, he was released from his sufferings, and changed mortality for life, on July 27th, 1870, in

the sixty-first year of his age. After committing the remains of the dear departed to the silent grave in the Wesleyan burial-ground, Cantley, the writer was requested by the family to preach the funeral sermon, which he did on the following day, to a large congregation in the chapel at Sedbergh, from the appropriate words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

WILLIAM MOISTER.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Wesley his Own Biographer. With an Introduction by GEORGE STRINGER ROWE. London: Elliot Stock.—This book consists of "a selection from Wesley's Journals and Letters;" and is designed to "illustrate his character, labours, and achievements." The accounts of the early years of Wesley's life and its closing scene are supplied from Watson's biography. Mr. Rowe has furnished us in this volume with the most interesting portions of Wesley's Journals. The Introduction is brief, and forms a fitting prelude to the book.

Father Hyacinthe. Orations. With a Sketch of his Life, and Portrait on Steel. London: Morgan and Chase. 1871. — Messrs. Morgan and Chase have done good service in presenting to the British public, in such an accessible form, a Biographical Sketch of this remarkable man, with a selection from his Orations. They append the judicious caveat, that they "by no means endorse all to which the 'Father' has given utterance in these Orations," and that "these discourses contain, with so much that will commend itself to the universal heart of Christendom, some things which we assuredly believe to be serious errors."

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR JULY, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
June	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
30	3 46	8 20	2 52m	10 34a	11 41a	3 50m	3 56m
July							
10	3 54	8 15	3 39	10 10	11 8	3 21	3 13
			Sets.				
20	4 6	8 6	8 43a	9 42	10 36	2 53	2 30
30	4 20	7 52	8 39	9 11	10 7	2 25	1 48

PHASES OF THE MOON.

2d, Full Moon..... 1h. 36m. after. | 17th, New Moon..... 5h. 27m. after.
9th, Last Quarter.... 1h. 9m. after. | 25th, First Quarter .. 5h. 51m. morn.
31st, Full Moon 9h. 17m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 1st ..... 3h. after., Perigee; distance 222,802 miles.
,, 14th ..... 3h. morn., Apogee; ,, 252,125
,, 29th ..... 8h. after., Perigee; ,, 225,205
Mean distance for the month 238,064

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 1st ..... 93,207,580 miles.
August 1st ..... 93,023,440 ,,
Decrease of distance for the month ..... 184,140 ,,

A partial eclipse of the Moon takes place on July 2d, which will be best seen in Australia, New Zealand, and the Eastern Archipelago. It begins at forty-seven minutes before noon, and ends at 3h. 42m. in the afternoon, Greenwich time. During the phenomenon, the Moon will be below our horizon.

Twice in the course of the month the Moon will come between *Saturn* and some districts of the southern hemisphere,—on the morning of July 2d, and on the afternoon of July 29th.

The Sun will be in apogee, or at its greatest distance from the Earth, on the 3d, twenty-five minutes before noon.

Mercury will be in its ascending node, that is, in the plane of the Earth's orbit going northward, on the 1st, at one o'clock in the afternoon; on the morning of the 6th it will be in that part of its orbit nearest the Sun; next morning it will be quite close to Jupiter; on the 11th, a little before noon, it will be in superior conjunction with the Sun; on the morning of the 15th it will be close to Uranus; on the 16th it will be at its greatest height above the plane of the Earth's orbit; on the 18th it will be near the Moon.

Venus is increasing in brightness. The angular distance from the Sun increases until the afternoon of the 18th, when it will have attained its greatest eastern elongation, forty-five degrees thirty-five minutes eastward. The form is then an exact semicircle, twenty-four seconds in diameter, and needs only a magnifying power of eighty to make it look as large as the Moon. On the evenings of the 4th and 5th it will be very near Regulus, a little westward of the star on the 4th, and a little eastward on the 5th. This will furnish an instructive opportunity for watching the progress of the planet among the fixed stars with the naked eye, and at the same time for contrasting the light of the planet with that of a star of the first magnitude, just as we had such a fine opportunity in May last for comparing its light with that of Jupiter, and watching its motion relatively to the motion of Jupiter. On the 21st it will not be far from the Moon. It begins now to be intensely interesting to survey this fine object with a good telescope. The boundary line between light and darkness runs through the middle of the disc. Any observer can see that there is a want of definiteness about this line, a shaded band increasing in brightness from the margin toward the interior of the illuminated part, which can only be accounted for on the supposition of a tolerably dense atmosphere; this boundary line is serrated, too, giving the impression that if the planet were as near us as the Moon, we should see its mountain-tops dipping into the sunlight, and its valleys in which night still lingers: from its dark patches we get an impression, too, that this nearer survey would show us what we cannot see on the Moon,—large seas and oceans analogous to our own. Can we doubt that a world almost, if not quite, as large as *ours*, furnished apparently with the necessary elements for the maintenance of animal life, is not a dreary waste?

Mars is in Virgo. It will be very near Spica toward the end of the month. On the morning of the 3d it will be in its descending node. On the evening of the 23d this planet will be easily recognized a few degrees eastward of the Moon, and Spica somewhat farther eastward; then by comparing the place of the planet with that of the fixed star on successive evenings, one can easily trace its progress.

Jupiter begins to be visible before sunrise about the end of the month. It will be very near the Moon on the 16th, but invisible to us.

Saturn will be a few degrees eastward of the Moon on the evening of the 1st, and a few degrees westward on the evening of the 2d. It will be again near the Moon on the evenings of the 28th and 29th. Attending to these facts, any one can recognize the planet throughout the month. It is now in Sagittarius, moving slowly westward among the fixed stars. The length of the ring is forty-one seconds, the breadth eighteen seconds.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. IX.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

We conduct the reader to the little parish of Germoe, Cornwall. The date is the 10th of May, 1808. An infant has just been born into this troublesome world. By and by this infant is baptized—Francis Tuckfield. Again we conduct the reader to a deserted Cornish copper-mine. Francis is there, no longer an infant. The lad who has sought the solitude of this weed-grown, slag-heaped retreat, is seventeen years old. How is he engaged? He is seeking man's second and better birth,—the "new birth." At that deserted pit Francis Tuckfield "laboured" for "that meat which endureth unto everlasting life," and only rested when the peace of a forgiven soul was his. Now, if we follow Francis Tuckfield, it must be to daily labour on the week-day, and to Sabbath labour on the Sabbath. He is first an exhorter, and then a Local-preacher. His Sabbath rest is—

"To tell to all the world around,
What a dear Saviour he had found:"

to tramp from village to village from morn till eve, "holding forth the Word of Life."

It is impossible to meditate on the labours of the Local-preachers of Methodism without grateful emotion. Where in history, take them for all in all, shall we find a similar body? Where in history shall we find a similar work? View them as the colour-serjeants of Methodism protecting its flag. View them as the year-by-year improving neophytes from whom the ranks of the ministry of Methodism draws a tried and tested supply. View all this, and say if it is not *of* God and *to* God. So much is it so, that a quarter of a century since, when my duties as a London City-Missionary placed me in frequent contact with the subtle leaders and sub-leaders of the socialist and infidel movement, after exhausting the arguments of Paley and others ineffectually, I can remember well to this day—it was something too striking and too good to be easily forgotten—the effect produced by a plain account of the Local-preachers of England. Proposing them as an instance of a mass of men, laymen, and therefore exposed to no *odium theologicum*, drawn from every class of the people; men engaged in every department of the hive of Britain's industry; men of known common sense, amenable from time to time to courts of their own body, as respects their good morals, as well as sound doctrine,—all labouring perseveringly, without fee or reward, through evil report as well as good report, by toilsome journeys and hard Sabbath-days' exertions, to disseminate this neglected and challenged doctrine of "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ:" each urging the seeking and obtaining of a known and conscious forgiveness of sin; each backing up this affirmation and this urging with the detail of personal experience;—would the objector assert that they were all deluded men? I have seen this argument and its enlargement produce quailing where quailing did not readily come. Some chord had evidently vibrated; some memory had started up in the soul. The argument had, perhaps in a moment, increased its own dimensions, and had included in the objector's view the *members* of Methodism, so thickly sown on England's soil. Inexorable memory had probably furnished from her stores in the mind the recollection of some living one, or it might be some one of the mighty dead,—perhaps a relative loved with strong natural affection; or perhaps one who in some time of trouble had proved to be really a friend.

We now beg the reader to accompany us to the Gwennap Quarterly Meeting. The star of Francis Tuckfield is in the ascendant. He has laboured ardently and successfully for six years as a Local-preacher. He has been one of those who make a great point of conscience not to miss an appointment. People, when his number stood for a rainy day, or part of a rainy day, stopped not at home because they "*des-sayed* the preacher would not come." I have my old friend in

my eye at this moment, plodding along with his peculiar walk, always so suggestive to me of pushing steadily on. That was just the man. His indomitable, quiet perseverance, which attracted the attention of more than one Superintendent of the Gwennap Circuit, was a characteristic of his whole life, right through to the very last. Local-preachers, Class-leaders, prayer-leaders, and pious members, "one and all," as Cornwall has it, talked to the Ministers about him, and the Ministers made him the subject of conversation to them. All seemed agreed that Francis Tuckfield should "travel." He was recommended by his Quarterly Meeting to the Cornwall District-Meeting, and by that Meeting to the Conference, passed the usual examinations, and was accepted. Francis Tuckfield now stood as a Probationer on Trial.

At our Sydney Breakfast-Meeting held during the present year, to inaugurate our building-fund for a New South Wales Wesleyan Collegiate Institution,* the Rev. Ralph Mansfield deeply interested—and, if I mistake not, surprised—more than a few present by his detail of a curriculum at the old Hoxton Theological Institution. He gave us the classical and literary bill of fare of that Institution from day to day, and insisted that more attention was really paid in those early days by the heads of Methodism to the theological training of young men, than many Methodists appeared to realize. Whilst he had things to say upon this subject pleasant to hear, the statement told much on an auditory which sat in the largest public building in Sydney let for public purposes,—the Masonic Hall, in which our breakfast took place. It was a grateful tribute to the care of the fathers of Methodism who have gone to their reward. You realized from it that the Hoxton Institution, though very unpretentious, was very far indeed from being a mean thing.

At that Institution, Francis Tuckfield remained for two years. He was one of its earliest students. His adaptation to Missionary work had been noted. Missionaries to this South Pacific were required. In 1838 we find himself and wife, and three other Missionaries † and their wives, on their voyage to these colonies. From notes, for the perusal of which I am much indebted to a son of Mr. Tuckfield, the Rev. James W. Tuckfield, Victoria, I find that his father first trod the soil of Port-Philip on July 19th, 1838.

One of the Wesleyan Circuits of the city of Melbourne now numbers nine hundred and six members. Then matters were different indeed.

---

* Our present one at Newington, near Parramatta, so ably superintended by the Rev. Joseph H. Fletcher, is a rented mansion, one of the largest ever built in the colony.

† These dear brethren were the Revs. Hurst, Skevington, and Sutch. The dust of two lies in the colonies, awaiting "the resurrection of the just." The Rev. James Sutch returned home, and is now a Supernumerary Minister attached to Stoke-Newington, one of the London Circuits.

A few persons who were once members of our Church, met Francis Tuckfield on the wharf. It was arranged to borrow the only partially occupied Episcopalian Church of Melbourne, in which he should preach on the following Sabbath. This building was a small wooden structure, built of weather-boards. On the Sabbath morning, according to arrangement, the ship's boat landed our friend on the uninhabited shore of Sandridge, and returned to the ship. Francis Tuckfield waited, and strained his eyes in vain in the direction of Melbourne for the few friends who had agreed to meet him, and conduct him across the bush. Six blacks armed with guns now made their appearance. Mr. Tuckfield had heard of their depredations. He was unarmed, and knew not whether they were hostile or friendly natives. He had no alternative, however, but to submit to their guidance. He lived to see great changes in Melbourne. Here, in 1841, during a temporary visit, he formed the first Methodist class. He lived to see Melbourne become a city of over one hundred thousand souls; a Wesleyan church there erected at a cost of twenty-five thousand pounds. Mr. Tuckfield also commenced the first Methodist church at Geelong. He lived to see Victoria possess three Wesleyan Districts, and forty-two Circuits,—the Melbourne District alone containing sixteen Circuits. All these changes within twenty-eight years!

Mr. Tuckfield's somewhat dubious introduction to Australian blacks has been named. They were to form the special objects of his care.

Buntingdale, so called in honour of that great leader of British Methodism, the late Rev. Dr. Bunting, was a conditional land-grant by the Crown. It was situated near the site of the present Geelong. So long as Methodism maintained a resident Mission to the tribes whose territory this area constituted, it was to remain the property of Methodism. The arrangement was a very thoughtful one. The blacks, it was hoped, would thus be preserved from contact with base persons amongst white men.* It was private property. Europeans

* This is a most distressing theme. In No. VIII. of this Series (p. 134) the disappointment of a noble Polynesian, (King George of Tonga,) was named, at observing, during his visit to Sydney, the ungodliness prevailing here. London also inflicts much mischief in prejudicing the minds of foreigners who visit it against our blessed Christianity. My dear old friends the Secretaries of the London City Mission, who have been spared to serve so long and so ardently the interests of that noble Institution, are careful to send me regularly the deeply-interesting Monthly Magazine of the Society. The Number just to hand (November, 1870,) contains the following passage in an article on "The Mission-work amongst Foreigners in London," which is well deserving of a separate reprint as a tract, on thin paper, for friends of the Mission to enclose to their friends and correspondents in their letters. "Of the Africans," the Missionary writes in his journal, "one said, amongst other things, 'I have been much disappointed in London. I thought it would be the best city in the world; but I have seen little but thieves, bad women, and drunken fellows. If they can rob you, or impose upon you, they will!' Of course,"

misconducting themselves could be removed; hurtful influences could be prevented. At least, it was hoped such a semblance of these advantages would be obtained as could not have been expected had not this land been thus made private property. It became an aboriginal reserve.

On this Mission ten years of Mr. Tuckfield's useful life were spent. He learned the native language; he missioned from day to day with a wandering tribe, who rarely cared to sleep under the same *gunyahs* three nights in succession; he tramped with them; he camped with them, sleeping with them; eating opossums, etc.; often half-starved, and glad to partake of what to us would seem most meagre, and also most repulsive, sustenance.

It may reasonably be inquired whether a better commissariat arrangement could not have been made. The reply is that such arrangement was impracticable from the nature of the Mission. With wandering tribes a Missionary must wander. They possessed no storehouse, no barn; they only looked for game when they were hungry, or dug the little native yam no larger than a marble, when impelled by the same incentive. Their custom was to share even scanty fare one with another. Must not the Missionary exhibit a Christian generosity equal to their own? What would have become of his influence over them had he sat and ate his morsel alone? And had he possessed stores, how could he have transported them almost daily from one part of the bush to another, over deep gullies and deep rivers, which they were constantly traversing? There was no alternative but the system of sharing one with another. To win the natives he must become almost a native; all save their sins and degradation. It is not, however, to be understood that this constituted Mr. Tuckfield's invariable mode of life during his ten years' Mission to the aboriginals. His young wife was left in the townless township of what is now Geelong. After some three weeks' wandering he would return for a brief season to his partner. But his heart was too much and too faithfully pledged to his work and to his Mission to enable him to rest beneath the shadow of home. The parting greeting soon followed the salutation on meeting, and the umbrage of the forest soon hid him again from her eyes.

In times of drought, and on barren tracts of country, even the aboriginals, with all their powers of endurance, are sometimes half-starved. Under such circumstances, there is no doubt of the practice

---

adds the Missionary, "I was obliged to admit the truth of much that he had said; but I told him that in large cities like London there were always to be found the very best, as well as the very worst, of society. He, unhappily, had fallen amongst the worst. In reference to his own spiritual state, I found that he had good impressions; he liked to hear God's Word, and, when able, attended Divine worship; but he could not say he had 'peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

of cannibalism having to some extent prevailed amongst them. They would eat their little children, perhaps also the body of some tribal companion who had died, perhaps the bodies of those slain in their tribal feuds. When extensive daily journeyings are added to want of food, the human frame, of course, becomes speedily exhausted. One narrow escape from starvation endured by Mr. Tuckfield, was during a journey in those tenantless wilds away from the tribe. Almost exhausted, his last charge of powder and shot brought down a crow, which was thankfully and eagerly devoured. But the journey must be resumed if he hoped to reach a human habitation. The *cuisine* now consisted of the careful scrapings of the inside of the flour-bag, a meagre meal for an infant. The march was resumed. Now came the crisis, the admonitory stagger, the giddy halt. The journey must now very soon end, either in human aid or in heaven. Just then a hut was reached, and sustenance procured. A truly Providential deliverance!

There were other dangers. Hostile tribes *would* fight, and our Missionary *would* attempt to stop their fights. He would rush amongst the combatants, the spears flying thickly, and the native spear, slight as it looks, will bring down the horse and the bullock as well as man. Impressed by his daring and zeal for their welfare, the blacks repeatedly yielded to his solicitations, and became at peace amongst themselves.

The life Mr. Tuckfield led required great stamina and *wire* of constitution. With these he was gifted. The cause of God required iron men, and the Lord in His mercy found us men of iron for our Mission. Praised be His name!

"What a life to lead!" some reader may sympathetically exclaim. The companion by day and by night of nude savages, whose unwashed skins almost sicken the European who approaches them. Their inseparable pack of mangy, ill-odoured dogs crowded around them, for it is their habit to sit and lie close by their dogs. You can hardly please a native more than by noticing his dogs. What a habitation for civilized man! Two fresh-cut damp sheets of bark, lapping one over the other, were placed to the windward, resting on upright saplings, and blacks, dogs, Missionary, all crowded for the night beneath this unpretentious *mi mi;* and on rainy days this primitive edifice was the only shelter from the wet. And then a scatter in search of kangaroos, opossums, native yams, and grubs! It was, however, in the midst of such scenes and such wanderings that Francis Tuckfield found his *Gradus ad Parnassum* to aboriginal language, and then devoted the language he had learned to instruction in "the unsearchable riches of Christ." It is a most blessed truth, that the Christian man's strength is proportioned to his day. It was thus with Mr. Tuckfield. His mission was his ruling passion. A man must be a Missionary fully to comprehend the workings of the Missionary

heart. As the waves of some big trouble come rolling over some little trouble, which seemed a big one until these giant waves came and hid it from the view, so does the true Missionary spirit, with its waves of deep yearning to save souls, ride over great difficulties and trials, and even rejoice in the midst of them.

One other instance only can be named of the constant dangers to which Mr. Tuckfield was exposed during this arduous Mission: a peril by water, this, of which he encountered many. The rivers of Australia, fed by mountain torrents and furnished by rainfalls of exceedingly dense character, are apt to rise very rapidly, and to run very fast. Hemmed in on one occasion by swollen rivers, Mr. Tuckfield had urgent need to reach a station from which he was separated by this watery barrier. He was almost starving, flour was exhausted; the only craft with which to stem the rushing river, was a native bark canoe, a most fragile structure, and quite in keeping with the *mi mi*. The canoe is just a sheet of bark bent, and closed at the ends with kurrajong strips,* and clay is plastered at each end to keep the water out. It was necessary to paddle this canoe, which one man quite filled, and also to float over an empty tub, attached by a long rope to the person of the occupant of the canoe, to receive the flour; then to paddle the canoe back again, with the loaded tub, sealed from the water, floating as before. The blacks longed for some flour, and they are most daring and gifted swimmers, crossing where most white swimmers would not dare to venture; calculating the force of the current with an accuracy, the result of constant experience. Their power and resources in the water are remarkable. But every black declined this expedition. One, more daring than the rest, at last expressed his willingness to attempt to ferry the empty tub over, probably that the Missionary might be convinced of his readiness to do what he could. But from the state of the current, he said, the flour could not be brought back. The canoe would inevitably be upset by the attempt, and probably he would be drowned. The urgency was very great. Sometimes swollen rivers remain so for weeks. The ground on hill-sides, clayey and barren, saturated with moisture, absorbs no more. Every shower then adds to the magnitude of the stream.

Mr. Tuckfield determined to venture across. We now find him in the little canoe, the empty flour-tub sailing behind fastened to his body. But the chief danger, as the practised eye of the black had

* The Kurrajong is said to reach the height of forty feet. I never saw one so high. It is a graceful evergreen. In form the tree is not dissimilar to an oak; the leaves resemble those of the poplar, but struck me as being larger. The smooth bark is very tenacious and fibrous, and is used by the natives in making nets. I have seen rope of some strength made from kurrajong shreds. This tree gives the name to a very beautiful mountain district, commencing forty miles from Sydney, connected with our capital by railway communication, and where many of our citizens have country seats.

seen, lay in returning. An oblique current will favour crossing a river, and obstruct return. The opposite bank was safely gained; the canoe moored; the empty flour-bag shouldered; the station reached; the flour procured; a word in season spoken, a prayer, too, offered, if the opportunity were present; the canoe was reached, and preparations made for the more perilous return voyage.

As the blacks had surmised, so it happened. The canoe upset, and Francis Tuckfield, with the keg of flour fastened to his body, sank beneath the eddying surface of the stream. The blacks, who really loved their Missionary, now filled the air with lamentations over his supposed death. But whilst yielding the palm to these aboriginals as a body, for the undeniable possession of swimming capabilities far indeed beyond those possessed by their white brethren, it must be remembered that there are excellent swimmers besides those of the coloured races; of these Mr. Tuckfield was one. But the position must have been one of deadly peril. However, Francis Tuckfield swam and swam, breasting stalwartly the opposing current, and at last, after fearful exertion, safely gained the bank, flour-keg and all.

Blacks as well as whites are drowned in Australia whilst attempting to swim rivers; the former, however, far less frequently than the latter, owing not only to their superior capabilities in swimming, but also to their superior knowledge of water forces, and of all matters pertaining to water-courses, amongst which they live. Mr. Tuckfield succeeded in surmounting a danger from water which blacks dared not to encounter. It is presumed that few readers will fail to perceive to some extent the imminent peril from which his Lord and Master on this occasion delivered him. But it requires more words to bring out the extent of this peril to the view of those who have not sojourned in these lands. Not only under such circumstances have currents to be battled with, but also *under*-currents. Branches of trees, and dead wood, submerged, as well as floating on the surface, are most dangerous impediments, apt to obstruct and entangle the swimmer. Striking powerfully against him "end on," they sometimes paralyze him, and bring this life to a termination within arm's length of the shore. The sands, especially at the bends of these rivers, when the water is low, are literally covered with masses of such drift. You may pick up almost any amount of dead wood, from the log that would constitute a good dray-load, down to the little twig. There are also eddies, caused by deep holes, to be contended with by the swimmer. From all these dangers, how mercifully was our dear brother delivered and his days lengthened by the care of his Heavenly Father! *

* The swimming powers of the aboriginals are very great. I have stood at the bedsides of persons dangerously afflicted, when there existed no possibility of securing for them medical attendance. Unbridged rivers in a state of flood pre-

During the years of the labours of the Rev. Messrs. Tuckfield and Hurst amongst these aboriginals, they gradually diminished in number. But it may be asked were not these natives preserved from contact with Europeans—which is presented to Christendom as one great secret of aboriginal extinction—by the Government arrangement which has been named? Unfortunately, the plausibility of that benevolent arrangement was not equalled by its potency in practice. The pernicious custom of perpetual intermarriage between a tribe, the practice of infanticide, and other causes, greatly aid also in effecting aboriginal extinction.

In 1848, the condition of the Aboriginal Mission had become too apparent to permit further postponement of action. The blacks were counted now by tens. At the commencement of the Mission they were counted by hundreds. The increase of a pastorless white population, and other weighty considerations, appeared to point to the necessity of abandoning the Aboriginal Mission. It would, however, be very erroneous to suppose that the spiritual wants of these few natives were afterwards totally uncared for.

At the first Conference of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church of Australasia, held in Sydney, in January, 1855, the subject of Aboriginal Missions was introduced, with a view, if possible, to their renewal. The Revs. Messrs. Hurst and Tuckfield then gave to the Conference, consisting largely of new men from England, a deeply interesting account of their mission.*

All that can be said of Mr. Tuckfield's useful life from 1848, to 21st of October, 1865, when he died at Portland, Victoria, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and the twenty-eighth of his mission, must be compressed within a few lines. It might be said of him that he died in harness. Prosperity greatly attended his last labours. Indeed,

---

vented all communication. Under such circumstances a black has swam a roaring creek, and brought back needful medicines, wrapped in waterproof material and fastened to his hair. But even blacks are drowned whilst carrying the white man's messages. Poor Combo, one of the Dungog tribe, whom I used frequently to meet on my northern journeys, undertook, during a flood on the Williams, to carry a letter of consequence across, to parties in charge of cattle from New-England, who were water-bound on their way to the Maitland market. At the side of a hill, commanding a pleasant view, close to the little town of Dungog, poor Combo essayed to cross. A black, in such a case, selects his position with great judgment. Combo enclosed the letter in his shirt, which he fastened on his head, and succeeded in mastering the main stream. Here the shirt fell from his head into the water, but with most agile effort he recovered it. Then by his actions he seemed to have lost all command of his movements, and shouting out something that could not be heard, he finally sank.

* "He was not without success; but he painfully felt that his efforts were to a large extent defeated by the wandering habits of the people, and the dissensions of their various tribes."—*Obituary Notice of Rev. Francis Tuckfield, Minutes, Australasian Wesleyan-Methodist Conference*, 1866.

through life he had much success in soul saving. His gift in prayer was very remarkable. The following were words from the last address to his class,—a means of grace he always highly honoured:—"I am happy in my own soul, happy in God, happy in my family, happy in my work, and the last quarter has been the happiest of my life." One only of his many precious sayings in dying can be added:—"I cannot doubt my precious Saviour; He will never leave me nor forsake me. My trust is without a doubt, without a fear; for whosoever believeth on Him shall be saved. 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin;' the *precious* blood of Christ." So he passed to heaven.

LESS DISTINGUISHED NAMES IN THE WORD OF GOD.

V. BARZILLAI.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

It was very sad for David in his old age to be compelled to leave the city which he had made famous by his genius and heroism, and consecrated by Levitical rites and spiritual service, to escape the effects of a conspiracy, in which his son Absalom was the principal mover. His flight from Jerusalem was embittered not only by his abasement before a people among whom he had shone with conspicuous splendour, as psalmist, soldier, and monarch, but by knowing, like the king whose sorrows are so touchingly depicted by the dramatic poet, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

With those who remained faithful to him, one of whom was Ittai the Gittite, who, though "a stranger, and also an exile," nobly refused to leave his master in the day of his fallen fortunes, David went out of the city gate, crossed the brook Kedron, which at a later date was to witness the agony of David's greater Son, and went up the path leading over Olivet. The king had neither crown on his head nor sandals on his feet, but bore the appearance of one overtaken by calamity and humiliation. "And David went up by the ascent of mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had *his* head covered, and he went barefoot: and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." They forded the Jordan, and wandered along the Jordan valley, until they came to Mahanaim, where the angels met Jacob after his escape from Laban. There, three wealthy men, one of whom was "Barzillai the Gileadite," brought furniture for the camp, and such provisions as could be obtained in the district in which they dwelt, "wheat, and barley, and flour, and parched *corn*, and beans, and lentiles, and parched *pulse*, and honey, and butter, and sheep, and cheese of kine." Barzillai lived at Rogelim, in the fertile and picturesque highlands of Gilead. He "was a very aged man, even fourscore years old," but did not on that ground excuse himself from personal attendance on his king. He stayed with him while he was encamped at Mahanaim, and continued to provide for his and the people's wants; an act of loyalty and liberality repeated, though on a smaller scale, but with

a spirit equally high and generous, by good Samuel Hick, when, in the time of the French war, he offered his hard-earned savings to George the Third, and brought out the whole contents of his larder for the soldiers who halted in Micklefield.

Barzillai having lived to such an age, "even fourscore years," could look on events which had long since transpired. He could go back to days when men waited for wisdom and guidance from the venerable lips of Samuel, and when the crowned head of Saul was lifted high in the presence of Israel; and could recall the excitement caused in the land by tidings of the wonders achieved by the young hero from Bethlehem. To him, as to other aged men, the events of more recent years might be dim and misty, but the distant past would be clear and luminous, and he stood among the younger men like some old historic tree carven with the pictured records of ancient times.

Though David's attention was absorbed by the movements of that unnatural conspiracy by which he had been driven from his throne, there would be hours when he could enter into conversation with Barzillai about the incidents of his own early career, and sorrow-stricken as he was, would feel somewhat of the old spirit stirring his blood as he was reminded of the daring and giant-like strokes by which he had "turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

When the rebellion was subdued, Barzillai accompanied David to the ford of the Jordan, and was invited by him to go forward to Jerusalem. But the simple homestead at Rogelim was dearer to Barzillai than the cedarn house in the city of David. The pastoral quietude of the hill-sides had more charms for his aged eyes than the pomp of a court, and he preferred the graves of his father and mother to the sepulchres of great captains and kings. He was too old to break up the associations in which he had so long delighted, and mould himself to the stately yet tumultuous life of a palace. "How long have I to live, that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem? I am this day fourscore years old: and can I discern between good and evil? can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? . . . Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother." He went over Jordan with the king, and then they parted. In parting, the king kissed him and blessed him, and what music the tender and beautiful words of that blessing would make in the soul of the patriarch, as he went back to his peaceful dwelling on the uplands of Gilead; nor did David ever forget the generous gifts and timely sympathy of his ancient friend, for on his death-bed he charged Solomon to "show kindness unto the sons of Barzillai the Gileadite."

Barzillai is a fine example of a contented yet not apathetic old age. He sought for no new pleasures, yet his soul was not asleep, and he could bestir himself with almost the ardour of youth on behalf of his king, and the law and religion which his king represented. It is pleasing to see an aged man seeking no further good for himself in this world, yet trying to benefit those who will remain in it when he has vanished from the scene of its toils and strifes. The political history of our country has few grander figures to show than that of the lone and aged Burke in

the seclusion of Beaconsfield, convinced that his career, "whether for thought or for action, would soon be at an end," and leaving to others the labour and the glory of active statesmanship, but still endeavouring to serve his country, and the cause of humanity, by assailing the atheism and anarchy of France, in the gorgeous and impassioned eloquence of his "Letters on a Regicide Peace." But the glory of Burke's old age is pale by the side of that of John Wesley, who even when he had reached the years of Barzillai, went on preaching and writing as if he had only been in the prime and freshness of manhood. "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing."

PHEMMY'S BIBLE.

PHEMMY was napping in her chair, forgetting for a few minutes that she was a poor, lonely, rheumatic old woman, when a crash of her little window hurriedly dashed the balmy poppies from her eyelids. A pair of mild blue eyes looked inquiringly over the broad-rimmed spectacles, and the answer they received was repeated in trembling tones, "Some thoughtless child has been throwing stones; but only one pane is broken, it might have been worse. I must patch it up as well as I can till the Squire comes home; Mr. Steward would grumble 'mazingly if I told him, for it was a new window but this day fortnight back. Good thing it wasn't Jenny Steel's, poor old cretur; the Lord be praised, He never afflicts heavier nor we can bear."

Almost before the sharp, chill wind could rush through the fresh-made aperture, the door opened, and a child's voice exclaimed in sympathetic eagerness, "O, Mrs. Phemmy, some one has broken your pretty window, and I can't see any one about who could have sent the stone."

"Perhaps the Lord sent it, my dear," said Phemmy, smiling at the child's vivacity.

"The Lord, Mrs. Phemmy!" and two wondering eyes were upturned to the clear afternoon sky.

"Yes, Anna, we be such poor short-sighted creturs, that unless the Lord wraps His blessings in sunshine we count them no blessings at all. His ways are not as our ways, but He makes 'all things work together for good to them *that love* God.'"

"I must put something to keep out the wind," said Anna, looking about for a likely article. "If the glazier is not wanted at the Hall, they'll never fetch him four miles just to mend your pane."

Anna was Phemmy's little neighbour and factotum, she waited upon the old woman with a prudence and thoughtfulness beyond her years; and when her duties were discharged, read to her out of a small Bible which had been an award for good conduct.

"I cannot find anything neat and strong enough," said the girl, pausing in her search; "but I will just step home and see what mother can do."

"Wait a bit, child; there's the family Bible there, I cannot see to read it even with these specs; and I've been thinking that if it was opened and fixed against the pane, Jem Norton might catch sight of a verse or two when he comes admiring my flowers."

"It wouldn't be wrong to put it to such a use, would it, Mrs. Phemmy?" and the small hands were quickly lifted from the Book.

"I'm thinking not, Anna; it has never been used these three years, and if I gave it to Jem, he'd never read a word, but he might if he came upon it accidental like."

But day after day went by, and Jem was not seen to make his usual stand at the little window. One morning a shadow fell upon it, and Phemmy, thinking he was coming at last, closed her eyes and prayed that the seed which had been "sown in weakness" might be "raised in power." A quick tap, a moving of the latch, and there stood before her, not Jem, as she expected, but the steward of the Squire's estate.

"What's the meaning of this?" he inquired, pointing either to the open Bible or the broken pane, Phemmy could not tell which.

"It means that 'all things work together for good to them that love God.'"

"No, no; how has this been done?"

"'It is the Lord's doing,' Sir, and 'it is marvellous in our eyes.'"

"Poor! pooh! accident, I expect."

"So we word it, Mr. Steward; but nothing comes of mere chance; there is One above Who orders whatever takes place;" and Phemmy fixed a kind but earnest gaze upon her visitor.

"You shall have it mended soon. Good day;" and in a milder mood "Mr. Steward" made his exit.

Night was drawing on, and Phemmy was getting disheartened; her plot regarding Jem Norton seemed likely to prove a failure; she had watched and prayed for his coming, but since the Bible had been placed in the window, he had always passed on the other side.

"Anna shall take it away to-morrow," she soliloquized, "the blessed Book shall not be used for a window-stuffing only; I put it there for Jem, but he hasn't once looked at it. The Lord knows I meant right."

Some time later, as she sat in the glowing firelight, the door softly opened, and her visitor of the morning entered. Without speaking, he drew a chair to Phemmy's side, and gazed on the floor vacantly. The old woman, lowering her chin, eyed the steward over her spectacles.

"'It is the Lord's doing,' Phemmy, and 'it is marvellous in our eyes!'"

Phemmy did not answer, her glance of wonder was changed to one of scrutiny, for she believed him to be mocking her, yet his unusually quiet demeanour puzzled her greatly.

"You don't understand me, Phemmy, and no wonder; but the words which caught my eye while examining that broken pane haunted me all day, and at last threw me into such a frenzy of remorse, that on my knees I pleaded for mercy, and mercy was granted. I can say with confidence, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses' me 'from all sin.'"

"Lord forgive me!" ejaculated Phemmy.

"Nay, the rather give glory to God that through your instrumentality the chief of sinners has found the Saviour."

"Ay, Mr. Steward, I do praise Him for that; but I be so faithless and short-sighted, that only a little while ago I was grieving because Jem Norton had never looked this way, and I put it on purpose for him. True is it that God's ways 'are not as our ways.' To think that a born gentleman should learn the truth at the window of a humble cottager!"

"Yes, Phemmy, and you shall have a pane put in to-morrow; but don't take the Bible away, it may be the means of doing good to others besides me."

It was Sunday afternoon, Anna was at school, and Phemmy was dozing in her chair. She must have slept some time, for when she awoke a group of men and women were standing before her window with their eyes fixed upon her open Bible, from which her friend the steward was reading aloud. Jem was there, crouching behind two burly men, in the hope that Phemmy would not see him, and she did not. He was too proud-spirited to be seen taking any interest in religion, so he stood outside the circle, making pretence at ridicule.

Presently one of the number rushed to the steward's side, exclaiming, "Are you sure it says so, sure are you?"

"Yes; look for yourself," answered the reader, pointing through the glass.

And the man read slowly but correctly, "'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' Do you hear; do you hear?" he cried, turning to the small audience. "Do you believe? I do. Come in, and Phemmy will pray for us."

All obeyed the summons except Jem, who slipped away. That afternoon the cry of the penitent, and the song of the pardoned, ascended from that cottage room, and many a hand clasped Phemmy's warmly, and many a voice thanked her in happy tones for having put forth the beacon which had been the means of saving them from eternal ruin.

"To God be all the praise," she replied; "for He alone doeth wondrous things. He caused that pane to be broken, and He put it into my head to fasten it up as I did. I am but the tool He has used to bring about His glory; to Him be all the praise."

Some months later the same company, with one or two additions, were met in the same room for reading and prayer. But Phemmy was not there, she was worshipping among that multitude which no man can number. She had passed away without seeing her supplications in Jem Norton's behalf answered. But now he rented her cottage, sat in her chair, and read her Bible; and in the whole assembly there was not one so attentive, so devout, or so earnest, as was he.

"Ah!" thought the steward, who was conducting the service, "if Phemmy could now look in upon us and upon Jem, how exultantly would she exclaim, 'It is the Lord's doing,' and 'it is marvellous in our eyes.'"

Uttoxeter. M. A. H.

INSIDE A GAOL.

If you make known your presence at the gate of the D— County Gaol, the porter, after surveying you through a grating, will admit you to the entrance-court. It is easy to get in, and you, gentle reader, will experience no difficulty in getting out. As you pass the open door of a lodge, you see a grim array of arms hung up on the wall, with the friendly intimation beneath them that "All are loaded." In an office on the other hand, should you desire to see it, is a veritable chamber of horrors. It is a large cabinet, usually curtained over, for its contents are such as even the officers do not become so accustomed to as to like to have them always in sight.

Those heads in plaster of Paris—a ghastly row—are casts of the criminals who have been executed here. Around the neck of each is the rope by which he was hanged. On shelves beneath is a collection of pistols, bars, and bludgeons, with each of which some murder has been done, and many other relics equally revolting of the murderers and the murdered. Enough! Draw down the curtain. We pass into one of the numerous yards into which the space between the high prison-walls is divided. You see that corner overgrown with rank grass, while all the ground about it is so carefully and neatly kept. There are upright stones among the grass. They are grave-stones, and each bears, with the exception of names and dates, the same sad inscription, namely,—

EXECUTED—
FOR THE MURDER OF—.

If after this you are so inclined, you may enter the condemned cell, now happily and for many years unoccupied, where those poor criminals spent their last nights on earth. You may also try in the refractory cell what is the sensation of utter, absolute darkness and solitude. How you shudder, with an irresistible, instinctive fear, as the heavy lock is turned behind you! Here, if the warder should leave you, you might rave and scream your life away, and none would hear. You know that the door will be opened in a very few moments, but even that is long enough to make the return of light a joy to you. Thanks to the excellent management and discipline, this mode of punishment is but seldom resorted to.

We observe that the convicts are all employed. Every occupation of the day has its fixed time and duration. All goes on under the quiet but vigilant surveillance of the officers. Some are engaged in various useful handicrafts, and these one might think to be spending their time in tolerable comfort, if it were not for the *feeling* of imprisonment, *and* the sense of degradation, *and* the separation from family and friends, *and—Conscience*. But what terrible exceptions are those! Some are sullenly marching round and round a yard for their appointed open-air exercise. Then there is that row of miserable fellows toiling with measured tramp upon the inexorably revolving wheel. Your guide points out, *sotto voce*, how the older and habitual criminals, who have been practising the art at intervals for years, know how in some measure to ease the labour of the tread-mill, while those to whom it is new may be known by their greater exhaustion. With what a sigh of relief that poor youth drops down from the wheel when told that his appointed interval of rest has come!

Our brief visit gives us but a general and superficial view of prison life. There are great moral and religious questions which suggest themselves, but which we refrain from discussing now. But let us have a few words at parting with the courteous warder whom we will suppose to have been our guide. He is a devout man and a Methodist; and if you know the chapel in the neighbouring village of B—, you know him, though you may not have recognized him in his uniform. As a Class-leader and a Sunday-school teacher he had long laboured there, until, a few months ago, circumstances arose to detach him from the soil upon which he and his fathers had been rooted, and where he had lived

a happy rural life. His present post is one which he had never dreamed of occupying, and so very different from his former pursuits, and requiring such new developments of the Christian character in him, as to make the transition a time of test and trial in his religious experience. But he took the appointment as from the Master, and sought and obtained the grace sufficient. In his native fields he sometimes indulged a taste for rhyme, and will permit us to repeat here, so far as they can be remembered, some verses expressive of his feelings on entering upon his present duties. After picturing the contrast between his former free and cheerful occupations, and

"A life within these gloomy walls, so massive, strong, and high,
With frowning turrets rearing up their forms against the sky;"

he continues:—

"I hear the gates discordant clang, and many an evil sound—
The click of locks and bang of bolts—strike doleful echoes round.

"I meet with fierce, revengeful looks, and eyes of angry glare,
And there are curses mutter'd low, and sighs of sad despair.
Are these the sights and these the sounds must meet me day by day?
Yet faint not, O my soul! but trust, and labour on and pray.

"Here must I labour for the Lord, nor seek the cross to shun;
May I but hear the Master's voice say unto me 'Well done!'"

We bid our friend good-bye, and heartily join in his prayer. We have gained a glimpse of life inside a gaol from a warder's point of view. Let us be thankful that we can pass at our own free will into the free world without. J. L. B.

"THE MORNING COMETH."

How cheering are the first faint beams
Of early dawn appearing,
Which shoot athwart the gloom of night,
And tell us day is nearing.

O'er hill and valley, wood and stream,
The golden light is stealing,
Till Nature wakes anew to life,
Her thousand charms revealing.

Thrice welcome to the suffering one,
Whose pain forbids his sleeping;
And where, in ministering love,
The lone one watch is keeping.

So to thee, Christian mourner, too,
Can come no night of sadness,
But it shall surely bring to thee
The promised day of gladness.

Look up, thou stricken one, for soon
Shall rise, with wings of healing,
The glorious Sun of Righteousness,
Himself to thee revealing.

Yea, dost thou not already see,
The distant hills adorning,
The first faint streaks which now appear
As heralds of the morning?

And in yon fair celestial home,
To which thy steps are tending,
No shades of evening e'er bedim
The light of day unending.

Take courage, and be trustful, then,
And patient in thy sorrow;
Look upward still in faith and hope,
For joy comes on the morrow!

Ripon. M. W.

WARREN HASTINGS.

In the engraving we present our readers with a picture of Daylesford Church, in Worcestershire. It is a model of correct architecture, and is most picturesquely situated on the village green; but its fame chiefly arises from the fact that in the churchyard lies all that is mortal of the first Governor-General of India. Immediately under the eastern window of the sacred edifice, shaded by a number of shrubs, which

have been planted around it, stands a plain stone vault, fenced with iron rails, and surmounted by an urn, bearing the simple inscription, "Warren Hastings, 1818." The present church has only been erected eleven years; it succeeded a smaller one built by Warren Hastings, but the original foundation dates so far back as the days of the Saxon heptarchy, having been derived from Ethelwald, king of the Mercians, in the eighth century.

Daylesford is a neat little village, containing about eighty inhabitants. It lies midway between Chipping-Norton and Stow-on-the-Wold. The principal buildings are the church, the school, and the manor-house. An almost romantic interest is attached to the latter, in its associations with the career of Warren Hastings. It was while lying on the bank of the rivulet which meanders through the meadows in the midst of which the old family mansion of the Hastings stands, that Warren, then a boy of seven years old, formed the resolution which it thenceforth became the main object of his life to accomplish. He had often heard from the plain country-folk with whom he associated, of the ancient splendour of his family, who were the former lords of the manor. Stories were told him of the power which his ancestors possessed; how rich they were, what servants they kept, and in what style they lived. In the troublous times of the Civil War they had espoused the cause of royalty, and became greatly reduced in their circumstances; still, they retained the Daylesford estate, but ultimately this

had to be disposed of, so that Warren, although boasting of an illustrious ancestry, was born poor. He determined, however, that he would regain the ancestral estate, and to become a Hastings of Daylesford became the object of his highest ambition.

Henceforth he applied himself with increased ardour to his lessons at the country school, and the peasant youths who sat on the same form with him, did not fail to notice with what diligence he devoted himself to his books. At an early age poor Warren lost both his parents, and was left to the care of his grandfather, a needy clergyman, who held the living of Daylesford, the income from which was very small, and rendered precarious by constant lawsuits to recover his tithes. In due time he was transferred from the village school to an establishment at Newington, "where he was well taught but ill fed." After spending some time here, his uncle Howard, who had voluntarily undertaken the charge of his education, sent him to Westminster School, where he made great proficiency in his learning. Here he commenced a friendship with Cowper the poet, which neither lapse of time nor change of circumstances ever seems to have weakened. Cowper has given us the opinion which he held of his friend in the lines commencing,—

"Hastings! I knew thee young, and of a mind
While young humane, conversable, and kind."

He was destined for the University, but the death of his uncle cut short his scholastic career, and when he left Westminster it was to enter upon commercial life. His first appointment was that of a clerkship in the East India Company's service, in which capacity he went to the East to make his first start in life. He landed at Bengal, in October, 1750. India was at that time in a very unsettled state, and opportunities soon presented themselves for the display of those extraordinary administrative talents which the young adventurer possessed in a high degree. In a short time he was elected to a seat in the Council of the great trading company in whose employ he had at first left his native country, and was ultimately appointed the first Governor-General of India. When surrounded with all the pomp of his high position, revelling in the midst of Oriental luxury, the nominal ruler of the vast empire of the East, with fifty millions of Asiatics under his dominion, and unbounded wealth at his command, he never forgot his early resolution, but his thoughts turned to the home of his forefathers, and his uppermost wish was that he might live to possess it and end his days there.

Loud complaints had reached England of the cruelty and extravagance of Hastings, and when he returned home in 1785, an impeachment was instituted against him at the instance of Edmund Burke. The notorious trial lasted nearly eight years, the result being that Hastings was fully acquitted. The costs of the defence were almost fabulous. One of the ablest speeches ever made in the British Parliament was delivered by Mr. Sheridan in his opposition to Hastings. One thousand pounds were offered for the copyright of this oration.

The year in which the trial commenced, the Daylesford estate was sold, and Warren Hastings became the purchaser. He immediately set to work to repair the old house, and laid out the grounds on a very grand scale. Here he took up his abode with his wife, (formerly the Baroness Imhoff, whom he had married under most romantic circumstances in India,) awaiting the result of the impeachment. He devoted the remainder of his life to literature and rural occupations. He secured the goodwill of his neighbours, and the writer has met with aged persons in the neighbourhood who still speak of "the General," as he used to be called, in terms of affectionate remembrance.

Perhaps no character in English history has been the subject of more varying verdicts than Warren Hastings. "Our feeling towards him," says Lord Macaulay, "is not exactly that of the House of Commons which impeached

him in 1787; neither is it that of the House of Commons which uncovered and stood up to receive him in 1813. He had great qualities, and he rendered great services to the State." While thus defending him against the malignity of his bitterest foes, the great historian holds that to "represent him as a man of stainless virtue is ridiculous."

On a tablet over one of the entrance doors of the church at Daylesford, is the following record: "In a vault just beyond the eastern extremity of this Church lies the body of the Right Honourable Warren Hastings, of Daylesford House, in this parish, the first Governor-General of the British territories in India. A Member of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, LL.D. and F.R.S.

"The last public effort of whose eminently virtuous and lengthened life was the erection of this sacred edifice, which he superintended with singular energy and interest to its completion, and in which, alas! the holy rites of sepulture were very shortly afterwards performed over his mortal remains. He died on the 22d of August, 1818, aged eighty-five years and eight months."

This tablet has been removed from the late Saxon church which was rebuilt by Warren Hastings, to the present building, which was erected by Harman Grisewood, Esq., the owner of the Daylesford estate, in 1860.

C. H. Gough.

Droitwich, Worcester.

SUBMERGED ISLANDS.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

There are, certainly, some wonderful islands in the world. Some of us think, perhaps, that the island on which we live is, on the whole, the most wonderful. Certainly its influence, for good or evil, on the destinies of countless millions of our race is very marvellous. We are thankful that the power with which the nation has been entrusted has been largely employed to promote the welfare of our race, and we pray that speedily it may be exclusively used to bless. But, in other respects, there are wonderful islands in the world.

There are *floating* islands! These islands are only found on lakes, so that they cannot float beyond their prescribed limits. There are some floating islands on a small lake near St. Omer. On the lake Gerdau, in Prussia, there is a floating island on which as many as a hundred cattle have been comfortably grazing at the same time. In a lake in Osnabrück there is a floating island on which are some elms growing which would serve well to adorn a gentleman's park in any country. It would be, in many respects, very inconvenient if Great Britain should float about, especially if it drifted far. It may do for a little island on a small lake without tides or currents. But just to imagine that, some day, a strong northerly wind, assisted by some ocean-stream, should have taken us into the neighbourhood of Labrador! Ships from all parts of the world, bound for London, or Bristol, or Liverpool, or Hull, inquiring what had become of the lost island! It would be sad for our friends not to know where we were, and we also not to know. There are people who, amid the tasks and relations of life, are so uncertain, that they are often in a predicament of this sort. But we are thankful that our island-home does not so drift about.

There are, however, islands still more remarkable than those we have mentioned, for they sometimes float, and at other times sink. They spend part of their time with their surface above the water, and part of their time with their surface beneath the water. Thus far they are amphibious, as some animals are. In the lake Rålang, in Smoland, a province of Sweden, there is a floating island which appeared and disappeared ten successive times between the years 1696 and 1766. That island would not seem to be a very valuable freehold. Those who were aged, and had become accustomed to the island's peculiarities and freaks, might endeavour to encourage any young man who had happened to inherit it only in time to make a survey

thereof, and then see it sink beneath the water. They might say to him, "We know all about its ways; do not be afraid of losing it; some time, sooner or later, it will reappear, and you can then claim it as yours." Such consolation, however, would be felt to be incomplete. The disappointed owner might reasonably ask, "When will it reappear? In what condition will it come to the surface? What assurance shall I have that it will not speedily dive again? I do wish that my island was founded on a rock, as people say Britain is. Certainly, for the present, I can neither plough, nor sow, nor reap. Time will be irretrievably lost."

The island in the lake Rålang rose and sank ten times in seventy years. This period of seventy years specified by Swedish historians, is that which is generally regarded as the limit of human life. A few human beings remain in this world more than threescore years and ten. By far the larger portion of our race are summoned away at a very much earlier date. But a man or woman who dies when seventy years old, is regarded as having had the full term allotted to us. The period, therefore, specified concerning this island in the lake Rålang, suggests the inquiry, if there is anything analogous to its peculiarities among ourselves? Are there any who are apt to disappear at times from places in which they might have received blessing and done good? The island while floating on the quiet lake was illumined by the sunshine, and produced what was beautiful, and fragrant, and valuable; but it left the sunshine, and ceased to furnish anything for any human being. Do we ever observe anything like this among our acquaintances? or have they seen anything like this in us?

Has there not been even among Christ's professed disciples somewhat of this? Any Sabbath-school teachers who were really clever at their work, and likely to become first-rate; but, to the surprise and sorrow of the school-superintendent, their place became vacant, and must be supplied by some other? Any tract-distributors, who received their bundle with a hearty good will, and started off on their round at double-quick pace; but, after a time, some other volunteer was seen inquiring his way through the district, and vainly asking for tracts which had long since been treated as deserted by their owner? Any Missionary-collector, who for a year or two surprised all concerned by the amount collected, and then astonished them in a less desirable manner by bringing in nothing whatever, not even the empty book? Any attendants on week-evening preaching and prayer-meetings, who did the people good by being always present, wet or dry, for a season; and then, without any sufficient reason, ceased to attend at all? In some of these cases their most hopeful acquaintances expect them to reappear. They tell us that they have been given up for lost several times, but, after an absence of uncertain length, they returned as though nothing had occurred. These sanguine hopes may, peradventure, be realised; but, assuredly, there was no ripened grain carried from our island in the Swedish lake during the period it was submerged, and, therefore, out of sight. So those who have laboured for Christ may lose precious time.

Sometimes the disappearance is occasioned by *more instability*.—Those chiefly concerned could assign no reason why they have left the place in which they knew they were both receiving and doing good. There is a fitfulness in their zeal which, by God's grace, might be controlled, but which they have not learned to control. Their zeal is not the warmth of vigorous and healthy circulation, but of intermittent fever. They have their hot fits and their cold fits, and can give no further account of the matter. In the case of the island, its ponderosity must have been so nearly equal to that of the water, that a very little made it float or sink. Perhaps those best acquainted with it, and who had observed its appearance and disappearance half a dozen times, could give no satisfactory

explanation why it went down for the seventh time. Nevertheless, it was to be regretted. The island lost the sunshine, and the husbandman lost the produce. Could there be nothing to impart additional buoyancy to the island? Perhaps not. But there will be given more grace, if rightly sought, by which the weaknesses of our constitution shall be rectified. So shall there be fruit continually.

Sometimes the disappearance is occasioned by *severe depression*.—The man who evidently was much in earnest to get good and to do good, has arrived at the conclusion, Satan being his adviser thus far, that his efforts are altogether useless. Many of the viler whisperings of the adversary he would not listen to for a moment: but this is presented in the form, and by the name, of humility. So the man hearkens, and partly believes, and leaves his post; as though, even if the melancholy suggestion were correct, such departure would improve his position or prospects. Those who are thus assailed should be very tenderly dealt with. They often make capital workers if they can be kept to their task, for they are very conscientious. But their disappearance cannot be excused, and is often the occasion of great loss to themselves and others. There is good reason to believe that some of these would have gained much and witnessed large results had they held on a little longer. Who would not have been ready to weep if our island, after enduring the rigours of a Swedish winter, and after all the painstaking of seed-time, had, just when the reapers were sharpening their sickles, plunged beneath the water, because, during all the ten months, not a ripe sheaf had been gathered from its surface?

Sometimes the disappearance is occasioned by *unbrotherly disputation*. If there were many floating islands on one little lake, and much motion, collisions would not be unlikely. Those who, in families or in Churches, are brought much together, and have to engage unitedly in various activities, have need to be on their guard that "brotherly love continue." Four islands in the four corners of a square lake, each by some influence drawn as far into its corner as possible, would be less likely to strike against each other. In families and Churches we cannot thus push our way into our own corners. But, on the other hand, we do not drift helplessly. By the grace of God there may be proximity and activity, yet no collision. It is greatly to be regretted when two jostle each other so rudely that, at least for a time, one or both disappear from the sunshine and the sphere of usefulness.

Sometimes the disappearance is occasioned by *wilful transgression*.—Much ashamed and depressed are the true followers of Christ concerning those whose gross inconsistencies dishonour the Saviour's cause. The unfaithful ones perhaps never thought of acting a hypocritical part. They ardently desired to do good, but some evil appetite or propensity remained unsubdued. In consequence of this, and of unwatchfulness, he who had been conspicuous for active zeal in the Redeemer's service was led into sin. Of course, his place in the vineyard had to be vacated. If the question was put by a stranger to the delinquent's recent associates, why he was no longer at his post, shame covered their faces. This is the worst form of disappearance, yet in some cases has been several times repeated in the limits of a long life. At length those who were faithful to their Lord were fully convinced that the inconsistent one must never again be allowed to occupy a conspicuous position. They must endeavour to help him in saving his own soul, but they dared not risk the credit of their Master by entrusting responsibility to the erring one.

Whatever the occasion of disappearance from the position in which good may be gained and done, time is lost. Let us seek to be as the islet, however small, founded on a rock, every day exulting in the sunshine, and constantly bringing forth fruit in its season.

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE.

XII.

CONCLUSION.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BAYLIS.

THAT which is fundamental to a system cannot be dispensed with. Can a watch tell the course of time without its mainspring? Can an arch stand without its keystone? Can a vessel at sea go on in its intended course without its helm?

In our remarks on "Great Characters from Humble Life," we have noticed David, Elijah, and the Apostles; Martin Luther, John Bunyan, George Whitefield, Francis Asbury, William Carey, John Williams, Samuel Leigh, Richard Watson, Adam Clarke, and John Hunt. Born in different ages, they lived and laboured in different countries, yet they all became great men. How? Did they owe their greatness to birth, rank, title, position, family influence, or the smiles of the aristocracy around them? No! *They owed all to the religion of the Bible.* Great talents, with favourable circumstances combined, without deep piety, could never have made them what they became. *Religion was the soul of their greatness, and the secret of their success.* It is a patent fact, that deep piety is indispensable to true greatness of character. All may not become great in wealth or science; but religious greatness all may reach. Let not those readers of the "Christian Miscellany" who were born in poverty, and brought up in adversity, think their circumstances are fatal to their elevation. No! you can rise if you are good, as the cases we have mentioned plainly show. We are now in this life for a while, enjoying our "golden opportunity," our *once for ever*, and it is NOW OR NEVER with each and all of us. Our manner of spending this life depends very much indeed on the views we take of it.

Is not the importance of this life derived from its connection with the life to come? If in this life we determine our personal eternity of bliss or woe, can we now too fully yield to, and be governed by, the requirements of religion? Can we live too much for heaven and eternity? Does not religion commend itself as much to our judgment as to our necessities? What is more reasonable, or advantageous to man?

If man's existence in this world is to him an enterprise for eternity, then to be holy and useful on this side the tomb is the greatest achievement in human life. Let us look at the case from opposite points. Solomon, *as a man of the world*, stands alone in his possessions and his position. His wisdom, his wealth, his honours, and his pursuits, all combined to make him a great experimentalist, and Solomon's label on this world is VANITY. Man's greatness is his misery, till God and he are at one. Look at the case of Lord Byron, his position and his talents. What was his own estimate of all when he was near the close? In the last verses he ever wrote, we find the following:—

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of life are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone."

Shall we take a testimony of an opposite kind, from one who is yet alive? How high was the place which the late Prince-Consort won in the estimation of our nation! He is spoken of as "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," and as moving to advantage "before a thousand peering littlenesses." Yet what is the climax of that attractive "dedication" which the Poet-Laureate has placed in a new edition of the "Idylls of the King?" He speaks of the lamented Prince in language which must please all loyal readers; but the finish of the whole is, not the attainments of the Prince in wealth, honour, learning, or anything of the kind. No, he describes him as—

"A Prince indeed,—
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, through all times, ALBERT THE GOOD."

Here, again, we have another witness in favour of religion as the highest good attainable by man in this life, and the greatest and best thing with which

a reflecting posterity can associate the name of one of the most honoured of men.

On visiting a member of our flock, we saw something remarkable hanging over the fireplace, and asked him what it was. He simply replied, "I was at Waterloo." It was enough; no further explanation was needed. The Divine Leader is now at the head of "the called, and chosen, and faithful;" and He is "clothed with a vesture dipped in blood." He promises "a crown of life" to every one who is "faithful unto death." And when angels with whom we expect to associate in eternity, shall ask us how we obtained the distinctions which the finally faithful will then wear, happy shall we be to reply in the spirit of the Christian loyalist, "I was on the Lord's side."

The great characters that we have noticed were governed by those motives and principles which are essential to the conversion of the world. The heritage they have left to the Church is worthy of being turned to a practical account. Have we not in their history a key to the conversion of the world to Christianity? Can we improve on their method of doing good? or do not we fail in our efforts in proportion as we depart from the principles by which they were governed? Intellect alone never has been, and never will be, a substitute for piety and zeal in the great work of human salvation. Will not the inductive philosophy apply to religion as well as to science? Is that theory worth anything which is contradicted by facts? Is not that practice the best which is confirmed by facts? Those great characters lived and laboured by the side of others who depended more on intellect and position, and the different results are most marked and distinct. And if it is the wisdom of the present age to learn from the successes and the failures of the past, surely the Church of the present can have no great difficulty in seeing which is "the more excellent way." The present age is unusually favourable for the spread of Christianity, and the advancement of our Divine Redeemer's kingdom. When was the Bible in so many languages as now? When were Christian nations so numerous, so mighty, and so much respected throughout the world, as at the present time? When was a profession of the Christian religion so wide and popular as at this hour? When was public confidence so much shaken in the validity of other religions as we now behold it? Is not this a crisis in the history of the world?

We see another pleasing sign of the times in the efforts of the Christian Church for the salvation of sinners. The world never saw anything of the kind equal to what can be witnessed by Christian spectators at this day. The scale of operations for the conversion of the world to Christianity was never so large; the instrumentality was never so varied; the agents were never so numerous and active as at this day. But amidst all these pleasing manifestations of the Church of Christ, one question arises, *Are positive results equal to the efforts put forth?* Every one replies, "No." Are conversions keeping pace with births? Is the Church overtaking society? Will the present rate of success ever convert the world to Christianity? If not, is not the Church depending too much on outward efforts, and too little on prayer to God for the Holy Spirit in His soul-converting power?

On every hand there is prophesying over the valley of dry bones, and on a large scale there has been a noise, a shaking, and a coming together of the bones. These adjusted bones have been covered with sinews, and flesh, and skin. In many instances there has been *all but life*. But where is the resurrection? Are not the bodies in such a state as much *without life* as the dry bones? Can the Church raise the dead? Can human agency of itself produce a spiritual resurrection? Is that the work of man, or God? Is it done by the Church, or the Holy Ghost?

If "none can forgive sins, but God

only;" if a Divine power is indispensable to spiritual resurrection, we see what is the pressing need of this age. Are we to content ourselves with beholding the dry bones shaped into dead bodies? A Divine work was never yet done by human ability: should we not consider where man's work ends, and God's work begins? Also, when we should turn from prophesying over the bones, to invoking the wind of heaven? Did God ever delegate the power of spiritual resurrection to any man, or any body of men, or any Church under heaven? If we listen to the testimony of the men in connection with whose labours spiritual resurrection was a frequent occurrence, we find them saying, "We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word." When they witnessed commotion amongst the dry bones after prophesying, till scattered limbs became a symmetrical form, and were covered with sinews, and flesh, and skin, did they not always then turn from earth to heaven, from themselves to God, and pray, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live?" Was it not thus that this world as a wide charnel-house has so far been changed into a living and active community of spiritual beings? And can this Divinely gracious work be perpetuated by any other means, or in any other way? Is not such invocation of the life-giving power the pressing need of the Church and the world at this day? If we were as diligent and earnest in imploring the Divine blessing, as we are in our endeavours to move the dry bones, would not the great and gracious designs of human redemption be accomplished on a scale beyond all example in the history of the Church? Must not things be brought to such a state before the world can be converted to Christianity? But shall we of this age attempt so blessed a work, or shall we leave it to a coming generation to accomplish? If we neglect our duty by concluding "the time has not yet come," will the Church in any future age have any resources which we cannot obtain? or any opportunities which are not within our reach? Is the question of duty in this matter to turn on talents, or on consecration to God? The man of one talent was held as responsible for the use of what he had, as the man of ten. Those whose history we have reviewed could have found excuses for not attempting much for the glory of God and the spiritual benefit of mankind, if they had looked at their humble origin, their position in society, or their temporal circumstances. But they took the Bible for the guide of their opinions and conduct, and what has followed? Whilst they acknowledged their obligations to religion, they gave God all the glory of what He did by them.

We assume that many of our readers have read the lives of Thomas Walsh, William Bramwell, Joseph Benson, William E. Miller, Henry Longden, David Stoner, John Smith, Thomas Collins, and other such persons, whose labours God so signally owned. How did they make for themselves such a blessed history? Did they ascribe their success to their eloquence, their oratory, their intellectual ability, their "power of the keys," or any other such thing? No, never! They spent a considerable portion of their existence on their knees before God, praying for the Holy Ghost to fit them for His service, and use them for His glory, in accomplishing by their instrumentality the great design of His mission to this world. And when the Divine Spirit raised the dead in connection with their labours, their language was, "Glory be to God alone!" Our history as a Church has been made, and our present stage of prosperity has been reached, by the recognition of the agency of the Holy Spirit as a fundamental principle in the work of human salvation, and in no other way can we go on "conquering, and to conquer." Must not every human spirit, when in eternity, take that place in the scale of existence for which his moral character formed in this life has fitted him? Can advancement in social life be a substitute for the

"new birth?" There are some who seem to think so. But does not this age of the world's existence bear all the leading features of a fallen state? If Methodism continue true and faithful to its great trust in living and labouring for the conversion of sinners "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may" obtain the "forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith" in Jesus, then we trust it will still hold a distinguished place in the army of the Captain of Salvation, for the conversion of the world.

Shall we say a little to the young? You are now employed in making your history for both worlds. Can you do better than imitate those distinguished persons on whose character and career we have been dwelling? Their motives to action were those which the Bible supplies; their principles were those which the Holy Spirit implants in the human soul; and the model of their conduct was the life of Jesus, their Example and Saviour. Now that they are gone off the stage of human life, what is the judgment of posterity regarding them? Are they not the admiration of all candid readers of their history? Do not writers hold them up as models for posterity to imitate? They gave the morning of their existence to the attainment and cultivation of religion. Is it not true that most of the persons whom God employs to do the greatest and best work in this life, are those who "remember their Creator in the days of their youth?" It is a rare thing for one who has given the first half of his existence in this world to the pleasures of the world, and the practice of sin, to be afterwards employed by the Deity to people heaven with the holy and the good. The doings of every sinner must be undone by the mercy of God before he leaves this world, or they will undo him for ever. Young persons are apt to think that their youthful existence has been given them to be spent at random, and thus it too often happens that the best portion of their life is spent in serving the worst of all masters; in yielding to the worst of all governments; in working for the worst of all wages; in walking through this life in the worst of all roads, to spend eternity in the worst of all places of abode. "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth?"

CHRIST "THE BRIGHTNESS" OF THE FATHER'S "GLORY."

St. Paul says of Christ that He is "the brightness" of the Father's "glory, and the express image of His Person;" hence it appears that He is of the same essence, distinct as to His Person, and yet equal as to all the essential perfections of His nature. For the sun and his rays, his body which is fixed in the heavens and his beams which he sends forth in every direction, are all of the same substance. So the Father is, as it were, the sun, the fountain of the Godhead, and Christ is "the brightness," the shining forth of His infinite and essential glory. "God of God, Light of Light;" and, therefore, "of one substance with the Father." Yet is He perfectly distinct; for He is "the express image of His Person." An "image" of anything, however perfect it may be as an image, must always be quite distinct from the thing itself. But although distinct, He is equal; for perfect likeness is perfect equality. The perfect image of anything, must be perfectly equal to the thing itself. A block of wood may be cut and shaped into the image of a man; but this, at best, is but an imperfect image. It represents the man in some respects, but not in others. It may represent the features of his face, and some few of his attitudes; but it does not at all represent the tones of his voice, nor the movements of his limbs, nor the wonderful operations of his mind.

A son is often an imperfect image of his father. He may resemble him in the expression of his countenance, in

the temper of his mind, and in the actions of his life; but in other respects there is a mighty disparity between them. The one is a man, the other a child; the one possesses a great deal of wisdom and experience, the other none. If that son were a perfect image of his father, if he were entirely like him in every respect, he would be his equal. This is the case with the Son of God. He is the "express image" of the Father's Person. He possesses every property which the Father possesses, and in the same infinite degree. Whatsoever the Father doeth, the same also doeth the Son; and all men are required to "honour the Son, even as they honour the Father." — *From the MSS. of the late Rev. Samuel Jackson.*

WASTE.

The Great Teacher has Himself taught us the sinfulness of waste. Having miraculously multiplied the loaves and fishes, and fed the famishing thousands who had been attracted far from their homes by the words of wisdom and grace which fell from His lips, He gave the command, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost,"—not loaves, but broken pieces, which perhaps were looked upon by some who had shared in that wonderful feast as not worth the trouble of picking up; but He Who had access to inexhaustible stores, did not overlook the fragments. A lesson, this, which many are slow to learn.

It is said, that during the late siege of Paris, whilst hundreds were daily famishing, a course of unblushing prodigality was carried on in some of the mansions of the rich. We not unfrequently meet with people who mistake extravagance for liberality; but a little observation would soon correct this error. What of the men whose princely beneficence, and deeds of pure benevolence, have won for them the blessings and prayers of suffering myriads?—men whose names will be loved and cherished by every succeeding generation. Were they characterized by habits of self-indulgence? and did they scatter their wealth all around, as the undiscriminating autumn wind scatters the leaves? Far from it: it was by years of patient toil and thrift that these benefactors of our race accumulated the riches which they so bountifully dispensed to their needy fellow-creatures. Liberality is the offering of a generous heart, directed by a sound judgment, and an intelligent consideration of the wants and woes of the world. How much misery might be relieved, and how much suffering spared, if what is too often wasted through negligence and indifference were applied to the high and holy object of assuaging human woe. Whatever may be of service to others, instead of being destroyed or thrown away, ought to be regarded by us as a power, however limited, placed in our hands for the purpose of aiding those less propitiously circumstanced.

And if we are economists in the true meaning of the word, we shall not only use with prudence and discretion the substance God has given us, but we shall carefully employ all opportunities for cultivating our intellects, and strengthening and enriching our minds. And surely He Who has made us capable of thinking and reasoning, intends us thus to do. To refuse to avail ourselves of advantages to this end, to fritter away the precious hours which might be spent in the acquisition of knowledge, cannot but be criminal in the sight of Him from Whom descends "every good and perfect gift." We often hear young people express a desire to become wise and erudite, who yet make no real endeavour to gain what can only be realized by great and continuous effort. Because they cannot devote a large share of their time to study, they imagine it useless to strive at all. But these little know what they lose, forgetting that it is by the use or abuse of our *moments*, that life is made or marred. The world's history abounds in instances of men who, by an assiduous and systematic gathering up of the fragments of time, have risen from obscurity and

indigence to positions of eminence and renown.

We must also remember that waste not only implies the destruction, but the misapplication, of what is committed to our care. How many have crowded their lives with the most gigantic labours, who will yet have to answer to God for genius and energy squandered. Perhaps no man ever accomplished more than did Frederick the Great of Prussia. His military exertions were almost superhuman, put forth to satisfy the cravings of a boundless ambition; yet he could not look upon them with any real pleasure. More than once he was heard to say, "I cannot bear to look back, for, despite my victories, the past is dark with disappointment and chagrin, and the future is still more gloomy."

Let none suppose that the most conscientious disposal of our goods, and the most diligent cultivation of our mental powers, will alone exculpate us from the sin of wastefulness. We must never forget that each of us is a steward for the King of kings, and that not one will escape the scrutiny and trial of the judgment-day. To us are committed *talents* which, if allowed to slumber unemployed, will bring upon their possessors the doom of him who hid his lord's money in the earth.

Uttoxeter. S. J. H.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

Our readers have always taken a deep interest in the Royal National Life-Boat Association. We give as an indication of its continued usefulness, an extract from its Annual Report for 1871:—

Feb. 3.—Voted the Silver Medal of the Institution, and a Copy of the Vote inscribed on Vellum, to the Rev. Owen Lloyd Williams, and £43 19*s.* to pay the expenses of the Abersoch life-boat in going off twice during a westerly gale and in a heavy sea, on the 14th and 15th of January, and, after considerable difficulty, saving thirteen men belonging to the ship "Kenilworth," of Liverpool, which was wrecked on St. Patrick's Causeway, in Cardigan Bay.

The vessel, while on a voyage to Liverpool from New Orleans with a valuable cargo of cotton, was caught in a severe squall during a westerly gale, and grounded on St. Patrick's Causeway, in Cardigan Bay. On the signals of distress being observed from the Barmouth life-boat station, that life-boat promptly proceeded through a tremendous sea to her assistance. After a long struggle she got to the wreck, anchored, and veered alongside, when a communication was effected, and the shipwrecked crew commenced to lower themselves one by one into the sea, made fast to lines, and by those means eight of them were safely got into the life-boat. By this time the gale had increased, and the sea risen fearfully, when suddenly the rope connecting the life-boat to the ship parted; the boat's cable had to be cut, she drifted to leeward, and all attempts at the time to get back to the wreck were unavailing, and the boat had to make for Pwllheli, which was safely reached. A message was then sent to the Abersoch life-boat station, some distance to windward, asking that that boat might also be sent out to the aid of those who had been left on board the wreck. Some hours previously, it seems, information of a large vessel being in distress on the Sarn Badrig had reached Abersoch; the life-boat was immediately taken out, and cruised about for some hours in search of the ship. The crew, however, failed to find it in the darkness, and they returned to shore, meaning to go off again so as to be at the Sarn at daylight. When the Rev. Owen L. Williams, the Hon. Secretary of the Abersoch and Porthdinllaen branches of the Institution, heard the news from Pwllheli, he proceeded to Abersoch, and found the life-boat had just returned from her unsuccessful cruise. As soon as practicable he had the boat launched again, himself going out in her; and after a careful search for about three hours, the ship was sighted; the boat's anchor was then let go, and she went alongside, but not without some risk from the spars floating near. The

thirteen men left on board were then safely got into the boat. It was dangerous work, as a big sea would come rolling over the bows of the ship, but fortunately no damage was done to the life-boat. The shipwrecked men said, that seeing now and then the red lights shown from the life-boat was a great comfort to them: They had launched their boats, but when they got them over the side they were immediately smashed to atoms; even if they could have got away from their vessel in them, they would undoubtedly have perished in the midst of the fearful seas. When the Abersoch life-boat left, the ship was a complete wreck, being swept by every sea. The crew saw the Institution's Barmouth and Portmadoc life-boats going out to the wreck as they returned to the shore. The Abersoch boat had only been about three months on its station. It was the gift of Robert Barnes, Esq., of Manchester, through the life-boat's society's branch in that city. The crew were highly pleased with the admirable manner in which their boat behaved. Mr. Williams had been instrumental altogether in assisting to save fifty-two lives from different wrecks.

LINES BY EDWARD CAPARN, THE WAYSIDE POET,

WHO, WHEN A RURAL POSTMAN, USED TO WALK THIRTEEN MILES DAILY, SUNDAYS INCLUDED, FOR 10*s.* 6*d.* PER WEEK.

"O, THE Postman's is as blessed a life
As any one's, I trow!
If leaping the stile o'er many a mile
Can blessedness bestow.

"If tearing your way through a tangled wood,
Or dragging your limbs through a lawn;
If wading knee-deep through an angry flood,
Or a plough'd field newly sown;

"If sweating big drops 'neath a burning sun,
Or shiv'ring 'mid sleet and snow;
If drench'd to the skin with rain be fun,
And can a joy bestow;

"If toiling away through a weary week
(No six days' work, but seven,)
Without one holy hour to seek
A resting-place in heaven;

"If hearing the bells ring Sabbath chimes,
To bid us all repair
To church, (as in the olden times,)
And bend the knee in prayer;

"If in these bells he hears a voice—
'To thy delivery!'
God says to every soul, 'Rejoice,'
But, Postman, not to thee.

"O, the Postman's is a blessed life!
And sighing heavily,
'Ha, ha,' he'll say, 'Alack-a-day!
Where's Britain's piety?'

"Heigho! I come and go
Through the muck and miry slough;
Heigho! I come and go,
Heavy at heart and weary, O!

"Heigho! heigho!
Does any one pray for the postman?
No!
No! no! no! no!
Or he would not be robb'd of his Sabbaths so!"

DIFFICULTY AT DEATH.

A DETECTIVE police-officer was once inquiring at a public office as to the address of a certain individual.

"He used to live at —; but he is dead," said one of the clerks in the office.

"You see, there's the difficulty," remarked a second.

"Ay! there the difficulty will arise with most of us," replied the detective officer.

This remark is full of truth. How many a death-bed is enveloped in difficulty, both as regards earthly concerns and the entry into another world!

For instance, thousands of persons have neglected to make a will in their lifetime, and death has come upon them when they have been unable to perform that which they have purposed to do for years; but tens of thousands who are careful as to worldly matters, foolishly neglect the salvation of their souls, till the death-bed finds them totally incapacitated to prepare for their great change.

Reader, will difficulty attend your death-bed? or are you living in such a state of blessed preparation, that when the hour of death comes you will be ready for its approach, "having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ?"

Derby. R. J. K.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

AUGUST (*continued*).

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		EVENING. *To be learned.*	
6.	Deut. xi. 13-17 xiii. 12—18	1 Kings xviii.	1 Thess. iii. 1—4	James v.
7.	1 Kings xix.	Isaiah xlix. 4—17	5—8	Proverbs xiii.
8.	xx.	xlv. 5—12, 22—25	9—13	1 Peter i.
9.	xxi.	Prov. xxviii. 13—28	To be recalled	ii.
10.	xxii. 1—14	Ezekiel xiii.	1 Thess. iv. 1—4	iii.; iv. 1—11
11.	15—40	xiv. 1—11	5—8	iv. 12—19; v.
12.	2 Chron. xix.	James iv.	9—12	2 Peter i.
13.	xx.	Psalm xlviii.	13—18	ii.
14.	xxi.	xxxvi.	To be recalled	iii.
15.	1 Kings xxii. 51—53 2 Kings i.	Exodus xx. 1—6 Isaiah xliv. 9—20	1 Thess. v. 1—4	1 John i.
16.	ii.	Ephesians iii. 14—21 Psalm lxxxi. 10	5—8	ii.
17.	iii.	Amos ii. 1—3 Proverbs xi. 4—6	9—12	iii.
18.	iv.	Psalm cxi.	13—16	iv.
19.	v.	xcvi.	17—20	v.
20.	vi.	xxxiv. 7—22	21—24	2 and 3 John
21.	vii.	Isaiah xvii.	25—28	Jude
22.	viii.	Eccles. viii. 6—13	To be recalled	Proverbs xxi.
23.	ix.	Psalm xxxvii. 35—38	Psalm xxvii. 1—4	Isaiah ii. 6—22
24.	x.	Proverbs xxix. 1—16	5—8	Jeremiah xxxv.
25.	2 Chron. xxii. xxiv. 7	Psalm lxxiv.	9—11	2 Chron. xxiii. Proverbs x. 17—32
26.	xxiv.	Proverbs xxvii. 6—21	12—14	Joel i.; ii. 1—14
27.	xxv.	Jeremiah vi. 10—19	To be recalled	ii. 15—32; iii.
28.	xxvi.	Isaiah vi.	1 Timothy ii. 1—4	Isaiah xxiv.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE, *continued.*

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
29.	2 Kings xiii.	Prov. x. 6, 7 xxii. 1, 11, 17—23	1 Timothy ii. 5—8	Jonah i., ii.
30.	xiv. 23—29	Amos i., ii.	9—15	Amos iii., iv.
31.	Jonah iii.	v.	To look over	Hosea i., ii. Romans ix. 22—26

SEPTEMBER.

1.	Jonah iv.	Isaiah lv. 6—13 Matt. xii. 38—41	Psalm c.	Hosea iv., v.
2.	Amos vi., vii.	2 Kings xv. 8—30	Titus ii. 1—4	Amos viii., ix.
3.	2 Chron. xxvii. xxviii. 1—15	Hosea vi.	5—8	Hosea vii., viii.
4.	Isaiah vii. viii. 1—4 Amos i. 3—5	2 Kings xvi. 5—18	9—12	Isaiah viii. 5—22 ix. 1—7
5.	Isaiah ix. 8—21	2 Chron. xxviii. 16—27	13—15	Isaiah i.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

WILLIAM ALLIN.

William Allin was born, December 10th, 1835, at Heasham, in the parish of Kilkhampton, Cornwall. At the age of thirteen he was the subject of the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and from that time his life was godly. He seems, however, to have lived under the influence of fear, rather than in filial freedom, for some years. His life was correct and earnest, under the sway of powerful religious feeling. In his twenty-first year, after much mental suffering and importunate wrestling with God, he entered fully into "the glorious liberty of the children of God," and obtained the full assurance of salvation through faith in Christ. From that time until his death he enjoyed the favour of God, and lived in close and intimate fellowship "with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." Henceforth he grew rapidly in grace, giving himself fully to the great work of life. Few men have yielded themselves more devotedly to the service of God than he; spiritual exercises and godly labour occupied the whole of his existence.

He began early in his Christian profession to live by rule, feeling, as he himself expresses it, that a religious life without method could not be in any high degree successful. He dedicated his spare time to the work of God; part to private devotional exercises, part to the ordinances of religion, in which he delighted, and in attention to which he was most exemplary; and the rest to visiting the sick, the aged, and the poor. He was in the habit of rising very early; spending in private prayer often two or three hours before entering on the duties of the day. Self-examination he frequently performed. For this purpose he adopted certain rules, which he reduced to writing. These rules, which the writer has now in his possession, contain many most searching questions, by the aid of which he instituted a strict investigation into his outward and inward life. For many years he observed

the practice of fasting, always once, towards the close of life, twice a week. One Friday in the quarter, and on Good Fridays, he spent the whole day in humiliation before God, in fasting and prayer. His abstinence was so frequent and severe as to lead his friends to think that he carried it to an injurious extreme.

During the later years of his life, he was enabled to set himself more fully apart for the work of God, his bodily feebleness prohibiting his performance of ordinary labour. He then, under a sense of duty, set apart the afternoon of each day for house-to-house visitation. He visited regularly the sick, the aged, and the poor within a circuit of five miles, and was made a blessing to many.

As a member of the Methodist Church he was most consistent and laborious. He was a zealous Class-leader and an acceptable Local-preacher. For every good work he was always ready. His love for the assembly of the saints was remarkable. He was present at every prayer-meeting and public service. He was rarely or never late. His Christian character was characterized by simplicity and earnestness. From his journal, it is evident that his experience was very Scriptural, rich, and joyous.

Painful affliction seized him a few weeks before his death, and it was evident that his feeble strength was ebbing away, although none expected so sudden a departure. On the Sabbath preceding his death, he engaged fully, but in great weakness, in all the ordinances of religion. He was present, as was his wont, at the early morning prayer-meeting, met also his Society-class, and his class in the Sunday-school, and attended Divine service twice, receiving the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper after the morning service. The following day he rose as usual, but in extreme weakness was compelled to return to bed. Next morning he passed quietly away, his last intelligible words being an expression of his trust in the Atonement of Christ.

"He ceased at once to work and live."

He died, in Jesus, on October 25th, 1870, at the age of thirty-five. His body rests in the churchyard of Kilkhampton, "in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life;" his spirit is now with "the spirits of just men made perfect;" and we who knew him mourn his loss.

THOMAS STEPHENSON.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For August, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
July 30	4 20	7 52	8 39a	9 11a	10 7a	2 25m	1 48m
Aug. 9	4 35	7 35	8 20	8 36	9 37	1 56	1 7
19	4 51	7 15	7 51	7 58	9 9	1 27	0 25
29	5 7	6 54	7 15	7 14	8 42	0 58	11 41a

PHASES OF THE MOON.

8th, Last Quarter.... 4h. 23m. morn. | 23d, First Quarter .. 11h. 35m. morn.
16th, New Moon..... 7h. 2m. morn. | 30th, Full Moon .... 6h. 21m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

August 10th..... 7h. after., Apogee; distance 251,509 miles.
„ 26th .....11h. morn., Perigee; „ 228,318 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 239,914 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

August 1st	93,023,440 miles.
September 1st	92,474,020 ,,
Decrease of distance for the month	549,420 ,,

As the fixed star Regulus, the brightest in Leo, lies nearly in the ecliptic, and Spica, another conspicuous star in Virgo, is only two degrees below the ecliptic, they are often approached by the planets in their course round the heavens. *Mercury* will be very near the former, and *Mars* not far from the latter, on the 1st of August. Mars and Spica will be visible to the naked eye; the former will be readily recognized by the redness of its colour. Mercury will cross the ecliptic on the evening of the 8th, from the northern to the southern side; on the morning of the 18th, it will be near the Moon; on the morning of the 19th, at its greatest actual distance from the Sun; and on the afternoon of the 21st, at its greatest apparent angular distance from the Sun, twenty-seven degrees eastward.

Venus attains its greatest brilliancy on the 20th, at which time the form will be that of a moderately thin crescent, but it sets so soon after the Sun that the phenomenon will not attract much attention. It can be examined with great advantage by daylight with a good telescope; the best hour for that purpose will be from two to three o'clock in the afternoon. The meridian altitude varies during the month from forty to twenty-nine degrees, the apparent diameter from twenty-eight to forty-five seconds. At the end of the month, the form will be a thin crescent. Indications of the rugged character of the surface will be forthcoming in the serrated appearance of the concavity which is the boundary of light and darkness, and the interposition of mountains may possibly be indicated by an occasional blunting of the cusps. Dark patches of permanent form on the planet suggest the idea of seas, and a certain indefiniteness in the boundary-line between the dark and illuminated hemispheres, can only be accounted for on the supposition that there is an atmosphere of considerable density.

Mars is more favourably circumstanced for exhibiting these features to perfection. When nearest to the Earth, Venus is nearly between the Earth and Sun, and of course has its dark hemisphere turned to us; but Mars, when nearest, is on the opposite side of the Earth from the Sun, presents to us its illuminated hemisphere, and is in the position most favourable for observation at midnight. Its spots may be easily detected, and have been mapped with considerable accuracy, and its polar snows are unmistakable from their superior whiteness. In last April and May, the arctic regions at both poles were distinctly visible in two bright patches at points *diametrically* opposite. This planet will be near the Moon on the afternoon of the 21st.

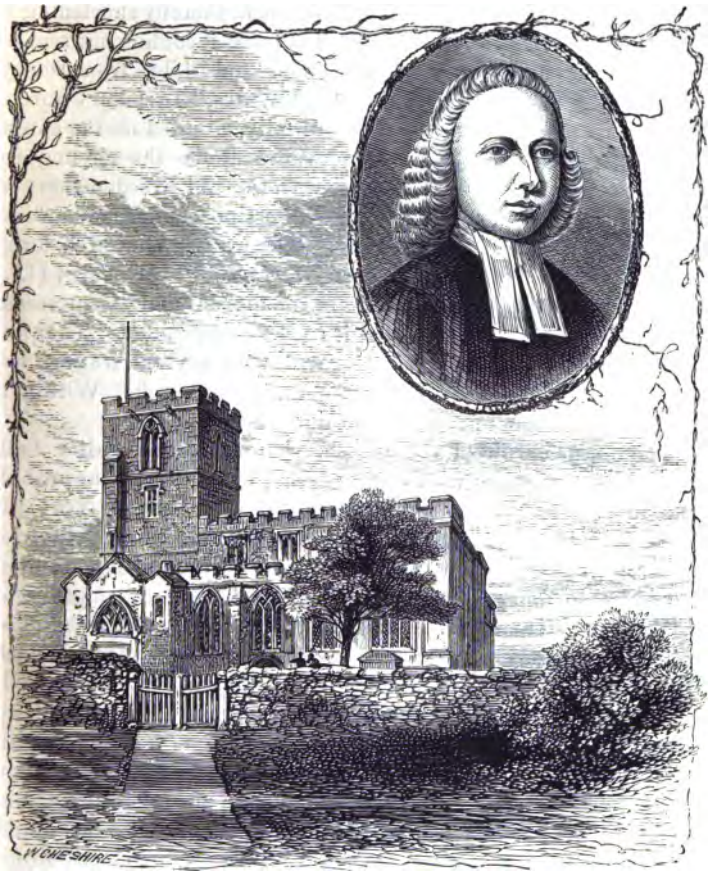
Jupiter is only visible in the early mornings. Those who wish to be able to distinguish the satellites in the order of their distances, may have a favourable opportunity at half-past three on the morning of the 15th, when they will be duly marshalled on the east side of the planet.

Saturn presents pretty nearly the same appearance as on last month, the diameter slightly diminished. The extreme length of the rings is forty seconds, the breadth eighteen, the diameter of the ball seventeen seconds. It will be close to the Moon on the evening of the 25th; occulted in parts of the southern hemisphere.

Uranus has just passed the conjunction with the Sun.

Neptune rises at the beginning of the month about ten o'clock, and toward the close about eight o'clock, in the evening, so that it can be well seen toward midnight. It is now in Pisces.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



BREEDON CHURCH, AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

WITHIN the last two or three years a railway network, on a small scale, has been opened by the Midland Company, which connects Derby with a most interesting neighbourhood to the lovers of early Methodism, situated on the north-western border of Leicestershire, adjoining the county of Derby. The scheme comprises two short branches, one from Derby to Chellaston, Melbourne, Tonge, Breedon, and Worthington; and the other from Derby to Weston-on-Trent, Castle-Donington, and Trent. To all these places access is now available by rail, at a trifling cost, and the journey may be performed in a very short time. From Worthington, which is within a mile or

two of Griffydam,—a place also of some local interest in Methodism,—the line is being extended to Ashby-de-la-Zouch, thereby shortening the route to this place from Derby. We shall at present confine our remarks to the neighbourhood of Breedon, about ten miles from Derby.*

In Britton's "Beauties of England and Wales," Breedon Church is mentioned as a place of considerable antiquity, situated on the summit of a high limestone rock, proudly elevated above the circumjacent country, and commanding very extensive views. At Breedon there was formerly a priory, or rather a cell, of Augustine canons, subordinate to the priory of Nostell, in Yorkshire. The present church belonged to the cell till the dissolution, when it was sold by Henry VIII. to Francis Shirley, Esq., as a burial-place for himself and his successors. This gentleman afterwards granted it to the parishioners. The porch (as shown in the Engraving) is decorated with several fragments of ancient sculpture, probably taken from an older church. Within the building are some fine monuments to the Shirley family.

It was here, as curate of the parish, that the Rev. Walter Sellon preached for many years with great success.† The time was probably from about 1758 to 1770, when he removed to Ledsham, in Yorkshire, where he died, in 1792, aged seventy-seven years. He was the *friend* and coadjutor of Wesley and Fletcher, and by his writings rendered great service in defending the doctrine of general redemption, and other theological tenets, from the misrepresentations of high Calvinism, at that time so widely propagated. It was on this account, no doubt, that the Vicar of Madeley often visited Sellon, and preached in his church on several occasions. This was the case in 1765, when people of various descriptions flocked to hear him from all the parishes adjacent. The clerk, much offended at seeing such crowds attend, because it occasioned a little more labour in cleaning the church, determined that persons from other parishes should not be admitted without paying each one penny. For this purpose he placed himself at the church-door, and began to collect the money from them. A man who was grieved at the conduct of the clerk, went to meet Mr. Fletcher, and informed him of it. Mr. Fletcher hastened up the hill, saying, "I'll stop his proceedings." The clerk, seeing Mr. Fletcher approach, quitted the post he had taken, and went to his desk. When the service was ended, Mr. Fletcher said to his congregation, "I have not felt my spirit so moved these sixteen years last past as I have done

---

* See interesting Articles, entitled, "The Church on the Hill," and "A Day at Melbourne, Derbyshire," in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1856 and 1865.

† He had in early life been a Methodist preacher, and Master of Kingswood School. On the recommendation of the Huntingdon family he obtained Episcopal ordination.

to-day. I have heard that the clerk of this parish has demanded, and has actually received, money from divers strangers, before he would suffer them to enter the church. I desire that all who have paid money in this way, for hearing the Gospel, will come to me, and I will return what they have paid. And as to this iniquitous clerk, his money perish with him."

The village of Breedon is at the base of the hill, but it is thought that originally houses were situated on the hill itself, of which traces are occasionally discovered. Very near are several lime-kilns, and the lime procured from this rock is of good quality, and in much request for building purposes. Some years ago, contiguous to the lime-works, a quantity of human and other bones were found in a deep excavation, which led to the supposition that a battle had been fought close by, centuries ago. The late Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who died early in the present century, thus writes of Breedon-hill: "Whoever will inspect with the eye of a philosopher the lime-mountain at Breedon, on the edge of Leicestershire, will not hesitate a moment in pronouncing that it has been forcibly elevated by some power beneath it; for it is of a conical form, with the apex cut off; and the strata which compose the central parts of it, and which are found nearly horizontal in the plain, are raised almost perpendicularly, and placed upon their edges, while those on each side decline like the surface of the hill."

At the distance of a mile from the church, in a contrary direction to Breedon, the hamlet of Tonge lies nestling among the trees in the valley along which the railway passes; and this is, in fact, the station for Breedon. In this quiet village Mr. Sellon lived with a godly family of the name of Hall, and the identical house is still standing, apparently much the same as it was a century ago. Here, it is said that Sellon, Fletcher, and the Methodist preachers, who also tarried at this homestead on their "rounds," have been known to meet for prayer and conversation, so that the place became "a Bethel." A very interesting memoir of Mr. John Hall, of Tonge, who died in 1813, is given in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1818. It was through Mr. Hall's instrumentality that Methodism was introduced into Tonge as early as the year 1764. He was a member of the Society in this place for half a century, and was an intimate friend of the Rev. Walter Sellon. He built a large kitchen to the house where he lived, in which for many years the Gospel was preached; in fact, both Sellon and Fletcher occasionally spoke from the moveable rostrum that was used on such occasions, which, if not at the present time, was until recently preserved on the premises. In visiting this hallowed spot,* the mind is carried back some hundred and six years, when Sellon, the thoughtful man of fifty, and Fletcher, of thirty-six, might have been

* The farmhouse is now occupied by a person named Lacey.

seen sitting there, privately discussing those points of doctrine which they afterwards so ably defended with the pen. Methodist preaching in Mr. Hall's house was given up under the following circumstances: A gentleman, now deceased, not connected with Methodism, but a Churchman, came into the unexpected possession of considerable property in Tonge, through the death of a relative, and wishing to express his gratitude to the good providence of God for this circumstance, and at the same time confer some good on the village, he erected at his own expense the present neat chapel, which is the only place of worship in Tonge. The village is in the Ashby Circuit. A tablet outside bears the following inscription: "Wesleyan-Methodist Chapel, erected by William Cowlishaw, Gentleman, of Nailstone, 1828." It was opened by the late Rev. Theophilus Lessey.

We have referred to the memoir of Mr. Hall, in which allusion is made to his grandson, whom a short time before his death he wished to see, and to whom, as a youth, the dying saint gave a solemn charge. That grandson is now a highly-respected Local-preacher in the Ashby Circuit, (Mr. John Hall Joyce, of Breedon,) himself grown venerable in the service of Methodism. Mr. Joyce is owner of the *house* referred to at Tonge. In the village of Breedon there has been a Wesleyan chapel ever since 1800.

Mr. Sellon appears to have entered on the curacy of Breedon a year or two before Lawrence, Earl Ferrers, committed the awful crime of wilfully shooting his steward, at Staunton-Harold, a family-seat within a short distance of Breedon. The poor victim of this foul deed lies buried in the churchyard, and a stone marks the spot, a little to the right of the yew-tree shown in the Illustration, on which is the following inscription:—

> "Released from the evils of this frail world, in pious expectation of the reward of his virtues,—John Johnson departed this life January 19, 1760, aged 50. He was many years the esteemed and faithful servant of the Honourable Lawrence Shirley, Esq.; with unshaken integrity he continued in the office of Steward to his son, the late Right Hon. Lawrence, Earl Ferrers, till near the fatal period of his life. Uncorrupted by any views of self-interest, no hopes, no fears could divert him from the steady pursuit of that path his duty to God and man pointed out. He was a worthy example of the tender father, the affectionate husband, the firm and valuable friend, the sincere and humble Christian. His many excellent qualities rendered him highly respected, and his untimely death much lamented."

The unhappy nobleman was cousin to the Countess of Huntingdon, and brother to the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, at that time the intimate friend of the Wesleys. He was tried for his crime by the House of Peers, and sentenced to be hanged. The execution took place at Tyburn, on the 5th of May, 1760. This painful event is referred to in the Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon, in

the Life of Charles Wesley, and in Mr. Tyerman's new work. Whitefield appears to have visited the culprit twice during his imprisonment. In Smollett's "History of England," we are told that the Earl expressed a wish, just before he was launched into eternity, that his body might be buried at Breedon; but the historian adds that it was handed over for dissection, (the practice formerly with murderers after execution,) and that after lying for some days, as the subject of a public lecture, at length it was carried off and privately buried.

In a characteristic autobiography of the late Rev. Jonathan Edmondson, M.A., inserted after his death in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1850, this excellent Minister, who travelled in the Ashby-de-la-Zouch Circuit about seventy years ago, thus refers to the neighbourhood:—

"It was in this Circuit that the Rev. Walter Sellon preached with so much success. He was curate of Breedon, but a real Methodist. Hundreds were turned to God through his instrumentality. Nearly all the old members, indeed, were his spiritual children. . . . I often walked up to Breedon Church, and venerated the place where Sellon had preached. The Church stands on a high hill, and commands a vast and delightful prospect. On that hill I often renewed my covenant engagements with God, when no eye saw me but His eye, and when no ear heard me but His ear."

Mr. Edmondson also says that the multitudes who used to attend that favoured spot (Breedon Church) on the Lord's-day, were, to use the expression of his old friends there, who had witnessed the sight, like the tribes of Israel who went up to Mount Zion to worship Jehovah in His holy temple.

In the same autobiographical sketch, another fact of interest is mentioned by Mr. Edmondson, connected with this immediate locality. On the short line of railway from Derby to Melbourne, Tonge and Breedon, another hamlet is passed, called Wilson, which until very recently was a station, but is now closed on account of the very little business done at it. Wilson is nearly two miles from Breedon Church, and is now in the Castle-Donington Circuit. For nearly a hundred years there has been Methodist preaching in this small rural village; and the Wesleyan chapel, built in 1826, is the only place of worship there. "Here," says Mr. Edmondson, "I formed a diurnal plan of spending my time, which may be found in my 'Essay on the Ministry.' It was made when I was thirty-five years old, and I used to call it the Wilson Plan. Since that time I have not been able to form a better." *

* We reproduce this excellent diurnal plan, if only for the purpose of suggesting order and method, as far as practicable, in daily life. "He rose about five in the morning, and retired about ten, both in winter and summer. From five to six he washed and dressed, read his Bible, and prayed. From six to eight he studied

The identical half-timbered, cozy-looking farmhouse, with a vine in front, in which Mr. Edmondson wrote his "diurnal plan," was recently pointed out to us by a very old Methodist in Wilson, Mr. Brookes. There lived the great-uncle of our informant, who for many years not only took the preachers in, but opened his house for the public worship of God. Near that kitchen window, said our friend, they used to place a portable pulpit; in that parlour the "round" preachers for many years were hospitably entertained; and in the chamber over it was the prophet's bed. This, in fact, was a sample of early Methodism in the Midland Counties two or three generations ago. But railways have in modern times produced such innovations on the customs and manners of society, that preachers and people in giving and receiving preaching and pastoral visits, connected with our rural districts, now find an altered—but shall we say an improved?—state of things, as far as the villages are concerned. We fear not in all cases. We hope in a future article to resume our notices of this interesting neighbourhood. JOSEPH JONES.

Derby.

THE MOORLAND POET.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHEAD.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor."

ONCE, in a ramble on the breezy, moorland hills of North Staffordshire, I came to a solitary tree waving on a ridge of rocks. In some way a large boulder had been rent in twain, and from the cleft

languages, particularly Greek and Hebrew. From eight to nine he breakfasted and engaged in family prayer, filling up the time with reading. From nine to ten he wrote on some particular subject, never passing a day without a line. From ten till one he either mounted his horse, if he had a journey, or visited the people from house to house, filling up the intervals of that time with a regular course of select reading. From one till two he dined, and spent some time in private devotion. From two to three he studied some art or science, going through a regular course, similar to the plan which is recommended in this work. From three to six he walked or rode to his appointed place, drank tea with his friends, and filled up the time, whether he went out or remained at home, with his course of reading. From six to seven he either studied and composed a sermon, or answered some letter. From seven to nine he preached, met the Leaders, or held some other meeting, and filled up the time, when he had a vacant night, with reading. From nine till ten he walked home, supped, and prayed with his family; or, if from home, did the same in other families. He then retired, reviewed the day, wrote a few lines in a journal, when necessary, and committed himself to God in prayer. The principal part of Saturday was spent in preparation for the pulpit; and the whole of Sunday was devoted to the work of the ministry. This plan carried him forward a great way in a few years. He met with many unforeseen interruptions; but his rule was, to return to his plan when those interruptions passed away."

sprung this tree, — a green and pleasant thing amid the surrounding barrenness. I am reminded of that tree, and the ridge of rocks, and the sweeping moor, as I read the history of George Heath. His life was a thing of beauty amid poor and unfavourable surroundings. The Lord's favoured ones are taken from no exclusive class. His eminent ones alike give dignity to the palace, and grace to the peasant's cot. Often rank is rendered illustrious by virtue; and so also he who turns aside into the humble paths of life, will often meet with a sweet and innocent flower when least expected. The life of George Heath, the Moorland Poet, is worthy the loving memorials which his friends have given to the world.*

George Heath was born, in the year 1844, at the hamlet of Gratton, near Endon, in North Staffordshire. His parents were in humble circumstances,—small farmers, who had to *toil* hard to provide for the wants of a numerous family. They could afford to give to their children only a bare elementary education; and George in his turn received the instruction given in Horton National School. His religious knowledge he obtained in the Wesleyan Sunday-school at Endon, where his uncle acted as School-superintendent. George was called very early to labour as a farm-boy, and afterwards as an apprentice to a joiner and builder. But while thus employed, his thoughts were engaged with other things. The 'prentice-lad began to realize the pure, and beautiful, and noble. A rare imagination was developing within him. He felt "the stirrings of a gift divine." He states that "fancy indulged in wildly beautiful dreams to the curl of the shavings and rasp of the saw." He began to shape his thoughts in rhyme. There were few among his immediate acquaintances who could sympathize with the quiet, thoughtful, imaginative youth. He was sensible of his imperfect education, and they could render him little assistance. He sighed for books and knowledge. At this juncture he met with a kindred soul, in the son of a neighbouring gentleman. This friend had received a liberal education at the Grammar School of Uttoxeter, and was able to assist Heath where he felt his deficiencies. Well-selected books were also now to be obtained. The new world of English literature opened to his view. The two youths, being of similar tastes, were much together. In fact, this seems to have been the brightest chapter in Heath's brief, sad life, when for a time the currents of their lives ran side by side.

Only a few months before his death, he thus refers in his diary to this young companion:—"My dear old friend and fellow-toiler, Herbert Foster, came up for just an hour. He is still as earnest and persevering as ever. He and I started together in the life-struggle. We have gone on both of us undeviatingly in the paths we first chose. We cannot be said to have fought shoulder to shoulder, for our paths have lain apart, and he, I believe, has, through my ill-health, and one thing or other, gained upon me. But we have always been one in heart, and still we are agreed our motto must be, *steadily onward.*" Foster turned his thoughts to the study of art; Heath indulged in poetic musings, and cherished high hopes. But, alas! his hopes and

* "Memorials of George Heath, the Moorland Poet." London: Bemrose.

young ambition were soon to end. He took cold whilst assisting at the restoration of Horton Church, in 1864; this brought on a consumption; and thus his life ebbed away in early manhood. For several years he suffered the ravages of this fell disease; and it was during this period of weakness and gradual decay, that he wrote many of the poems which have since been published as his "Memorials." Some were printed during his life-time, and were well received. Forced through weakness to desist from manual labour, he applied himself to study, thus evidencing strength of mind. He commenced Latin and Greek under the tuition of the Vicar of Endon, of whom he speaks in his diary with lively gratitude. The kindness and attentions of this gentleman and other friends, cheered and supported the young man during years of suffering.

The subjects of his poems are chiefly country scenes and incidents; interspersed with meditations on religious sentiments, and addresses to individuals. His poems are not faultless; defects of diction and quantity might be indicated; the ornament is now and then meretricious, and the feeling forced. But generally his writings are characterized by a quiet grace, and a pure feeling; they exhibit considerable descriptive ability, and at times a wonderful power of pathos. Altogether, the poems give the impression of a noble soul revelling in noble thoughts. There is a plaintive tone in his "Old Blind Man." A blind, aged man, is in a minster Church, listening to the wondrous music which peals from the organ, and echoes and re-echoes through the aisles:—

"And now the prelude ends;
And from the massy pipes the master-hand
Draws forth the occult power and wonderment,
The madness and the mystery of music;
At first, a soft, sweet quivering of weak
And infant tones, and then a turbulent gush
Like glorious youth wind-beating on the hills.
Anon, a strong calm roll of dauntless might,
Like manhood majesty; a throb of pain,
Of desolation, hunger, grief, despair."

The old, blind man listens, and as he listens his thoughts are carried to other places and other days. His early years pass before his vision:—

"When life was the glimpse of a joy-winged hour,
The world—all I hoped or dream'd."

His whole life passes in review before him; and as he thinks upon his dark, desolate, decrepit age, he sings a song which is touchingly plaintive:—

"They say I'm a child, and I feel like a child,
Am weak as a child; ah, me!
O waft me away to the bright, bright sky,
Of the life that I dream'd might be:
There let me close up the weary lids,
Forgetting the now and then,
And pass to the birth of a deathless life,
From the sorrowful world of men."

"The Single Grave," is a story which cannot be read without emotion. A melancholy charm hangs over it. It is the tale of a happy home which too soon becomes a house of mourning. The husband's grave is on a foreign strand; and the grief of the young widow is depicted with a sad minuteness. She cries,—

"O would that I were there,
Away beyond the sea,
Among the hills of the summer isle
Where sleepeth he lonelily;"

and then in the wildness of her sorrow,—

——"she toss'd her arms and moaned,
And turned her head about, and babbled much
In low delirium of 'the lonely grave.'"

The descriptions in this piece are excellent. In the opening verses the reader seems to feel the fresh sea-breeze playing upon his cheek. The picture of the ship becalmed in the equatorial sea is striking and vivid; and there is no detraction in saying that it is evidently an imitation of the memorable scene in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

"The Country Woman's Tale" contains some of the incidents in the life of the poet's mother. It is written in the quaint, simple, moorland dialect; and the superstitions of the country-side are retained. The influence of Wordsworth, Heath's favourite poet, is plainly visible; and this, like other of his poems, shows how deeply he had meditated on human nature, and knew how to express the deepest feelings of the human heart. The homely narrative contains not a few beautiful and tender lines. The following expresses what is, thank God! the supporting faith of thousands of our English peasantry:—

——"a God of love,
Whose spirit yearn'd towards a fallen world,
Who gave a darling Son to plead and die,
And bear the burden of His creatures' sins.
—— a kind Father, caring for his bairns,
And mourning o'er their crimes and miseries,
Remembering that they are but feeble flesh,
And waiting, lovingly, with open arms
To take them to His heart."

In the "Discarded" there is a touch of personal history: in the "Peasant Poet's Despair," what approaches an ignoble repining at the humble circumstances of his life. The following is from a beautiful Fragment:—

"O Fate! I only ask'd thee for a friend,
A tender, loving, sympathizing friend;
I never hoped to win a dearer tie.
O Fame! I only ask'd thee for a wreath,
A simple wreath to please my friend withal.
O Life! I only asked thee for a moderate lease,
A simple, quiet lot, ungilded by
The gloss of wealth and power, but bless'd with health.
O Earth! they have not deign'd to hear my prayer;
Thou wilt be kinder to me, Mother Earth,
And give me all I ask of thee, I know—
A quiet resting-place."

George Heath passed away to his "quiet resting-place" on May 5th, 1869. Towards the end of 1868 it became painfully evident that his days were numbered. His weakness became extreme; his beloved books lay about him untouched. "All things seemed fading down into the dim obscurity—gliding away from the busy world, and entering the valley of shadows." He felt "a cold hand crushing off the flowers of his promise." But his heart was sustained by the Christian faith. In the "Shadow of Death" he had written:—

"Most Holy Book!
To which earnest men have come
Through the long ages with their agonies
Of dark implorings, doubts, uncertainties,
And fierce upreachings of the spirit dumb,
I cling to thee.
O Spirit! dawn on me;
Unseal my inward seeing while I look!
My hands are clasped before me, and my eyes
Are dim with prayer.
Thou Man of Calvary!
Thou of the fairest, fair!
With the atoning blood on brow and side,
Come near, and let me kiss Thy feet."

As he approached "life's vast shore" his trust was in God; and he could indulge in "the beautiful thoughts of that far-off Home—that home whose wonders none may guess, shining through the glory of the sun-radiance coming through the windows." On the 4th of May, he wrote in his diary, "Praise God for one more day." On the following morning he passed peacefully away

to that heaven where "there is no night," but one eternal day, and where "the weary are at rest." His body was laid in Horton Churchyard; and a Runic Cross, designed by Foster, the friend of his youth, has been erected to his memory, with this inscription:—

Erected in Memory
OF
GEORGE HEATH, OF GRATTON,
Who, with few aids,
Developed in these Moorlands
Poetic powers of great promise;
But who, stricken by consumption,
After five years' suffering,
Fell a victim to that disease,
May 5, 1869, aged 25 years.

"His life is a fragment—a broken clue—
His harp had a musical string or two;
The tension was great, and they sprang and flew,
And a few brief strains—a scatter'd few—
Are all that remain to mortal view
Of the marvellous song the young man knew."

A METHODIST RURAL GATHERING.

One of the prettiest Sabbath sights our eyes ever viewed in England, lay between two villages. Situated among fields, and perhaps a mile distant from the nearest habitation, we found, in the brightness of a summer's morning, a capacious old place of worship, built of red brick. Attached were an outhouse and yard, where vehicles and horses could remain during the day's religious services. The dwellings of those who worshipped here were scattered very widely around; and some gathered from Sabbath to Sabbath from distances of six, and, towards the sea, of even eight miles. We found some three hundred people of all ages assembled. The service was very simple; plenty of good hearty singing. The pulpit was mostly occupied by labouring men, and a few farmers and artisans.

We well remember one man, who was a farm-labourer. After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, we can clearly picture him striding along, his coat thrown over his arm, and his staff in his hand. His Sabbath voluntary work was frequently twenty miles in walking, and the conducting of three services in three different places. Then we should remember that his secular toil began with daylight next morning. But he worked no harder on the Sabbath than some forty other men in this Circuit, who so occupied their day of rest. This man could just manage to read a chapter; that was the extent of his *clerical* ability. But what sermons he preached! so forcible, so clear, so to the point, so full of Christ, so lucidly explanatory of the blessed way of salvation. How plainly was all this the gift of God! In their own quaint provincialism, the poor peasantry would say, "Sirs of mine, what a talent Joe Mayhew fares to have."

He generally arranged his sermons whilst he was in the barn threshing. What nerves God can give! How strong can He string them! What muscles bossed like iron! Sermons made in barns, to the loud music of the flail, and preached with a Sabbath walk of twenty miles, have done a very great work in England. Was not this man of God indeed usefully employed, so threshing at once for man's body and soul? Was not his life, *life in earnest?*

The morning service ended, the soul refreshed, now came a right pleasant social scene. A large boiler was lit in the outhouse to which we have alluded, and the families present handed up their little packets of tea, and tea was made for all. Cups and saucers for the same, and spoons, were found in

those baskets which all brought; and the dinners were there also. The assembly consisted principally of farm-labourers, their wives and children, with here and there an old grandfather or grandmother. There were plenty of forms to sit on; and after grace had been sung, all appeared to fall-to with a hearty relish. Four pounds of meat of any or every description would probably not have been found in the baskets of all present. Meal bread, and pieces of flet cheese, formed most of the provisions: this fare was wrapped in clean napkins, with the bleach of the sweet, sootless atmosphere upon them.

What a picture of neatness did these poor people present! Half the cotton coats of the men were patched. But what neat patches! So the dresses of the women and children, even to aprons, had carefully-executed patches. Was there not more evidence of neatness here, than could be found in more pretentious assemblies? Is not the carefully-executed patch an evidence of neatness which no whole or new garment can present?

And when the early afternoon service had ended, it was a sight worth beholding to see these hundreds separate. There was such a clear, truthful ring in their "fare ye well, neighbour," these neighbours probably living miles apart; and the "See ye next Sunday, neighbour, all's well;" and the leave-taking of the little ones after their fashion, and of sweethearts after their fashion: all so full of health, and so full of heart, and mostly saved souls. Worlds could not have bought such a scene. And then the shadows waned, until hedge, or hollow, or distance shut out all, and one stood alone. That scene is a record of more than five and twenty years ago. Peace to those of them who yet live on earth. Many who were there, we doubt not, live now amid the "many mansions" of a brighter world.*

A TRIP TO THE KAIPARA AND THE ALBERT-LAND SETTLEMENT, NEW-ZEALAND.

BY W. SYMONS, F.C.S.

(*Continued from page* 170.)

WE had thought of remaining for the night at this farm on the Kaiwaka, but our Nova-Scotian friends were on the road for the same purpose, and fortunately a boat was on the beach below that would be going exactly to our destination, as soon as the tide served, early in the morning. Our friends soon arrived, and it was not often our host had to entertain so large a party in his solitary but ample homestead. We sat with them, talking and singing until the moon rose, and then by its light found our way among stumps and trunks of trees down a steep hill to a shanty on the banks of the river, and found the boatmen roasting potatoes on a hearth made of two or three cartloads of clay, arranged so as to keep the fire from the wooden chimney; this is the general arrangement in ordinary settlers' houses, the chimney and fireplace being nearly as wide as the gable end of the house, against which it is built, with a low roof rising from the house to the narrow chimney the whole width of the building. In better-class houses an iron oven is sunk into the clay, with a stout top

* "The Widow of East Angle." By the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste. Just published. London: Morgan and Chase.

to serve as a hearth, on which the fire is made. A fire can also be made under the oven. About one o'clock A.M. the tide was high enough, and getting into the punt, the boatmen launched us through the mud, and we started on our voyage. Another boat accompanied us for a short distance, for a box of sherry, which having been left on the beach until called for, had been found by our boatmen in the morning floating down the river, and they had deposited it in some bushes on the bank. Soon after we pulled up on the other bank for a bag of wild peaches they had picked and left there; these provided us with an early breakfast. At the point where the Kaiwaka joined the Wairau, they had also left among the brushwood to lighten their load a good portion of their cargo, consisting of flour, groceries, and fowls; they now pulled up for them. Close to this spot, not many months before, a melancholy accident happened to the boat of the gentleman of whom my friend had bought his farm. A would-be purchaser was accompanying him to see the estate, when a sudden gust of wind struck the sail, and capsized the boat. The gentleman and a servant were drowned, and the owner had a very narrow escape.

The moonlight revealed enough of the beauty of these rivers to induce the wish that the sail had been by daylight; but afterwards I had opportunities of seeing several of these remarkable rivers, any one of which would have made the fortune of an English county. Sometimes swelling out into lakes with ever-varying banks, frequently rising to considerable elevations, generally covered with forest to the water's edge, the foliage interspersed with palms and ferns of all dimensions: one species of low fern having leaves from eight to twelve feet long; others mounting up into trees, of which the best in Kew conservatories are only sickly representatives. Soon we are sailing in a narrower stream, between rocky cliffs; then in shallows, where our course is marked out by the groups of mangroves growing on the mudbanks, like small orange-trees, just raising their heads above the water. The whole of this river-system is very peculiar. It enters the sea by a comparatively narrow outlet. Running direct east a few miles inland, the Wairoa turns direct north, and the Kaipara south. These, although called rivers, are more like inland seas, as much so as the Bristol Channel. The *Otamatia* runs further inland to the east, and is popularly called the "Funnel," as the cliffs rise abruptly on both sides. Then the Waika turns to the south, and the Arapau to the north. Many tributaries branch from the Arapau, as the Tepahe, the Paparoa, the Matakoke, the Quatuna, the Tematcotetau, which means "the death of the year." But I am anticipating. The river we are now on is the Wairau, which may be considered a continuation of the Otamatia. Bending a little to the north, it is the most eastern and inland of the whole system. Our destination is quite at its head, and we sail on until the tidal river terminates (as many of them do) in a fresh-water brook, where there is scarcely room to move the oars, trees and bushes dipping into the stream, and almost meeting over our heads. Landing here, a path through the wood brings us to my friend's estate, at about four A.M. A woman with her two children in charge of the place are soon aroused.

They do not yet know that the farm is sold. They have only seen my friend once before; but a small lad soon opens the door, and lights a fire for us. As there is no bedroom accommodation, there is no alternative for us but to find as soft a place as the home-made chairs and benches will afford, for a little sleep. In the morning, with towel and soap we find our way to the brook below, to perform our toilet; and after breakfast the same spot serves the good woman for a washhouse, while we take a survey of the estate. The greater part is still dense forest, but a portion has been cleared and sown with English grass; but there is an appearance of negligence about it. As it is not very effectively fenced, the pasturage is appropriated by a neighbour's pigs and cows with impunity, according to the regulations of the Fencing Act, which is just now the cause of much dissatisfaction and discussion, as it throws the onus on the proprietor of the land, by obliging him effectually to fence it, otherwise he cannot treat strange cattle as trespassers. Owing to the price of labour, and the extent of the holdings, this is a formidable matter. A settler, whom I shall again have occasion to mention, showed me a not very large field which it cost him seventy-five pounds to fence so as to be pig-proof. The cattle generally roam through the woods, sometimes for miles, with bells round their necks. They may not be seen for weeks, and have frequently to be shot with rifles. There are many instances of their being lost, and breeding wild in the woods. My friend, who is rather excitable, vows vengeance against the pigs and their owner; but after a little pig-hunting, we wind up by calling at the trespasser's house, ignoring the whole matter, and dining with him and his wife and daughter. Some of their friends live near my English home; and during this visit, in half the houses we call at I find we have mutual acquaintance in England.

After dinner, our way lies through some miles of most interesting bush. Fully half the foliage consists of palms and ferns; nearly every tree is decorated by some creeping plant; one with a beautiful scarlet flower, another, where it lodges on the branches, springs out into a large tuft-like grass, as fine and luxuriant as the flag which grows in our marshes. One of these creeping plants, the Rata, has a peculiar history; its first stage is as tender and helpless as the young woodbine; as it grows upwards its tendrils encircle a contiguous tree; in process of time, as the tree grows, their grasp is tightened until they strangle their supporter, which rots away in their embrace, and then the Rata is strong enough to start as a tree on its own account, and grows to a large size, spreading its knotty and prominent roots above the surface in picturesque radii for a considerable distance. One settler, with ingenuity and taste, has utilized a young specimen by making it the pedestal of his parlour table, for which it serves admirably, the roots forming a very good stand. The club-palm cannot but be noticed for its pleasing, almost toy-like, symmetry; the cabbage-palm has as striking an individuality from its ragged and unsymmetrical outline.

The Royal Mail, on horseback, soon overtakes us, and as the postman has purchased a new horse to-day, he kindly offers us a ride. A single stem of New-Zealand flax, growing at our side, is a sufficient support

for our carpet-bags on the horse's neck, and we go on in company for some miles on a road made by simply cutting down the trees, leaving the roots still on the surface. Here and there new settlements in various stages are passed; in these, some large trees will be burning and smouldering for weeks before they fall. On a cleared space, called the glebe, stands the church, a wooden building as much like a cowshed as a church. A solitary grave near it marks the sacred purpose to which it is dedicated. Then we have to part with the friendly postman at the very terminus of postal organization, St. Martin's-le-Grand being here represented by a wooden building not much larger than a bathing-machine. The country now soon begins to get more open, and we pass one or two farms more thoroughly cultivated, on the banks of the Tepahe, here little more than a brook with high banks. A simple, but very frail, suspension-bridge has been placed over it for foot-passengers; merely two slender trees, which spring beneath the tread, and a still more slender hand-rail, which is a snare rather than a support; but there is no other road except through the water, so becoming involuntary Blondins, we cross into a field of maize belonging to a settler, who lends us his boat, and our voyage commences just where the Tepahe becomes a tidal stream. Our hands are soon covered with minute spots of blood, caused by the small sand-fly, but the bite is not venomous, like the mosquito, now pretty well naturalized in Auckland. This troublesome companion does not follow us into wider water.

The banks of this river are similar to the Wairau, but our lovely sail through the forests is now by day-light. The river soon swells out into a lake, and then suddenly narrows again, so that we pass between two perpendicular cliffs, most convenient abutments for a bridge when a road may be required here. The settlers have named this pass Gibraltar. Another lake follows, in which the stream makes a sharp turn, but our course is marked out by the mangroves, which cluster on every mudbank. This spot is very beautiful, a small lake embosomed in hilly forests not yet touched by the improving hand of man. All round is the complete and perfect beauty of nature reposing in unbroken silence, and this silence is very striking in New-Zealand forests. No small animals cross the path; no noxious reptiles exist here; no *birds* are flitting from branch to *branch*, making the woods musical with their notes. Only in their season the continuous chirping of locusts and various species of tree-crickets and gigantic grasshoppers keep up between them, in certain spots, a monotonous noise, something between a fireside cricket and a hurdy-gurdy.

The stream again narrows between bold cliffs on both sides; on the left, under the rising cliffs, is a platform of rock, about an acre, sparsely covered with shrubs and trees. A settler had here erected a temporary house before building the best and most beautifully-situated house we had yet seen on the side of the hill above, and he had now altered his first house into a small chapel, erecting over the doorway a little turret with a cross on it. It would have made a most interesting photograph; the chapel, half hid by trees, standing like a hermitage on the rocky beach. It looked more in keeping to see the cross leaning a little over

on one side: but we shall visit it again on Sunday.

Passing the chapel, the house where we purpose stopping soon appears on the bank of the river, at the bottom of a hill which had been completely cleared of its timber and brought under cultivation by the two hard-working young farmers who reside there. My friend has previously spent a fortnight with these two gentlemen, whose sister he purposes in a year or two to fetch from the old country, and he is quite at home here. But although their boat is moored safely on the bank, their house is empty and locked. This puzzles him, as he expects to find his servant here, a respectable sailor who came out with us, but all have disappeared, including the dogs. Knowing their habits, he starts for the summit of the hill, calling, or "cooing," loudly in colonial style, but he returns after some time without any news. It is a lovely evening, but now *getting* dark; he knows where the key is put, just under the roof, and the only course is for us to make ourselves at home; so we unlock the door, and begin to investigate the interior. The first thought is for a light and fire, and after some search a match-box is found on the dresser. We soon have a fire, and then examine the pantry. A couple of eggs were found while searching for matches, and some bread and butter turns up in the right quarter. The water supply is short; as it is now dark, and the spring some distance off, we must economise this for our tea; and the thought naturally suggests itself to fry our eggs, but the frying-pan is not to be found anywhere, and after a long search only one knife turns up. This increases the mystery, but we are hungry, and contrive to cook our eggs by baking them in dripping, and manage to make a tea. We are still alone, and as it is now late, conclude there is nothing for us but to appropriate the beds of our friends. They are not very large, more like bunks on board ship; but after our travels we sleep undisturbed until the morning. I had not the pleasure of seeing the young men who owned this farm, but from report they were highly respectable, and each with a capital running into four figures; yet they were living in a small house consisting of two rooms and a pantry, built entirely of split wood, without any garden or the usual appliances of a home. They had no servant, but did everything themselves.

Water had to be fetched from a stream half a mile distant, and this was my first work in the morning; I found only a small stream, and had to return for a cup to dip it up with. The mystery was now further increased by the dogs coming home alone. We took our boat, and rowed about three miles to the house above the chapel. The housekeeper was alone, and while getting us a substantial breakfast, she to some extent solved the mystery of the forsaken house. Her master had engaged a sloop, and, with our absent friends and others, including the frying-pan, etc., had taken a sail up the Wairoa, and would be absent some days. But what of the servant-man? He had taken tea with her the night before, and could not have left long before our arrival. The old woman was greatly concerned about him, fearing the Maories had eaten him, or that some other dire mishap had befallen him. After a good breakfast we took our boat to return, and soon saw the missing man milking the cows at the dairy on the hill.

He as soon saw us, and reached the house before we did. It seems he went out in the evening to some sheep at a distant clearing, and as there was a tent there, he remained all night, with the dogs as his companions.

They then rowed me down the river to a store, where I hoped to hire a boat to proceed to the Rev. W. Gittos, a visit to whose settlement was my chief inducement to take this journey. This store was situated at the junction of the Tepahe and the Paparoa, just above their falling into the Arapau, and the spot was evidently chosen for its central situation. Within a short walk the mouths of two or three other rivers could be seen. Only one customer could walk to this shop, all the rest came in boats. The rivers are the highways of the district, and almost every girl of fourteen can manage a punt. The Arapau is perhaps two miles wide, the water beautifully clear, the beach composed to a great extent of small shells. The rock-oyster is very abundant, and their clustered shells form grotesque groups, the colours here being much more varied and brighter than in rivers with muddy banks like the Tepahe. I was disappointed in finding no boat available; my friend was about to return with his servant; for a moment I was puzzled what to do, seeing that boats were the only means of locomotion; but it soon transpired that Mr. Gittos was expected there the next day, as his daughter was there on a visit, and the good storekeeper and his wife readily consented to entertain me. We were soon at home together, as we discovered mutual friends in England. The memoir of a particular friend of theirs, whose death I mentioned to them, has appeared in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" since my return.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WAYSIDE WATCHER.

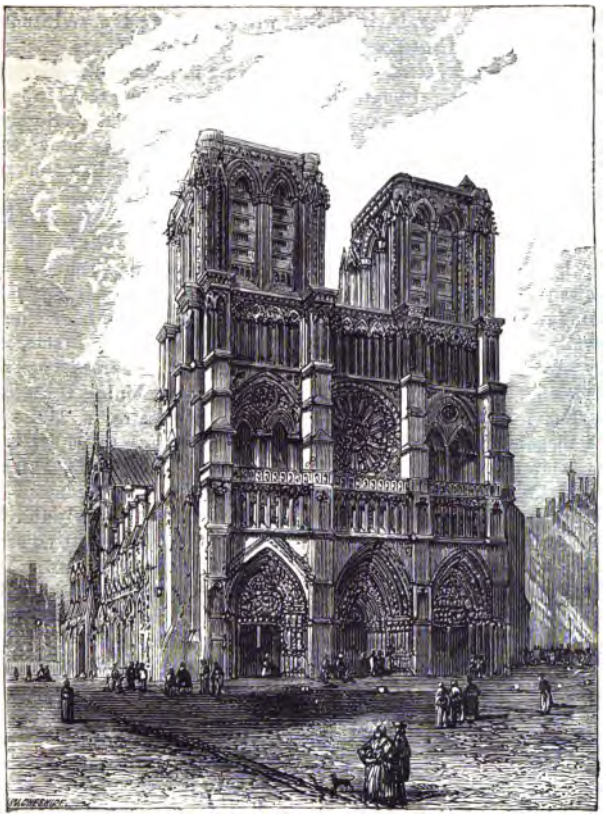
There is a simple flower, to the poor
Swiss peasant dear,
It blooms where other flowers would
pine, bord'ring the roadside drear;
And from its hard and dusty bed, it
smiles a welcome bright
To the worn toiler, as he seeks his
cottage-home at night:
And in its wee blue eye he reads a God-
speed, as he takes
His early way to work again, when
morn his slumber breaks.
And for its silent sympathy, so constant
and so sweet,
The Wayside Watcher it is named—of
every name most meet.

O, little flower of Switzerland! thou
dost the lesson teach,
That weak and feeble things have
power the weary heart to reach,
To soothe its woe, and cheer its gloom
though lowly be the lot
Of those who strive to make this earth
a brighter, better spot!
Thou teachest us to hold to them who
walk life's wayside dull,
A ready cup of sympathy, of love, and
kindness, full.
As bravely and as patiently, fair
blossom, O! may we
Fulfil our mission, as dost thou the one
assign'd to thee!

Uttoxeter. S. J. H.

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

An able writer says:—"It is impossible to enter into the churches with which Paris abounds, without perceiving that the infidelity of the heart is extensively manifested in the utter absence of all spiritual religion in worship. These churches are truly only religious theatres, abounding in all the pomp, tinsel, and costume of external decoration, and making continual appeals



to all the senses; to the eye, by sculpture, parade, and painting of every variety; to the ear, by rich and often giddy music; to the taste, by the holy loaves handed round among the congregation; to the smell, by the incense which floats voluptuously through the building; and to the touch, by the holy water applied to the form, or by the sacred relic which invites the kiss of the prostrate worshipper. Amidst the various altars before which unmeaning masses are continually performed in an unknown tongue, and where the simplicity of religion is lost in a vague crowd of histrionic ceremonies, how eager is the longing of the Christian man, that the same voice which sounded once at Athens could proclaim to these besotted votaries, 'Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you!'

"The total revenue received by the Roman-Catholic religion from the State is about forty-two millions of francs. This sum is exclusive of the amount obtained by the clergy for the celebration of its numerous ceremonies.

"There exist in Paris and in France many communities formed for the pro-

pagation of the faith, and for extending the operations of foreign missions. The whole apparatus of popery, is, indeed, remarkably active. But while Romanism boasts itself of these advantages, the great elements of moral strength are grievously wanting. There are important differences among its priesthood with regard to cardinal truths. The Bible is to a large extent an unknown book; the pulpit, though often drawing considerable crowds, is ordinarily deficient in point and taste; the lives of the saints, as presented in publications, are swollen into an absurd importance, and an erotic and profane phraseology frequently pervades the addresses to the Virgin, and even to the Divine Being Himself. The term religion, as applied to France in general, and to Paris in particular, is scarcely susceptible of an intelligible definition. The Virgin and the saints are enshrined; the holy God passed by. The form of the Cross is continually thrust forward; the doctrine of the Cross as constantly thrust back. 'Only as a crucifix is Christ known in the Romish Church,—a *fetish*, which is reverenced, kissed, worshipped, because it has been blessed by the priest. As the host has supplanted the Saviour, so has the Virgin supplanted the Intercessor; and the God-man is held in tutelage by His mortal mother, being always represented as a Child in arms, or at the feet of the Virgin Mary.' *

"The paraded shows of Catholicism cover an enormous mass of scarcely hidden infidelity. The doctrine of regeneration exists only in the names of baptism, penance, confession, and extreme unction. Romanism in Paris is exceedingly tolerant of vices; it is only intolerant of conflicting truth.

"The church of the Madeleine has no fewer than sixty priests of different ranks employed in its services. It was originally intended by Napoleon to be consecrated to the military glories of France, and bears not a few traces of its original destination. It is pitiable and painful in the highest degree to witness among the multitude of great personages who are represented as adoring in heaven the Magdalen at the feet of Jesus, the great Emperor himself in the foremost place. Surely if the art of the painter have done somewhat to civilize society, it has done much more to degrade religion.

"The church of the Madeleine, with that of Notre Dame de Lorette, constitute the most fashionable churches of Paris. Even a French writer speaks of the latter, (he might have included the former,) with some others, as in true keeping with the sensual age which gave rise to it; combining the graces of the café, the theatre, and the places of public amusement; whilst it forms an appendage to the opera, which stands in its parish. The re-adapted church of St. Geneviève (formerly the Pantheon) may be regarded as in no small degree liable to such criticisms. Amidst the glare and splendour investing these edifices, how often do the words of the prophet occur to the Christian mind: 'Behold, the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord.' Religious books, excepting those of a very Romanistic order, are extremely scarce in Paris; whilst the writings of the witty, the licentious, or the scoffer abound at every turn. The most sacred subjects are used in literature or in the theatre without remorse, if they can furnish a jest, or point an epigram."*

* "Religious State of Christendom." Essay by Rev. W. Roussell.

* Paris Ancient and Modern.

LESS DISTINGUISHED NAMES IN THE WORD OF GOD.

VI. ARAUNAH THE JEBUSITE.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

THE Jebusites, though not spread over an extensive territory, could boast of ancient name and descent; for the

grandfather of their founder was one of the "eight persons" whom the ark bore to Ararat, and to whom the rainbow was shown as a sign that the earth should no more be swept by the surges of a destroying flood. The Jebusites, migrating from the new cradle of the human race in Armenia, settled on Moriah and the neighbouring hills. Removed from the enervating influences of the hot valley of the Jordan and the luxuriant plain of Jezreel, they became a hardy, warlike people, and their territory was more renowned for "man and steel, the soldier and the sword," than for arts and commerce, such as brought wealth and honour to the Sidonians.

The land they occupied was promised, with the other districts of Canaan, to Abraham as the inheritance of his posterity; but it was not until after the long bondage in Egypt, and the forty years in the wilderness, that the promise began to be verified in the history of the chosen people.

Adoni-sedec, the King of the Jebusites, organized a confederacy of the Amoritish Kings for the destruction of the Gibeonites, who had entered into alliance with Israel. The latter, alarmed at the approach of those fierce bands of mountaineers, sent to Joshua for help. He responded to their appeal, and the Amorites, seized with sudden panic, were slain by the swords of Israel, and by the hail which the Lord rained on them in their flight. The five Kings escaping the slaughter, hid themselves in a cave at Makkedah. They were discovered, brought out, and put to death, and their dead bodies hung on five trees. But though the Jebusites had lost their King, and not a few of their bravest soldiers, their spirit was unsubdued; and Judah, to whom their territory was allotted, was unable to drive them out, and had to consent to their continuance on the soil. After the death of Joshua, the men of Judah made a fierce attack on Jerusalem; and having either scaled its walls, or made a breach in them, slew its inhabitants, and set it on fire. Still the upper city or stronghold remained in the hands of the Jebusites, and was held by them until the reign of David, whom they taunted by putting the lame and the blind on its walls and towers, and challenging him to the assault; "thinking, David cannot come in hither." Stung by the taunt, he offered the captaincy of his army to the man who should smite the Jebusites. Joab succeeded in the attempt; the lion-standard of Judah took the place of the old Amoritish ensign, and the Jebusites ceased to be an independent power in the land. They were conquered, yet not utterly destroyed; and the enmity between them and the Israelites subsiding with the lapse of time, they at length dwelt together in peace, and owned allegiance to one sceptre.

Araunah belonged to the conquered people; and from the phrase, "All these things did Araunah, as a King, give unto the King," it has been concluded that he was of the royal family of Jebus; but whatever dreams of sovereign pomp and authority may at one time have agitated his heart, he acquiesced in the humbled condition of his people, and employed himself in the unromantic, yet pleasant and peaceful, toils of agriculture.

David had sinned in numbering the people, punishment followed, and the whole land was stricken with grief and fear, for in a short time seventy thousand of the people fell before a swift and deadly pestilence. The woe and horror rushed from Dan to Beer-sheba; still the wrath seemed unabated, for an angel was seen standing in threatening attitude, and stretching his unsheathed sword over Jerusalem. David was in consternation at the sight of this terrific apparition; but his faithful counsellor Gad, in accordance with a Divine intimation, told him to build an altar on the threshingfloor of Araunah, a circular space on the top of Moriah. At this time Araunah, or as his name is given in 1 Chron. xxi. 18, Ornan, was there with his four sons, threshing wheat

and while David was on his way to the spot, he and his sons saw the majestic form and the brandished sword above them, and either hid themselves among the straw, or covered their heads with their mantles. Araunah heard footsteps on the hill, and looking up saw the aged King approaching. He left the threshingfloor, and with a courteous loyalty that could not have been surpassed by men of purest Hebrew descent, "bowed himself before the King on his face upon the ground," and asked, "Wherefore is my lord the King come to his servant?" David told him that he had come to buy his threshingfloor as the site of an altar on which to offer sacrifice, that the plague might be stayed. Araunah, impressed by the awful visitation which had come on the land, and influenced by religious feeling, offered the King as a free gift not only the threshingfloor, but also the oxen which were treading out the corn for sacrifices, and the wood to which they were yoked for altar-fuel; and added, "The Lord thy God accept thee." These words, taken in connection with his readiness to promote the erection of an altar to the Lord, show that he was not only reconciled to David's government, but was submissive to David's Lord. Though of Gentile origin, he accepted the Hebrew faith. Supposing him to have been in the line of the Jebusite Kings, he had lost a kingdom, but had become heir to a vaster inheritance; and was associated with those who were seeking "a better country, that is, an heavenly." The symbols of royalty were henceforth beyond his grasp; but had he not greater treasure in the laws and prophecies of Moses and the psalmody of David?

The King's spirit was high, and his religious sentiment intense as Araunah's; and while thankful for the generous gift, he said, "Nay; but I will surely buy it of thee at a price: neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing." The price of the land was paid, the altar was built, fire came down from heaven and consumed the offering that was laid upon it, "and the plague was stayed."

Whether Araunah outlived David we cannot tell; but it is all but certain that his sons saw the temple with its burnished stones and doors "garlanded with carven images," and courts radiant with golden cherubim and golden palms, standing in consecrated majesty where they had yoked their oxen and thrashed their corn; for it was on the ground bought of the Gentile that the sanctuary of the God of Israel was built.

A METHODIST MINER.

BY THE REV. E. BAYLIS.

THE glory of Methodism has been in the spirituality of its religion. The piety of its people, under the blessing of God, has been the secret of its power and success.

Wallacestone, in Stirlingshire, was not remarkable for piety thirty years ago. At that time its inhabitants obtained the name of the "Wallacestone lions," and the means by which they gained such a distinction were neither creditable to their morals, nor advantageous to themselves.

Soon after the date we have referred to, they were visited by a Methodist named Alexander Patrick, who has since been called the "Wallacestone Reformer." He came amongst them "like an hearth of fire amongst the wood," and "like a torch of fire in a sheaf." His experience was of the old Methodist character, and the burden of his message was, "Ye must be born again." He held religious meetings in private houses, which were much blessed to those who attended them; but his great power was in conversation by the fireside. Some with whom he conversed had been wont to attend the parish church on the Sabbath, and they enjoyed Church privileges at stated times, and hence they thought themselves spiritually safe for both worlds. But when their new visitor began to speak to them about the new birth, they were like Nicodemus, and asked, "How can it be?" They also

thought he was carrying attention to religious matters too far. He in reply quoted Scripture, and in defence of his statements referred to their own Church standards, to show that more was included in a safe state of soul than outward reformation and Church privileges. Moreover, he told them that he was not alone in his views and feelings; but that the experience of the Methodists agreed with what he had said. They were thus brought to a stand; and knowing that they had not felt what he said was essential to salvation, and that it was attainable by them in this life, they were driven from their old moorings; they left their false security, and finding that they had the great business of personal salvation yet to begin, asked the common question in such circumstances, "What must we do?" Their new friend, who had been through the whole process on his own account before he visited them, saw where they were, and what they needed. Soon he preached to them repentance and faith, and at no distant time many were enabled to say on the authority of their experience, that "God hath power on earth to forgive sins." Thus light shone in darkness, and those who had lain amongst the spiritually dead, were quickened to newness of life.

Amongst the persons so blessed was John Waugh, of Wallacestone. Whilst he was well he laboured as a miner; the mines in which he toiled did not favour his health, and a severe asthma became the affliction of his life. He was sometimes so feeble and so affected by his affliction, that he said it was hard work for him to live. But in him "patience" had "her perfect work," and it was pleasing to see the evenness and calmness of his spirit whilst he was such a prisoner as to be unable to walk from his house to the chapel.

John had read the "Pilgrim's Progress," and his view of his own religious existence in this life was that of a pilgrim journeying through the wilderness of this world to dwell for ever in the land "beyond the river." John whilst on his way home had his daily manna from heaven, and water from the smitten rock; but still he felt he was not yet come to his inheritance, and the heavenly treasure was yet in an earthen vessel. But going on through this life in the way of the guiding cloud brought him nearer home, and at length only the river stood between John and the promised land. His affliction became suddenly much worse, so that his relatives were summoned to witness his departure from the brink of Jordan where they stood, to "the other side." John stood and waited there for the "post" to come from heaven, and tell him when to cross over to the other side.

"I am going away home," said John, to his friends beside his bed; "I have been looking for the *post* these two or three days."

When asked if Christ was precious to him at that time, he said, like a Christian, "He Who has been with me all the way, is not going to leave me now."

Soon after that he said again, "I am not afraid to die; what is there to make me afraid? Christ is my Saviour, and He is to be my Judge; what, then, is there to make me afraid?"

Whilst John was so speaking to his friends, the long expected "post" came, and gave John to understand that the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken, and it was the will of his Divine Master that he should then pass over Jordan, and go to possess his Christian inheritance in the heavenly Canaan. The message was received with calmness, and soon John left the land. When John stepped into the stream, it was cold enough to convince him that it was the river Jordan, but still it was fordable. John felt where he was, and said, "I am in the river."

As he was thus crossing, his friends, who stood on the bank watching as long as they could see him, said to him in the river, "John, shall we sing?"

"Yes," said he, "for I was always fond of singing."

So his former companions in the wilderness, who were now about to be

separated from him for a while, began and sang the following lines:—

"And let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In my Redeemer's breast."

Whilst those on the brink of Jordan were so singing, John in the river joined them "heart and soul," as a spectator expressed it.

After the singing, two who were present prayed, whilst John responded in "Amens," and other appropriate language.

As John continued fording the stream, he said, "I am so weak that I cannot sing now; but *I shall sing when I am out of this body.*" John went on through the river, getting still farther from the wilderness side, and nearer the shore of that world where the "shining ones" dwell, and immortality is the common law of all. No doubt as this world receded from John's vision, the heavenly land became clearer to his view. He had got so near it as to see amidst its light that all would be well with him for ever; and then taking the last look at those who stood beside, just before he stepped out of the river on the shore of heaven, he exclaimed, in the language of assurance and triumph, as if speaking from heaven to earth,—"Robert M'Cullock,* I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," etc., and so he died.

It was enough! All who were present were so joyful to witness such a victory, that they burst into tears, saying, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Although in Scotland, we buried John after the good old Methodist custom. Many of the Methodists as well as his relatives followed him to the tomb, and when there, we stood around his coffin, and sang and prayed as those who believe that heaven and earth have been brought very near to each other by the love of God the Father, the death of God the Son, and the mission of God the Holy Ghost.

When returning from the grave, one who had known John during the whole of his religious life, said,—"John Waugh was a quiet, good man; if we had any little quarrels amongst ourselves, he would take care to keep out of them." John Waugh died May 31st, 1871, aged fifty years.

* Robert M'Cullock was his relative, and was then standing by his death-bed.

TOILERS AND TALKERS.

"In all labour there is profit: but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury." (Prov. xiv. 23.)

Bees and butterflies may frequently be seen in the same garden. The butterflies appear to be very busy in *their* way. They cannot stay long *in any* place, but are hastening to and fro as though the welfare of a township depended on them. But the restless activity results in no accumulation of wealth. The bees scarcely display equal energy in the frequency of flight, yet their efforts are of acknowledged worth. In human life, bees and butterflies are to be found in all neighbourhoods. We discern busy idlers who wish to impress us with a due sense of their unwearied and priceless efforts, and who employ many words in the endeavour to produce the desired impression, yet generally fail to do so; and we also see quiet workers whose time is so thoroughly employed in the fulfilment of their duty, that they have no leisure to engage a trumpeter to celebrate their performances, nor to do their own trumpeting. The final result corresponds to the conduct. Glance at three varieties of conduct in this aspect.

Talk, but no work.—There may be much talk and also much work. Talk may be work. Immense good has been effected by the right use of speech. But in such cases there has been earnest, and patient, and intelligent effort for the accomplishment of a wise end. There

has been much work of brain and heart connected with speech. Thus the Apostle Paul accomplished much for the weal of our race by his talking. He was quite content to use feet and hands when needful. But when he, for a time, remained in one city, though then his journeyings were not long, and the churches provided for his wants, so that his time had not to be occupied in tent-making, there was much "profit." The advantage of the Apostle's talking was felt in many lands, and has reached even to our own country and times. But St. Paul's preaching was not mere "talk of the lips." He was a worker. Brain and heart always, and hands and feet when needful, were unsparingly employed. By God's blessing the "profit" was incalculable.

But there are many busy idlers who indulge in talking as a mere luxury. They are busy, sometimes in search of listeners, and then busy in the movement of their tongues. Had they anything to say that would make their hearers really wiser, or better, or happier, we would rank them among the workers of our times. But unhappily this is not the case. They talk, not because they delight in work, but because they dislike it. The idler resembles a shoemaker's idle apprentice who is playing with the pen of a merchant's clerk, not because he can use it to advantage, or has patience to learn, but because he does not like to use the awl. Such "talk of the lips" is often uttered in barbers' shops, and at the smithy door, and around the ale-house fire, by men who might be profitably using the lap-stone, or chisel, or plane, or needle. Such talk may also be heard at door-steps, and near village pumps, and at the general dealer's store, from those who had better be using the mop, or bestirring themselves at the washing-tub, or resting themselves with knitting-needles. The "penury" of the performers needs not to be described, for it is generally exceedingly apparent and repulsive.

Quietness, yet real work. — Bernard Palissy was a real worker. He was a Frenchman, yet had the right stuff in him. The energy and indomitable patience which, when it abounds in any land, will do much to make that country great, was in Palissy. The great problem of his life was how to make a china cup. Think of France without a man in it that could do so: the French monarch and nobles obtaining from Italy, at an immense price, such china ware as those countries could afford. I am not quite sure that Palissy acted wisely in devoting himself so completely to the discovery of the secret. Perhaps he would have been more prudent if he had secured some better provision for himself and family by ordinary effort, devoting all possible leisure to the wrestling with nature for the secret, Palissy, however, had seen a china cup, knew that it had been made by human hands, and was resolved that such a cup or a better should be made by his hands. How can that beautiful white enamel be formed? No fewer than three hundred combinations of chemicals did the patient toiler prepare in vain. Each failed in succession. To keep the little furnace burning, where he thought and laboured, the firewood which should have cooked their food was consumed. Then the garden palings were burned, and afterwards the boards of the floor. Palissy triumphed. The secret was discovered by the patient and self-denying worker, and France, through successive generations, was benefitted. Indeed all lands shared the "profit." All are not qualified to become inventors; but there are countless modes of honest industry, and profit to be derived from all.

Religion the highest work.—To become what the Lord would have us to be, and to accomplish what He would have us to do, is the greatest of human achievements. This is the labour which is, beyond all others, important and honourable in the illustrious of our race, and this is what the lowliest may effectually engage in. The advantage resulting from labour corresponds to the task. Drawing sand carts, however energeti-

cally and perseveringly performed, will not result in stacks of wheat and barley being found around our dwelling. A farmer may sow turnips all his life, yet never discover diamonds in his fields. Catching shrimps will not erect a cathedral or palace. The reward corresponds to the toil. So, without true religion, the most earnest accomplishment of work will only secure an earthly and transitory reward. The bread of eternal life, the gems of heavenly glory, the mansion of endless blessedness, will still be wanting. Bernard Palissy, amid his persevering effort to discover the secret by which his country would be so greatly benefitted, sought and found the favour of God. When threatened by the Romish priesthood, he still held fast his integrity. When, in old age, Palissy was told by his king, who had learned to admire and love him, "If you persist, I shall be compelled, in spite of myself, to order you to be burned," the aged artisan was faithful to his God. That God had wondrously protected him, and now took him from the prison to heaven, before the hour for his execution arrived. Who can estimate the "profit" Palissy, the noble-minded servant of God, then entered on, and now enjoys?

LA HARPE.

M. DE LA HARPE ranked high among the literati of France. His various works have rendered him popular as an author. He claims attention as the associate of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Condorcet. During the greater part of his life, he was a disciple of the French philosophy, and an active and zealous disseminator of its principles; and he affords, probably, the only instance of a convert made from that sect to Christianity. The circumstance which gives the most peculiar interest to his annals is his conversion, in advanced life, from French infidelity to Christianity.

La Harpe hailed the commencement of the revolution in France; and during the two first years of its course, he was its advocate. Under the Reign of Terror he was arrested, and lodged in the Luxembourg; in this situation he became very disconsolate. He did not feel his principles adapted to give relief in the conjuncture in which he found himself; and a friend, who was anxious for his welfare, requested him to peruse the Psalms of David. Into these compositions he had never before looked, except with a view to discover poetical beauties, and they were very little in his recollection. Fearful of offending the philosopher, and of stumbling, as it were at the threshold, his friend requested him to peruse them as a resource for killing time; and in order to fix his attention more on the sacred compositions, he was requested to compose a purely literary comment on them; which conduct strikingly illustrates that Scripture apophthegm, "He that winneth souls is wise." He undertook it. Scarcely had he begun, before he discovered in the Psalms a number of beauties of a superior order: this persuasion continued to gain strength, and farther perusal soon fortified it. From this commentary, originating in a mere regard to friendship, and afterwards pursued from pious zeal, was formed the preliminary discourse prefixed to his translation of the Psalter, the first work in which he announced his conversion. His own account of that memorable event he gives in the following words:—

"I was alone in my prison in a small dark chamber, very sorrowful. I had, for several days, been reading the Psalms, the Gospels, and some good books. Their effect had been rapid, though progressive. I was already restored to the faith, I saw a new light, but it terrified me in showing me an abyss, that of forty years of error. I saw all the evil, but no remedy. Nothing around me offered to me the succour of religion. On one side, my life was before my eyes, such as it appeared by the torch of Divine truth; and on the other, death, such as was then inflicted, and which I expected every day. The priest no longer appeared on the scaffold to comfort those

who were about to die; he no longer ascended it, except to die himself. Full of these distressing ideas, my heart had sunk within me; it silently addressed itself to God, Whom I had just found, and Whom I scarcely yet knew. I besought Him to show me what I was to do, and what was to become of me. I had on my table the 'Imitation,' and I had been told that I should frequently find in that excellent book an answer to my thoughts. I opened it without any view to a particular place, and fell on these words: 'Behold Me, My son, I come to thee because thou hast invoked Me.'* I read no more; the sudden impression which I experienced is beyond description; and it is not more possible to convey it in words than to forget it. I fell with my face on the ground, bathed in tears, almost suffocated, uttering inarticulate cries and broken sentences. I perceived my heart lightened and dilated, yet, at the same time, ready to burst. A multitude of ideas and sentiments rushed on my mind; I wept for a long time; and I am without any recollection of the situation, except that it was something beyond comparison the most violent and the most transporting that my heart ever experienced. These words, 'Behold Me, My son,' never ceased to sound in my ears, and forcibly to agitate my frame."

On being released from prison, the new convert resumed his lectures at the Lyceum, where he displayed all the zeal which is natural to that character. The sensation produced by this novelty, the ridicule which it provoked, and the persecutions which it drew on this confessor in the cause of religion, are well known to those who paid attention to events at Paris at that period. In what is termed the revolution of the eighteenth of Fructidor, La Harpe was obliged to flee, in order to escape deportation; but he found a secure and commodious asylum near Paris, where he composed a part of his "Fragments of an Apology for Religion." Soon after his release from his last captivity, his health rapidly declined, and early in the year 1803 he closed his mortal career. His conversation, we are informed, was in the highest degree pious and edifying on the prospect of dissolution.

In his Preface to his Apology, the author makes this declaration: "I am not in a condition to instruct those who know anything; my book is addressed to those who, like myself, have not to this moment been desirous of knowing anything; and it has occurred to me, that the manner in which I have been instructed might prove instructive to them. A heavenly Voice, when I least thought of it, spoke to my heart, and said, 'Take and read.' It was not the Apologists that were put into my hands; it was the Gospels, the Psalms, the Scriptures. They were not Grotius, Abadie, Houtteville, Crousaz, and Bergier, who enlightened me, or who were even the instruments of Him Who did enlighten me. They are absolutely unknown to me; not that I do not cordially believe them to merit the testimonies borne to them. But I have never, for a moment, felt any desire or need of reading them."

* Jesus Christ is the Speaker.

MORNING.

Arise to greet the white-robed morning fair,
While from her eastern chamber, silently,
As pass the angels down heaven's cloudy stair,
She cometh forth, and night's dim shadows flee.

See, o'er the landscape, how her misty wreath
Hangs beautiful! On earth's unruffled breast
Sweet flowerets nestle, dew-pearl'd leaves beneath,
Like sister-doves asleep in mossy nest.

O! 'tis a holy hour, so calm, so still,
Not e'en a leaf by fitful breeze is stirr'd,
Nor sound is here, save some soft murmuring rill,
Or plaintive warble of a lonely bird.

With drowsy flocks the heights are dotted o'er,
And cattle slumber 'neath the woodland's shade;
No watchful shepherd roams the heathery moor,
No whistling herdboy seeks the quiet glade.

But, lo! yon gold-tipp'd clouds proclaim the sun
Disparting dawn's grey folds, he smileth through
The orient's lattice; from far hilltops dun
Morn's altar-fires gleam on our wondering view.

Soft zephyrs rise to fan the dewy leaves,
And wake the nodding flowers with whisper low;
Sparrows chirp blithely 'neath the ivied eaves,
And copse and dell with gladsome song o'erflow.

Now stand we on the sunlit mountain-top,
And watch the white mist fade from wood and vale;
The world's astir, grey smoke curls lightly up
From yonder cottage in the emerald dale.

"Man goeth forth unto his labour" now,
Cheer'd by the rosy morning's golden light:
Haste! precious seed beside all waters sow,
Life's arrow glanceth swift from morn to night.

The long, long night! yet shall *its* shadows, breaking
Before a glorious day-dawn, swiftly flee;
And dread or joyous *then* shall be our waking,
As *now* we fill life's solemn destiny.

Bagslate. M. F.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

SEPTEMBER (*continued*).

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
6.	Isaiah xiii.	Isaiah xiv.	To look over	Isaiah l. 10, 11; li., xxvii.
7.	2 Chron. xxix.	Psalm xcix.	Psalm lxxxiv. 1—4	xv., xvi.; lvi. 1—8
8.	xxx.	Hosea xi.	5—8	Proverbs xxv., xxvi.
9.	xxxi.	2 Kings xviii. 4—8; Hosea xiv.	9—12	Isaiah xxviii.
10.	2 Kings xvii. 1—5	x., xii.	To look over	Hosea ix.; 2 Kings xvii. 6—19
11.	Hosea iii., xiii.	2 Kings xvii. 20—41	James i. 1—4	Isaiah v.
12.	Micah i.; Isaiah xxix. 1—8	xviii. 13—17	5—8	x.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE, *continued.*

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
13.	2 Chron. xxxii. 2—5	Isaiah xxii. 8—25; xxxi. 1—3	James i. 9—12	Isaiah xxx. 1—17; lviii.
14.	Micah ii., iii.	Jeremiah xxvi. 17—19	13—16	Micah vi., vii.
15.	Isai. xxxviii.	Nahum i.	17—20	Isaiah xxxii.
16.	2 Kings xviii. 17—37	2 Kings xix. 1—34	21—24	xxx. 18—33; xxvi.
17.	Isai. xxxi. 4—9; Hosea i. 6, 7	35—37; 2 Chron. xxxii. 21-23; Psalm lxxvi.	25—27	Nahum ii., iii.; Isaiah xii.
18.	2 Chron. xxxii. 27-33	Isaiah xlix. 13—26	To be recalled	Isaiah lx., lxi.
19.	Micah iv., v.	iv. 2—6	James ii. 1—4	lxv., lxvi.
20.	2 Chron. xxxiii. 1-13	Psalm lxxxix.	5—7	2 Chron. xxxiii. 14—25; Jeremiah i.
21.	xxxiv.	Jeremiah ii. 1—13	8—11	Zephaniah i., ii.
22.	2 Kings xxiii. 1—20	iii.	12—14	2 Kings xxiii. 21—28; Jeremiah v.
23.	2 Chron. xxxv. 20-27; xxxvi. 1-4	xii. 1—19	15—18	ii. 14—37
24.	Jeremiah ix.	xi.	19—23	xxvi.
25.	xxxvi.	xlv.	24—26	Habakkuk i., ii.
26.	vi.	Zephaniah iii. 1—8	To be recalled	Jeremiah xxv.
27.	iv.	2 Chron. xxxvi. 5—7	James iii. 1—4	vii.
28.	xlvi.	2 Kings xxiv. 1—7	5—8	Isaiah xxxix. 1—7; Daniel i.
29.	xii.	Jeremiah xiii.	9—12	ii.
30.	xiv.	xv.	13—18	Jeremiah xvii.

OCTOBER.

1.	Jer. xxii. 20—30; Isai. iii. 1—15	2 Kings xxiv. 8—16	To be recalled	Ezekiel i., ii.
2.	2 Kings xxiv. 17—20; 2 Chron. xxxvi. 11—16	Ezekiel xvii.	James iv. 1—4	Jer. xxiv., xxvii. 2—22
3.	Jer. xxviii.	Jeremiah xxi.	5—8	xxiii.
4.	xxxiv.	xxxvii. 1—15	9—12	Ezekiel iii.
5.	xxxviii.	xxxvii. 16—21; xxxix. 15—18	13—17	Lamentations iii.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

JOHN BUSTIN.

Mr. John Bustin, of Harbury, in the Leamington Circuit, suddenly exchanged this life for immortality, on the 13th of August, 1870, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. His conversion to God took place when he was about nineteen years of age. This important event, fraught with blessing, not to himself and family only, but also to very many others, seems to have been the issue of a severe accident which he sustained by being thrown from a cart. He was found by the roadside, with his head seriously crushed, and was carried home as dead; but God in mercy raised him up, and he came forth from the furnace of affliction with a firm determination to "turn over a new leaf," and henceforth serve the Lord God of his parents; which resolution he faithfully performed during the remainder of his life.

For many years, Mr. Bustin held the important office of Local-preacher, and performed its solemn duties with more than ordinary acceptableness. No one could listen to his natural and easy flow of language, and witness his remarkable ability in the choice of suitable words, and his displays of native talent, without being impressed with the fact, that had he been blessed with education he would probably have shone in the ranks of the Christian ministry. Any reference to his preaching would be defective without special mention of his extraordinary acquaintance with "God's written Word." The staple of his pulpit addresses was well-chosen quotations from the Bible. He seldom ventured on a statement without supporting it from the Word of God. His arguments were all clenched by texts of Scripture, and his illustrations were chiefly drawn from the same unfailing source; as to his prolific memory, almost every text he quoted suggested another. He was sometimes in danger of surfeiting his hearers with good things; but, delighted himself, he wondered how any one could become weary with listening to such blessed truths. His superior knowledge of the Holy Scriptures made him, for a man in humble circumstances, a good theologian. He studied well the doctrines of Christianity, and was able to define them with accuracy and clearness, to the edification of those to whom he ministered.. This also gave him a quick perception of any defect in the teaching of others. Once, after listening to a preacher in the open air, as soon as the address was concluded, without invitation, John Bustin got up and spoke at some length upon the same subject; and when afterwards asked why he had done so, he replied, "O, William didn't clear up his points very well, and I couldn't allow the people to go away with a misunderstanding."

His love for Wesley's Hymns was as striking as his familiarity with Scripture texts. The Bible was to him the first Book, but undoubtedly the Hymn-Book was the second. Often when conducting public worship, with the Hymn-Book in his hand, he would make a pause in the service to express his profound regard for those beautiful compositions, and endeavour to induce his audience to feel as he felt concerning them, saying, "My friends, I have a lively conviction that we do not enter into the spirit of these beautiful hymns as we ought!" And frequently his public prayers and pulpit addresses were comprised chiefly of quotations from the Bible and the Hymn-Book, admirably wrought together by a loving mind. He delighted in religious converse with his friends, on which occasions such expressions as, "It reminds me of what the Apostle says:" and "That brings to my mind that beautiful hymn," would frequently preface the quotation of some appropriate passage of Scripture or the repetition of a hymn; and in the correctness of his quotations he was always exemplary. He never mangled the texts nor marred the hymns by misquotation, but gave them with verbal correctness, and consequently with greater effect. In his conscientious

attention to his appointments he was worthy of imitation by all preachers. No matter how distant the place, nor how poor the congregation, nor how unfavourable the weather, John Bustin could always be relied upon by the people expecting him.

An interesting circumstance occurred soon after he became a preacher, which helped to confirm in him this very excellent habit. After a long and wearisome walk to an appointment one Sunday, he was greatly discouraged by finding the chapel nearly empty; it being the village "wakes," the people were staying at home with their visitors, instead of uniting in the public worship of God. His first thought was not to preach; but, after a brief struggle, a sense of duty triumphed over inclination, and he delivered his message to the two or three persons present; and to his surprise and joy he afterwards found that one of the little company attributed his conversion to that very service. He therefore determined that he would never neglect his appointments, nor "despise the day of small things." His preaching was often attended with great unction, and many will probably be the crown of his rejoicing in the great day of accounts.

As the head of a family, he was exemplary in his conduct, and always striving to train up his children in the way in which they should go, greatly rejoicing over those who were walking in the truth, and deeply mourning over such as were not living in the favour of God. In this good work he had a true helper in his now sainted wife, whose memory deserves a passing tribute. Those who knew her best speak the most highly of her, and no one can tell how much John Bustin, and his children, and the Church, and the world, are indebted to her for her influence upon her husband, and her faithful co-operation with him in every good work. John preached abroad, but Mary preached at her own fireside, teaching their children the way of life, conducting family prayer in the absence of her husband, and by all the means in her power seeking in a quiet way to promote the glory of God.

In the decease of John Bustin, Methodism in the Leamington Circuit has lost one of her brightest ornaments and one of her truest friends, and the parish of Harbury has lost one of its best inhabitants. His removal is another instance of "the godly man" ceasing and the faithful failing "from among the children of men," and the departure of so much "spiritual worth" from a village is a cause of deep regret. He was ever ready to reprove sin — no matter in whom it was manifest. On one occasion he felt it to be his duty to admonish a gentleman occupying an influential position in the neighbourhood, for which he received the thanks of the clergyman of the parish, who at the same time presented him with a book as an acknowledgment of his faithfulness in reproving sin. On another occasion he gave a reproof which was not so gratefully acknowledged. On his way to an appointment one Sunday morning, he saw a man at work in a garden. He felt it his duty to admonish the Sabbath-breaker, and kindly inquired whether the man knew what day it was. In reply he was pointed to a tree by the road-side, and asked: "Do you see that tree yonder?" "Yes," said Mr. B—. "Well, then," said the Sabbath-breaker, "there's a five-pound note there for the man that'll mind his own business, and let other people's alone!" To which Mr. Bustin promptly replied, that he was sure he could claim it, because it was undoubtedly his business, as a servant of God, to prevent people from breaking his Master's Commandments.

The circumstances of Mr. Bustin's death were very painful to his surviving friends, and some have inquired: "How is it that the Almighty would allow such a good man to come to such an end?" But we have no warrant to expect that God will work what would certainly be nothing less than a miracle to prevent death in such a case. Although warned of his danger, he thought himself

competent to assist in stacking wheat, but losing his balance he fell from the top of a rick, and snapping in a moment the spinal cord, he passed, apparently without a lingering groan or pang, into that rest for which he had so long looked and laboured—to be "for ever with the Lord;" and thus he literally "ceased at once to work and live!"

But John Bustin did not need to linger on the threshold to give any further testimony of his fitness for eternity. He came to his "grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." He was ripe, and was ready to be gathered into the Lord's garner. His religious experience for some weeks before his death had been of a very joyous and elevated character. Of his last visit to Warwick, about a month before his decease, the lady at whose house he was entertained, says:—"His joy in God was particularly remarkable, and his thankfulness burst out in songs of praise."

The last book which he read besides his never-neglected Bible, was the "Life of the Rev. Thomas Collins," which he richly enjoyed. In the week in which he died, he called upon a relative who was very deaf, and asked her for her slate, upon which he wrote, "I never read any book in my life that has done my soul so much good as Mr. Collins's Life;" and whilst she was reading what he had written, "He clapped his hands and fairly wept for joy!" And in the same week, two or three days before his death, he was heard to say, whilst tears of gratitude quickly chased each other down his face: "Bless the Lord! I am as happy as a king! how good the Lord is to me; I do not deserve it." Here is testimony worth far more than death-bed sayings, however rich they may be! In John Bustin's case death was very little less than a *translation*, and of him we may literally say, "He was not, for God took him!"

E. Workman.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

The Witness of the Holy Spirit. By the Rev. Charles Prest. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1871.—We gladly announce a third and still further enriched edition of this standard work, on a grand doctrine of Revelation—a blessed verity of Christian experience. The author carefully sifts the sound and Scriptural from the erroneous conceptions which have been mixed up with it through the incautious expressions of its defenders, and the hasty misapprehensions of its opponents. We have here an exemplary display of a virtue too rare amongst theological writers—the vindicating controverted truth in the spirit of the truth for which the writer earnestly contends. Here we see nothing of the eagerness and ill-timed smartness, much less any of the sourness and snappishness, which have so often marred polemical divinity. We have been very glad to note the frequent occurrence of this book on the lists of Probationers for the Wesleyan Ministry. It is quite as calculated to cheer and strengthen the religious life as to give precision and clearness to doctrinal convictions.

The Duties of Wesleyan Stewards. With other Information concerning their Office. Compiled from Authentic Sources. By the Rev. Edward Workman, Wesleyan Minister. Sixth Thousand. Revised. Price Three Pence. London: Sold at 66, Paternoster-row. 1871.—That a cheap manual like this is a *desideratum* in Methodism is obvious, and the rapidity and extent of sale which this compendium has commanded, give strong proof of its thorough appreciation by the Methodist public. We need only say that the present is decidedly the best edition of this very useful and carefully-prepared compilation.

The Pattern of Service. By the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, B.A. London:

Hodder and Stoughton. Preached before the Wesleyan Missionary Society, April 28th, 1871.—We need only say that this is one of the author's most characteristic discourses. Amidst all the distinguished excellencies of Mr. Maclaren's preaching, the most prominent, we think, is direct, straightforward *force*. He cuts through the heart of a subject, like a steam-worked circular-saw driving through the trunk of some massive forest-tree: The jagged keenness of the edge is lost to sight in the intense velocity of the revolutions. Here we have no by-play, no sportive discursiveness. He dashes at once into the centre of his theme, and whirls through it with irresistible precision. Yet such velocity perforce generates brilliant emissions — superb scintillations of imagery. Both the subject and the treatment were eminently suited to the times and the occasion. We hope that, being published in a form so accessible, this admirable discourse will circulate by thousands.

The Popular Literature of Ritualism: Being Strictures on "Manuals for the People." By the Rev. Joseph Rippon. London: Elliot Stock. 1871.—The above consists of strictures on a pamphlet which is one of a series of twelve manuals for the people, setting forth High Church doctrines. The writer of the strictures deals with the subject in a trenchant, vigorous style. Persons of fastidious taste might think that his irony sometimes transgresses the limits of good taste; but for popular effect the pamphlet is thoroughly adapted, and circulated where High Churchism is rampant, could not fail to do good. We augur for it an extensive sale and wide circulation.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For September, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
Aug.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
29	5 7	6 54	7 15a	7 14a	8 42a	0 58m	11 41a
Sept.							
8	5 23	6 32	6 31	6 25	8 17	0 29	11 1
			Rises.				
18	5 39	6 9	5 44m	5 34	7 53	11 55a	10 22
				Rises.			
28	5 55	5 46	4 25	6 6m	7 32	11 24	9 44

PHASES OF THE MOON.

6th, Last Quarter.... 10h. 10m. after.	21st, First Quarter .. 5h. 12m. after.
14th, New Moon..... 7h. 10m. after.	28th, Full Moon..... 5h. 45m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Sept. 7th	1h. after., Apogee; distance	251,128 miles.
„ 20th	7h. after., Perigee; „	229,787
Mean distance for the month		240,458

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

September 1st	92,474,020 miles.
October 1st	91,727,550 „
Decrease of distance for the month	746,470 „

The Sun will be in the equator on the 23d, four minutes before noon, when the autumn quarter commences.

Mercury will be stationary on the mornings of the 4th and 26th: on the former occasion to the east of the Sun, when the motion among the fixed stars changes from direct to retrograde; on the latter, to the west of the Sun, when the motion changes again to direct. It passes the Sun considerably southward of the disc on the afternoon of the 17th. A first-class astronomical telescope might then perhaps show it as a thin crescent, with the horns upward, giving the impression of a tiny boat floating in a sea of light. This planet will be in the plane of the ecliptic going northward on the 27th, a few minutes after noon.

Venus is too low, and sets too soon after the Sun in the early part of the month, to be seen by the naked eye. It will be in inferior conjunction on the 26th, one hour before noon, southward of the Sun's disc, and far enough from our luminary to make it possible to see it with a good telescope. Of course the difficulty would not be nearly so great as in the case of Mercury. As the diameter of the planet will be fully a minute of space, it will be quite an imposing object in a good telescope. We recommend those who have the power of directing a powerful instrument to it, not to miss the opportunity of seeing it in such an interesting position. A meridian instrument would be convenient, though in the longitude of Greenwich, rather late for the conjunction.

Mars is barely visible after sunset, and is getting very low in declination.

Jupiter rises at midnight about the middle of the month. It will be near the Moon on the morning of the 10th. The first satellite will be eclipsed on the 5th, at 3h. 38m. 53s.; on the 21st, at 1h. 53m. 59s.; and on the 28th, at 3h. 47m. 13s. in the morning: the emergence from the shadow takes place behind the planet. A disappearance of the second satellite in the shadow of the primary takes place on the morning of the 19th, at 3h. 23m. 47s. The third satellite enters the shadow on the 17th, at 1h. 12m. 2s., and reappears at 4h. 18m. 3s. in the morning. The fourth satellite reappears after an eclipse on the morning of the 13th, at 2h. 39m. 20s.; the disappearance takes place below our horizon. On the morning of the 6th, the first satellite will be on the disc of the planet from 1h. 47m. to 4h. 6m.; its shadow from 0h. 46m. to 3h. 5m.; on the 13th, the satellite from 3h. 45m. to 6h. 4m.; the shadow from 2h. 40m. to 4h. 58m.; on the 22d, the satellite from 0h. 13m. to 2h. 32m., the shadow will be on the disc at rising, and will leave it at 1h. 21m.; on the 29th, the satellite will be on the *disc* from 2h. 10m. to 4h. 29m., the *shadow* from 0h. 57m. to 3h. 15m. The shadow of the second satellite will be seen on the disc on the morning of the 3d, after 3h. 51m.; on the 20th, before 1h. 7m; and on the 28th, from 0h. 49m., to 3h. 41m.; on the latter occasion the satellite itself may be seen on the disc after 3h. 18m.

Saturn, though low, may be seen in the evenings. On the afternoon of the 7th, the apparent motion among the fixed stars changes from retrograde to direct. The extreme length of the ring is thirty-eight seconds, the breadth seventeen seconds. The diameter of the ball is fifteen seconds. The Earth, seen from this planet, would only subtend an angle of two seconds.

Uranus rises at midnight on the 23d. It will be near the Moon on the evening of the 10th.

Neptune rises on the 1st, at seven o'clock in the evening. It will be near the Moon on the evening of the 2d. It is slowly retrograding in Pisces.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

SAARBRUCK.

THE whole of the beautiful district of the Saar has frequently been devastated by war. Saarbrück, or as it is frequently called, Saarburg, was taken and fortified by the French under Turrenne in 1676; but the next year it was retaken by the Imperial troops, the garrison was put to the sword, and the town burnt. The surrounding country was completely desolated, and was for a time almost uninhabitable. At the treaty of Luneville, it was delivered up to France by the Elector of Treves. Subsequently it was incorporated by the French in the Department of Saare, but at the treaty of Paris was assigned to Prussia. The town is picturesquely situated, and well adapted for

manufacturing purposes. It stands on the banks of the Saar, and encircles an elevation which is crowned by the church shown in the Engraving at the head of this paper. At the time of the outbreak of the late Franco-Prussian war, the town was unwalled, and for this reason was selected by the French for the scene of their first attack on the Prussians, it being considered of the last importance that they should be victorious in the first encounter; and their expectations were not disappointed. The action commenced at about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 2d of August, 1870. The Prussians made a stout resistance; but the French mitrailleuses made such terrible havoc in their ranks, that they were at length compelled to give way, leaving their enemies in possession of the town.

It will be remembered that the Emperor Napoleon and his son were both on the field, and the latter displayed remarkable self-possession and courage. His father telegraphed to the Empress that her son behaved admirably during the battle, and had received his "baptism of fire." This victory filled the French nation with intense and exaggerated joy. The gay and thoughtless Parisians, who cared little for the baptism which united the young Prince to the Roman-Catholic Church, rejoiced in this, though—

> "The font was a burning city,
> And the water its widows' tears."

The triumph of the conquerors was short-lived. This, their first, was almost their only victory, for from that day to this the history of France has been one melancholy catalogue of misery and crime. The Prussians soon washed out in blood the stain of the invader's footstep.

Y. C.

THE SCEPTIC AND THE CHRISTIAN.

TRAVELLING some time ago on one of the railways, it matters not whether in Yorkshire or Cornwall, I found myself seated next to a sceptic. Something had called the attention of several of the passengers to religion, and the sceptic addressed me:—

"You know, Sir, there is no truth in religion; it is only mere profession, and such nonsense; there is nothing at all in it; it is all a delusion."

To this I objected, saying that I was of the contrary opinion.

"Why, it is as I say," he replied; "my father was a Ranter, I went to what they called a class, and professed religion, but there was nothing in it: it was all nonsense and delusion; I professed what I never felt, and it *is* all delusion."

"Now, if you had in your hand what you thought to be ten sovereigns, but on examination found that only five were genuine, would you toss them *all* away?"

"No."

"What do the five spurious ones prove?"

"Not that they are all good."

"Admitted; but the spurious prove that there are genuine sovereigns: if it were not so, men would not waste time and money in manufacturing them."

"I suppose not."

"Yes, and if there were no truth in religion, if there were no real Christians, Satan would never have troubled himself to make you a hypocrite, which you have just told us you were."

He then remarked, "You know, Sir, prayer is all nonsense, and as to answers to prayer, they are all imaginations. All this has been exploded and given up for years; no one now-a-days believes in prayer."

I replied, "There are some who, in these days, believe in prayer; I am one of those people who believe in answers to prayer."

"It is quite a delusion; there is not, and there cannot be, any answer to prayer; there is no such thing."

"Excuse me, Sir, when I say you cannot be a judge in this matter; you are not in a position to give an opinion."

"Why not?"

"Prayer is something experimental: it is intercourse between a soul and God: desires felt, requests made known to God with the inward conviction that He hears the prayer, and with the confidence that He will answer. You have never tried prayer; how, then, can you say there are no answers to prayer? That *you* have had no answers is true, because you have never prayed."

"You are quite deceived; you are wrong!"

"Let me reply; you come too late in the day to tell a man who, for more than thirty years, has had answers to prayer, that there *are* no answers to prayer; you cannot judge, for you have never put the matter to the test of experience; the man who has prayed in the way the Scriptures teach, is the only man capable of giving an opinion on prayer: I have never known one of these who could not 'set to his seal that God is true.'"

Our friend then turned the subject, asking, "Do you read Shakespeare?"

"I did not get my knowledge of religion from him, but from my Bible."

"You should read Shakespeare, Sir."

"Why so?"

"He would tell you that you will go mad. Shakespeare says he who allows his thoughts to be fixed on one thing is sure to be a lunatic; you allow yours to dwell only on religion, and you will become mad."

This produced a smile, and a reply that I was thankful there were no symptoms of that fearful malady at present, and as regards the future, I would trust God.

On leaving the train I presented him with a tract, which he said he would tear to pieces. "As you please," I said; "I leave it with you as a witness that you have been spoken to respecting your soul; that you have heard from one who has proved its truth that religion is no delusion."

"I will read it, then, and if we ever meet as fellow-travellers, I will expose the fallacies."

The train moved on, and thus we parted.

After the lapse of many months, I unexpectedly found myself in company with my former travelling companion: he looked earnestly at me, and then said,—

"Did I not have some conversation with you once on the subject of religion?"

To this a ready answer was given, "Yes;" and shortly the conversation turned again to religion and the Bible. He said he could not admit the Bible to be the Word of God, because there were so many mysteries in it.

I replied, "That is one reason why other persons admit it to be Divinely inspired: if there was nothing in the Bible but what a man could comprehend, nothing beyond the powers of his mind to grasp, then he might think it was the production of man. In one sense, *mystery* proves its truth."

He objected, and declared that he, for one, could not believe what he could not comprehend.

He was told to look around him, and consider the testimony of nature. He would find much that he could not explain or comprehend; much that was very mysterious, and yet the facts were too plain to be for a moment doubted. Could he explain how milk was always white, when the cows varied so in colour, and the food might be green grass, or brown hay, or varied colours of cake or corn? Could he explain how the same soil, air, water, and sun produced such variety of colours in different flowers; so many kinds of fruits and perfumes?

Naming some infidel publications, he said, "You should read these, and you would find such an *exposé* of religion that you would not be able to answer. Many ministers have tried, but failed."

"I do not for a moment doubt," I said, "that there may be questions asked which I could not answer; a line of argument followed which my limited knowledge would not enable me to take up; and sophisms put forth of which I could not detect the fallacy. Yet all these put together do not prove that religion is a lie; nor my own inability to meet the arguments prove that I am wrong."

This he would not admit, and I went on,—

"Let us put the matter in another light. You can imagine a poor, rude, uneducated man suffering excruciating pain called toothache. Suppose some one, of fluent speech and well read, attempted to convince this poor fellow that he has made a sad mistake; it is not toothache, it is mere imagination or a delusion. Could he follow the argument? could he expose the fallacy of the premises, or the wrong conclusions? Not he; but he would *think*, 'If that clever fellow FELT what I feel, if only for five minutes, he would then know whether it is a mere delusion.' That is my position; I cannot answer your learned infidels, but I am quite sure that if they *felt* what true Christians feel, it would overturn all their arguments, and make them see they have a lie in their right hand. Infidels cannot grapple with the evidence of *experimental religion*; it is peace and joy, and these are no delusions. For years I have felt these, and the whole lot of infidels cannot make me doubt the truth of that which God has imparted to me."

He urged me to read the publications, assuring me that they would open my eyes, and throw daylight into my benighted mind.

Placing the subject again before him, I reminded him that Christ says, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine."

"I cannot admit this," he replied; "I am anxious to believe as you believe, to think as you think, but

I cannot do it: the evidences that the Bible is full of errors, fallacies, and contradictions, are too powerful to doubt."

"Some mysteries, no fallacies; many things you cannot comprehend: this I admit; the Bible itself tells you so, 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.'"

"If you will read them, I will lend you some of these papers."

"No, thank you; I have no wish to read them: I would not do so."

With a tone of triumph, he said, "Why, will not your religion stand the light?"

"What is it worth if it cannot stand the light that these papers can pour into it? There is no fear of what they can do."

"Why not read them, then?"

"Because I wish to spend my reading time to better purpose than reading what men, who have not known it experimentally, have to say about religion. And again, I do not wish to drink poison in order to know it is poison."

The train having reached the station, we both alighted, and I said to him,—

"There is one thing you may have forgotten. If I am wrong, and your theory be right, when we are dead I shall be on a level with you: I shall be *no worse* for being deceived. But if I am right and you are wrong, then you will not be in the same position I am: then with you it will be a lost soul, a lost eternity, a lost heaven, and a *hot hell*, and no coming back to alter it."

I cannot forget the shudder that ran through him, and the strange look of the man as I then bade him good-day.

Not long after I found my former companion in the same carriage. As he appeared shy, and apparently had no wish to converse, I made no advances until most of the passengers had left at one station or another. Then I ventured to remark that I could not help thinking of what he had said to me the last time we travelled together, "I am anxious to think as you think."

He immediately said, "It is true."

"Excuse me, but one can scarcely think you sincere; because if it really were so, would you not read the Bible to see what it says, and not trust to what others say against it?"

"What is the Bible, if it cannot bear the light?"

"Let me ask you a question. Suppose you were on a river in a very good boat, with two good oars. You wish to go up the stream; sitting with folded hands, you say to yourself, 'My boat and oars are first-rate, and they can go up stream as well as down: they *shall* go up, but I will not move a muscle.' Whose fault is it if you go *down* the stream,—yours, or the boat's?"

"I see what you mean. I know where you have got me."

"I am glad you do. Is it not so? You say, 'I am anxious to believe God's Word,' yet never open a page of it: you wish your soul to live, but you give it poison twice a week by reading the infidel publications issued twice a week, and you wonder there is no life: you say you wish to see as I do, and yet keep the shutters of infidelity nailed up. I am not surprised that you have no real life in your soul, no light, no

confidence as to the future. I again ask you, How can I believe you wish to think as I do? From what you have said, I learn that you have not read the Bible since you were very young, and your reading has all tended to scepticism. Are you acting fairly with the Bible in condemning it on the assertions of others? Are you dealing with your soul as you ought, starving it? It calls for food, and you place poison before it: it languishes, is ready to faint, is just near to death, but *no food*, only *poison*, POISON: and then you say, 'If I cannot stand poison, I must die.' Is it fair? give it at least *equal* proportions of truth and error. Do be honest; never profess to desire to think as a Christian, and yet never do what may lead you *to be* a Christian. You cannot but know that this will avail you nothing at the last day: you know that you have not availed yourself of the evidences God has put within your reach."

He then turned to the inconsistencies of professors; "You cannot trust them; they will cheat and deceive whenever they can."

With pain I was compelled to own that such persons were to be found.

"But," I asked, "have you never considered that some make a capital of profession? They know that every really pious man has a character for sobriety, honesty, industry, truth, and purity; that this character gives a man advantages which he would not possess without a profession of religion: his professed honesty will lead to confidence, and therefore to *credit:* he would not be suspected of roguish actions, and therefore he will be in a position to act roguishly with less fear of detection; his professed honesty will throw aside suspicion."

He then said, "Preachers profess to convert their hearers: it is only Mesmerism or Electro-Biology; you may be a preacher, and mesmerize your hearers."

"This doesn't matter; whether I am or am not a preacher does not affect the great question. Did you ever know, allow me to ask, Mesmerism or Electro-Biology make the impure chaste, the drunkard a sober man, the thief honest? You know they possess no such power; but I have known the Gospel of Christ do these things: they are what it not merely *professes* to accomplish, but does accomplish. Again, do you recollect an instance where the mesmeric influence has continued when the mesmerist has been dead for years? You cannot produce *one*, but I can find many instances of the power of religion being now enjoyed by persons converted to God, though the preacher has been dead for years."

"You are, I must say, the most intelligent Puritan I ever met with."

"Say no more in this strain; I seek not flattery: the questions of religion being true, and of your soul being lost or saved, are too great to allow me to desire or to listen to flattery."

Again he turned to the inconsistencies of professors of religion.

"But why bring these forward? have I not admitted them, and told you how I am grieved with the fact? Let me give a word of advice. If you meet with an individual who, professing religion, acts dishonestly, avoid him as you would the greatest rogue. You may rest assured that the person who dares to attempt to deceive God, will not scruple to cheat man."

"Well, I see you are pained with such, and honest enough to confess

they are to be found; I will name them no more."

"I am leaving you," I said; "get your Bible and study it, let it speak for itself; I don't fear the result. A gentleman had a friend who was a sceptic, a lawyer; he recommended the study of the Bible as a cure for infidelity. The lawyer got a Bible and read, and thought for weeks over the Ten Commandments. The result was, he confessed that no *man* could be the Author of them."

"The Ten Commandments! what are they? Where did I see them? The Ten Commandments! I must have read them."

"They are in the Bible."

"Yes, I think I read them when I was about seven years old, but not since."

"What! is that true? Say the teachings of the Bible are not true, and you don't know what they are! Is this infidelity?"

He confessed he never read the Bible.

On leaving, I begged him to honestly answer one question, "When you come to die, shall you wish you had believed as you do, or as I do?"

Raising himself to his full height, his eyes sparkling, he said, with a tone and emphasis not to be forgotten, "Decidedly as you, Sir! decidedly as you."

"Ah, Sir, the infidelity, I see, is, as I expected, not in your *head*, but in your *heart;* let me urge you to take that sinful heart to God; ask him for Jesus' sake to take away its unbelief; then shall you know that religion is what it is said to be—True! Good-by."

STUMBLING-BLOCKS OR STEPPING-STONES.

"How kind of you to hunt me out in this wretched place, Lucy; I have not seen the face of a friend for weeks."

"You should have seen mine before, dear, if you had only let me know your new address."

"The fact was, I could not bring myself to ask old friends that I could entertain *once*, to come and see me *here*, it was too galling; but as you have come of your own free will, I am very glad to welcome you, for I am desperately sad and lonely, and I seem to have no one to help me now."

Lucy echoed Mrs. D—'s long sigh, for she knew that her friend belonged to one of the dangerous classes, and really stood alone in her grief.

"Her friend—dangerous classes!" strange description, is it not? Let me define my meaning, and then you shall judge of her dangerousness.

Mrs. D— was one of those amiable and thoughtless individuals who are Protestant Christians because they happened to be born in England, but who would attach themselves to Popery if they emigrated to South America; to the Greek Church if residing in Russia; to the peculiarities of German theology if in Germany; and to nothing at all if in Paris. Like all respectable Christians, she regularly attended a place of worship in fine weather, contributed to the various funds and charities, and led a moral life. But—she had not sought and obtained the pardon of her sins, she had not given her heart to God. Her formal prayers night and morning were never missed, but it never entered her head to "tell Jesus" of all the events of her daily life, and gain His counsel, support, and approval. She knew that this life is short, and is given us that we may prepare for a better; yet she lived as though she had a certain and long lease of this world,

and bettering her position here required all her attention. Mrs. D— knew perfectly, as we all know, that there is but one "Way" to the Father; that she must either be saved through Christ, or inevitably damned; yet she practically disbelieved what she could not deny, and would "not come" to Him that she "might have life."

That was her state, and her danger was of becoming "Gospel-hardened" here, and of losing her soul hereafter.

We hear much of the blessing of living in a Christian land, but it is not always enforced that *privilege* must mean *responsibility*. Depend upon it, it is an awful risk to be brought up in such familiarity with sacred truths; as many will find in that day when they shall see the converted heathen come from the east and west to sit down in the kingdom of God, whilst they themselves are thrust out.

Mrs. D— had probably received as much Gospel instruction in any month of the last fifteen years, as would have sufficed to convince many a pagan of the error of his ways, and turn him in humble and grateful faith to the Saviour Who had provided so simple a salvation. What hope was there that she would be impressed in the future with the same things that she had already heard without emotion? There was nothing new; she was acquainted with her sin and helplessness; with God's mercy and justice; yet she remained "without God and without hope in the world."

Lucy might well sigh; humanly speaking, there was more chance for the conversion of a prize-fighter who had never hitherto "heard the gracious sound," than of this elegant, well-informed, and strictly moral lady.

"My trials seem greater than I can bear," resumed the young widow; "to be stripped of *everything*, and so suddenly, too; it is very hard."

"Not everything, Ida; you have your little ones left."

"Yes, with so much less money for them, and no advice or help in training them. Say what you will, Lucy, you will never convince me that I am not the most wretched woman alive. You do not know what it is like to lose husband, house, and wealth."

"Of course I do not, but still it might have been worse. This house that you despise is really a nice little place, and you can still afford to keep two servants. You might have been obliged to go into lodgings, or even to take a shop, or, worse *still*, failing capital for that, to take a situation in one, and put your children out to board."

As she spoke, both looked instinctively at little Freddie, who, unaffected by his mother's grief, had been rearing a wonderful castle on the floor. Just at this moment a new thought had struck him, and he was struggling out of his pinafore in a way that was highly injurious to buttons and strings.

"Stop, stop, Freddie; you must not drag your things like that. What do you want to do?"

"Show lady pretty buttons on my frock;" and a vigorous pull crowned his efforts with success.

"The lady has pretty buttons of her own, and does not care to see yours; besides, it is very silly and vulgar to show off your fine clothes: I can't let you do it. Now, come here to me, and let me fasten your pinafore again."

If Mrs. D— had spoken a little less decidedly, Lucy would have tried a good-natured compromise, but as

matters stood it was impossible to interfere without making it appear to the child that she was kind, and his mother cross. Though Lucy could not help guessing that the child was bearing the brunt of the annoyance caused by her last speech, she felt obliged to be silent. Meanwhile the little face had grown defiant, and the pinafore was thrown on the ground.

"Come to me directly. Be a good boy."

No answer; the building operations resumed with vigour. Mrs. D— looked half apologetic, half injured, and said in French, "I am very sorry to have a scene while you are here, but now I have begun, I must go through with it, and make him obey; must I not?"

"Certainly; never mind me."

The child's quick ear told him that they were saying something he must not understand; but his pride and obstinacy would not allow him to look away from his bricks for a moment.

"When Freddie plays with his toys instead of obeying Mamma, they must be taken away from him."

The bricks were hastily swept into the box and put out of reach, then Mrs. D— resumed her seat.

"Now, Fred, come before Mamma is angry."

It is surprising how long a child that is in disgrace will play quietly with the merest trifle, rather than own to being naughty and unhappy. For the next quarter of an hour the little rebel was intensely interested in his shoes, a bent pin, and after these were taken from him, the pattern of the carpet. After the fat finger had traced its intricacies as long as Mrs. D— could bear it, a smart tap on the knuckles reminded him of the previous question. With the look of hatred and defiance that would be amusing in a tiny child, if it were not so sad, Fred spoke distinctly, "I *won't* come to you, Mamma."

"Then if I have to come to *you*, I shall whip you, Fred," and she carried him out of the room.

In a few minutes Lucy was the involuntary hearer of another dialogue.

"Jane, are you going downstairs? Take this naughty little boy with you, and tell Ann to keep him in the nursery till I ring."

"Please 'm, Ann's sweeping the nursery, and the furniture's all out in the passage."

"I wonder how often I have told her, I will not have it swept in an afternoon."

"She thought as Master Freddie was with you, she'd get forward with her work, because she wants to go out."

"Then she can't go; she must do the best she can, but I am not going to have Fred with me for the next hour."

Her next remark was to her friend as she shut the door again.

"I expect you overheard us just now; is it not enough to make any woman bad-tempered to have such servants and children?"

"It is indeed trying; but I suppose we ought to keep our temper with them, when we remember that they are not the only 'unprofitable servants' in the land."

"O! I know it is a general complaint, but it is no excuse for them that there are others as bad. Each is responsible for herself."

"Undoubtedly; but I was not trying to excuse the servants, only to suggest a reason for patience; I meant ourselves, and not other domestics, by 'unprofitable servants.'"

"Of course we none of us do all our duty towards God, but that is a

very different thing; besides, it is no business of theirs, they are paid to serve us, and that is what they ought to do."

"My dear Ida, I never said they ought not, I should never think of suggesting such an idea; and if I were talking to a servant, I could speak as strongly as any one on her duty to her mistress; but now we are speaking of the employer's duty, not the employed. A bad servant does not necessitate a bad Christian. The servant's sin will not excuse the mistress's. Your duty as an employer requires you to correct your servant, but your duty as a servant of God requires you to keep your temper. It is possible to do both."

"I think your principle carried out would make a rare disorderly household. However wrong things might go, I suppose no fault must be found, on sympathetic principles!"

"That is rushing to the other extreme: if the difference were always maintained between finding fault and scolding, I should be satisfied. It ought to be remembered, too, how galling it must be to be liable to have every fault noticed and reproved. When we do things that we ought not to do, we confess the matter to God, but our fellow-men have no right to take us to task. I am sure the constant carping, unkind supervision that some servants have to submit to, is enough to make them sullen or defiant. In that very matter of telling them the same thing twenty times, I do not attempt to excuse them, but I do think it is the one we have the least right to *scold* them for. A firm but kind renewal of the order, and a secret prayer, 'Lord, give me patience with her, and forgive me for so often neglecting my own duty, when I have had line upon line, and precept upon precept:' this, I say, would do your soul more good, and probably secure more attention than if you flew into a rage."

"Very poetical, my dear; but wait till you have a house of your own, and then you will see differently."

"I have a good deal more to do with managing the servants now than Mamma has; but I do not wish to set myself up as a model, I only want to make you agree with me, that our daily duties and trials are parts in the great scheme of education that is fitting us for our 'entrance into life,' and the harder the lessons, the better educated we shall be after learning them."

"I must confess I do not see *how* my servant's bad behaviour can *do* my soul good; you would make God sanction her wrong deeds."

"Not at all; it is one of the glorious attributes of God that He can overrule evil for good, but He does not ordain the evil. If man is perverse enough to sin, God will be glorified in spite of the sinner; but He would have been glorified in another way if the sin had not been committed. Because earthly objects are visible, and exercise so strong an influence upon us, He has graciously arranged almost everything that surrounds us as a type of our spiritual life, and as He has revealed Himself as our Master and our Father, the different occurrences of household life should be constant reminders and helps in our duty."

"Perhaps I might think so if I reflected about it, but I have no one to remind me; and at the time, if my boy is naughty, I am aggravated, and I find my duty to him quite enough to think about, without my duty to God."

"And yet I could not help com-

paring your treatment of him just now to God's ways with you. You like to see him happy, and you want him to learn to love you, so you gave him a box of toys. Then you called him, but he would not leave his playthings, so you took them from him to make him attend. Just as God laid His Hand on your wealth when you would not listen to His voice. Freddie despised all your calls and warnings, till you were obliged to punish him severely, and I am afraid it has been so with you."

"Then you think my husband's death a punishment of me?"

"No, Ida; I am neither so cruel nor so silly; we must all die, whether our friends are good or bad; but I think sometimes God sees it necessary to remove our loved ones at a particular time, because we trust to them and love them so as really to prevent our trusting and loving God."

"I see what you mean: and certainly John was so kind and clever; he did everything I wanted, and settled all my perplexities, till I hardly felt as if I needed any one else."

"Do try to trust and love God now as you never did before; pray that He will pardon you for your old neglect and ingratitude, and turn this bitter trial into a blessing."

"It is indeed bitter, Lucy; all the more because I feel it was partly my own fault: I might have spared John so much."

Ida confessed to her friend what we must condense into a few sentences. She had been brought up with the notion that it was becoming for a woman to be ignorant of money matters. She never could understand the difference between investment and speculation, so that her husband had ceased to talk to her of his business affairs, as he found neither sympathy nor help. One day he had grieved and startled her by declaring that she must economise, as he had had some very heavy losses. Her arithmetic (or patience) was not equal to a wise and proportionate reduction. After making the household miserable by a spasmodic and injudicious retrenchment, she had given it up in despair; while her husband, becoming more and more involved and harassed, at last fell an easy prey to fever.

After a time the conversation reverted to the earthly symbols of heavenly things, and Lucy said, "You have no notion, till you begin to think it out, how constantly we may find lessons in the commonest things."

"I think you degrade the dignity of sacred things by comparing them with such trifles."

"I only follow the example of Scripture. Did you ever cross a road when a vehicle suddenly turned round a corner, and would have run over you had not the driver seen you just in time, and pulled the horse up by main force?"

"I have been in such circumstances, and felt thankful the driver had a strong wrist."

"Without going on to apply the lesson to your headstrong will, 'Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee,' I could give you dozens of 'object lessons' if I had time, but I would rather you began to make them out for yourself."

"Do you really mean to say that you always think of these things, and even moralise when you are half run over?"

"Candidly, no. I have never found the paragons who *always* 'practise what they preach.' Still, I often do, either at the time or soon after. But I must go now; I hope I have not tired you out."

As Lucy walked home, and recalled the conversation, she exclaimed to herself, "If people only would perceive that their stumbling-blocks might be turned into stepping-stones, how much happier they might be! I wonder whether Ida is convinced!"

Reader, should you have been?

E. W.

A TRIP TO THE KAIPARA AND THE ALBERT-LAND SETTLEMENT, NEW-ZEALAND.

BY W. SYMONS, F.C.S.

(*Continued from page* 272.)

I SPENT two pleasant days with the storekeeper, his wife, and daughters, who were evidently training to make first-rate wives. As we all knew Reading and Berkshire, old associations and friends were discussed with an Antipodean interest and zest. It was a short and pleasant walk under the cliffs to their only neighbour, who was living almost Crusoe-fashion in a small cabin in a well-fenced garden, with only his dog as a companion. His brother was a well-known artist in London, an R.A. He himself in his younger days had resided in Florence and Rome, studying as a sculptor. He now built boats and painted, both as artist and artisan. While painting a farm-house on the opposite bank of the river, he had broken his leg, and was now just recovering. He was now painting a sketch of the same farm-house for its owner to send home. A few other sketches were hanging round his cabin, made by him. With all his rough surroundings, the effects of his earlier and more polished life were evident in the two or three interviews I had with him.

The opposite bank of the Arapau was in a more advanced state of cultivation, and the gently rising hills were decorated with several nice farm-houses, or rather villas. The old man invited me to accompany him across in his boat. It came out afterwards that he thought he was taking a Sunday-afternoon outing, whereas it was Saturday. When across, he rowed up a small creek that could not be seen until close to the shore, where some tons of fish were caught, and used as manure by the farmer to whose house we were then going. Climbing up through the wood, we soon reached the neat residence of a Devonshire farmer and his young wife, whom he had gone home to fetch, after making things a little comfortable. Here we might now almost fancy ourselves at a tea-table in Devonshire, but for the abundance of fine peaches and grapes, everything was so neat and complete.

On this farm bananas and other tropical fruit were growing in the open air. The farmer spoke very disparagingly of the general character of persons applying as labourers, who are mostly the broken-down of all classes; and from his remarks, as well as from general observation, it appears that the only profitable way of farming is to work with one's own hands. He said if he had to pay for labour for harvesting and preparing for market a field of maize now standing nearly ripe before us, it would cost him more than the value of the corn, for five shillings a day is the price for labourers, who, he stated, would scarcely do more work in a day than he could do before breakfast. The truth seems

to be that a good English labourer, if he can command means to live for a year or two, stands as good a chance here as a farmer, and therefore this class are seldom in the market. From his house, some half a dozen of the tidal rivers can be seen, and the roar of the breakers in the Wairoa were distinctly heard, although some miles distant.

On the Sunday morning, with such directions as my host gave me, I started for my first attempt in the New-Zealand bush alone, to walk seven miles to Paparoa, where Mr. Gittos would preach. The way led for some distance by a narrow path through brushwood, mixed with New-Zealand flax. This on the map is marked as the township of Tepahe, represented only by the storekeeper's house, and a building on the beach called the Barracks, for which he pays a nominal rent to the Government as a warehouse; but he is obliged to keep at least one room that any passer-by can claim for a night's lodging. Farther on the road led through forest, but not very dense; and then open highland, commanding an extensive view of the whole district. It was far from easy always to trace the footpath, and the difficulty was increased now and then by the tracks of the gum-diggers. A few wild bullocks, with numberless grasshoppers, and one or two native larks, were all the living objects met with on the road. While walking on in some doubt as to being on the right road, it was a relief to come to a sharp turn to the left answering distinctly to my directions, and shortly the welcome sight of houses varied the scene. The valleys were now deep, and densely wooded, and it was a circuitous route to the first house, when the chapel was pointed out to me on another hill, which was nearly cleared of its timber.

Mr. Gittos was conducting the service in a neat wooden chapel standing in the midst of stumps of trees. Cottages were scattered about on the slopes rising from a small stream winding through the valley; it was the very ideal of a young settlement. The congregation was in keeping with the place; most of them young couples with children. It included four dogs, apparently from their quiet behaviour habitual attendants. There was a look of thrifty and cheerful respectability, but my host, who pretty well knew their circumstances, told me there had been a decided change for the better in this respect; for before the gum-diggers had introduced a little trade for articles of food, money had been a very scarce article.

It was with peculiar feelings that I joined in the old familiar hymns amidst these novel scenes, for Methodism is a kind of freemasonry, very useful and agreeable in distant travels, and the one well-known Hymn-Book, used all round the world, helps to cement this feeling. At the close of the service I spoke to Mr. Gittos, whom I had seen once before in Auckland. I found in the group around him a schoolmaster who had been for a short time engaged in the Methodist day-school at Barnstaple, where my family were then residing. As usual, he, with others, gave me the addresses of friends in London and elsewhere, on whom they were very anxious I should call; but it would be quite impracticable to carry out a tithe of these requests. After dining with Mr. Gittos, we went to hear a Baptist minister in the chapel, who had come out with the Albert-Land settlers. In the evening, Mr. Gittos

rowed me in his boat to the chapel on the rock before described.

We were early, and it was an interesting sight to witness the arrival of boat after boat to increase the friendly group quietly chatting on the rocky platform in front of the chapel, with several of whom I was now quite at home. There was no door to the chapel, and some books on a shelf indicated that it was frequented by the lady of the house above for quiet reading. Two tin bedroom candlesticks suspended by string were used to light the building. It was a religious service with surroundings never likely to be witnessed by me again, and this gave it a special interest. The only member of the congregation who did not come in a boat was the old housekeeper who had prepared my breakfast the day before.

The preacher, too, was worthy of some attention. Mr. Gittos, by universal consent, both among settlers and natives, is the right man in the right place. Being a colonial, his name is perhaps not much known in England, but it is not too much to say he is a power in the province of Auckland. The Government consult him, and there have been instances in which his representations have induced them to alter their arrangements and appointments. By his upright and disinterested conduct, and good practical common sense, he has secured such an influence over the natives of the district, that all negotiations for the sale of land are made through him, and they will hardly make a bargain of any kind without consulting him. He has also earned the confidence and respect of the settlers, who entrust all such bargains to his management.

The following incident shows his disinterestedness:—A chief, some time since, left him some land by will, which Mr. Gittos at once handed over to the Missionary Society. This was so contrary to the intention of the Maories, that to prevent such a noble unselfishness again occurring, another gift of the kind was settled on Mrs. Gittos and her children. When I had before seen him in Auckland, he was concerned in a legal case about some land in which there was a difference of judgment between him and the resident Government official. The decision of the court justified Mr. Gittos' opinion.

This was about the time of the withdrawal of the last British troops from the colony, which caused some excitement and apprehension. *The* present Governor then *consulted* Mr. Gittos as to the temper of the natives north of Auckland; he could confidently answer for the loyalty of his tribe. It is true they were a little annoyed with Lord Granville's famous dispatch, but it was only where he advised the acknowledgment by the authorities of the so-called native King.

A slight acquaintance with New-Zealand politics would have shown our Home authorities the folly and mischief of such a proposal. Adam Clarke, an intelligent and energetic chief in this district, wrote a letter protesting against this proposal, but Mr. Gittos thought it inexpedient to have it published. This chief said, with reason, he had as much right to assume the title of "Maori King," as the chief in the southern part of the island. His father had sold the land to the English on which Auckland stood, and he declared that should the southern tribes approach Auckland with hostile intention, without waiting for the bidding of the Colonial Government, they would

meet the Kingites on their ancient boundary and fight them.

The escape of the Maori prisoners from Kawau, Sir G. Grey's Island, before referred to, will be remembered by persons familiar with the late war. This island, as before mentioned, is so near the mainland as to lead to the suspicion that the authorities connived at the escape. When on the mainland, these rebels first encamped on Mr. Worker's land, and applied for food, which was given, and they then sojourned with Mr. Gittos's tribe. He was apprehensive of their unfavourable influence, but proceeded with caution. Among them were some who had been Christian teachers. It would be digressing too far to go into statements which may be made tending to extenuate the hostile attitude to some extent forced on these men by previous injudicious and vacillating policy.

On the Sunday, Mr. Gittos told these unwelcome visitors that while sojourning with Christians, they must conform to their usages by respecting the Sabbath and attending Divine worship, and addressing one of them by name who had been a preacher, asked him to read the Liturgy. This he did, and all went well until the usual prayer for the Queen, when this astute native, without the slightest hesitation, substituted the name of the Maori King. Mr. Gittos at once interrupted him, and told him he could not proceed unless he conformed to the usual and loyal collect. Some excitement was produced, the visitors all rose, and trouble might have resulted, but the authority of the resident chief quieted them. Two or three of them, however, were resolved to be revenged on Mr. Gittos, who took precautionary measures, and communicated with the Government, who, instead of again securing the runaways, quietly passed them over to their own district.

This is a long digression from this interesting Sunday evening's service. When it was over, after the usual friendly adieus, I took my place with my host and his family in their larger boat. It was a lovely evening, and the sail being hoisted, we gently glided down the four miles to our destination, accompanied by three or four other boats. To sing was natural; some of the party had good voices, and as we sung—

"A day's march nearer home,"

and other familiar pieces, the music sounded especially sweet on the water; re-echoed by the hills rising on both sides; on the right in their native luxuriance, on the left nearly all cultivated.

(*To be continued.*)

RANSOMED.

THROUGH a winding grove of palm,
In the even close and calm,
Stray'd a chieftain's child;
Wander'd from his parent's door,—
Tiny boy, of scarcely four,—
Through the mazy wild.

Skin and hair as black as jet,
And his chubby limbs were set
Round with bars of gold:
Jewels, sparkling, rich, and rare,
In a costly solitaire,
Of his birthright told.

And across one shoulder flung,
Green and silver tracings hung
Down a crimson vest;
While the other, coolly bare,
Show'd a curious figure there,
In the flesh impress.

And the sun with gorgeous grace
Shone upon his ebon face,
All asmile with glee.
Waved his tresses in the breeze,
As he darted 'mong the trees,
Chasing bird and bee.

But a cruel eye discern'd
Every devious way he turn'd,
Till he reach'd the shore;
Then the hunter seized his prey,
And across the billows grey
Soon his captive bore.

Stripp'd of crimson, gold, and pearl,
In a slave-mart's dinning whirl,
Stood the boy in tears,
And, alas! the slaver's whip
Thirsted in his blood to dip,
Through the lapse of years.

But the chieftain, mourning yet
For the child whose locks of jet
Were so like his own,
Pass'd the slave plantation by,
When he heard a smother'd sigh
Deepen to a groan.

Still he stood, nor dared to stir;
Was that sigh the voice of her
Who was angel now?
Mother to his long lost son,
Did those clouds, descending dun,
With her whisper bow?

Nay, the sound was sound of grief,
Bursting forth, to give relief
To a breaking heart.
And the chieftain heard again:
That low, stifled cry of pain
Pierced him like a dart;

And he rush'd the slaves among,
Bending 'neath their brutal wrong,
Till he found the youth;
Then unto the owner he
Brought the lad, and speedily
Told the dreadful truth.

And the trader's rage to calm,
Show'd the tattoo on his arm,
Deep, and dyed with blue;
Baring his own armour'd breast,
He display'd the same strange crest,
And his shoulder, too.

Then he paid a ransom down,
Wealth which turn'd the slaver's frown
To a joyful smile,
And the chieftain's heir again,—
With his father,—cross'd the main
To his native isle.

And he roam'd the land at will,—
Forest, plain, and rippling rill,
None but knew his tread;
Yet he ne'er forgot the slave,
But his ready rescue gave,
When he 'scaping fled.

So I wander'd far and wide,
Over sin's dark, dangerous tide,
Naked, wretched, poor;
Bow'd a slave to Satan's sway,
Flung my liberty away,
Thraldom to endure.

But I sigh'd, by sins oppress,
Groan'd, and wept, but found no rest
In my bondage vile;
And my Father heard the cry,
Stoop'd to save me from on high,
Rescued me from guile.

Long the ransom had been paid
I a free-born child was made,
Child of grace and heaven;
And He set His mark on me;
Heir to Love's eternity,
All to me is given.

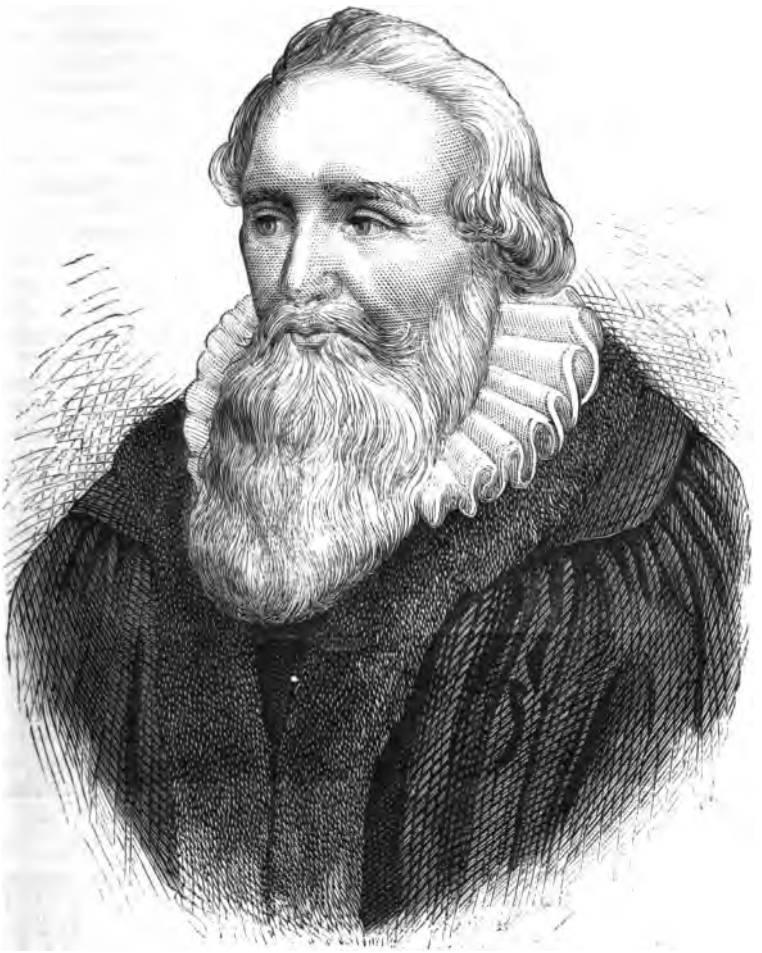
Yet, I ne'er forget to pray
For the souls who, day by day,
Grope in chains of guilt.
Jesus the Atonement made,
He their ransom fully paid
In the blood He spilt.

Uttoxeter. M. A. H.

JOHN ARNDT.

Dr. Mosheim, the ecclesiastical historian, who was Chancellor of the University of Göttingen, about two hundred years after the death of Luther, laments, that in his time the number of learned and eminent ministers in the Lutheran Church decreased from day to day.

The same writer informs us that the science of morals was for a long time neglected amongst the Lutherans, and he adds that, "If we except a few eminent men, such as Arndt, and Gerhard, who composed a few popular treatises concerning the internal worship of the Deity, and the duties of Christians, there



did not appear during the greatest part of this century (the seventeenth) any moral writer of distinguished merit." If Mosheim meant by the *internal worship* of the Deity, that worship of God which is "in spirit and in truth," we agree with him that John Arndt was acquainted with it, and wrote clearly and evangelically upon it, in his treatise, entitled "True Christianity."

John Arndt was born in the Duchy of Anholt, in the year 1555. For some time he employed himself in the study of medicine; but it pleased God to awaken his conscience, and to bring him to a sense of sin, by a severe affliction, and from that time he devoted himself to the service of the God who had redeemed his life from the grave. He became a zealous preacher and writer among the Lutherans, in the sixteenth century, about forty years after Luther's death. In his book on "True Christianity," the first part of

which was printed at Jena, in the German language, in the year 1605, he dwells on the most substantial and practical parts of religion, without touching the controversy which then filled the Christian world. When his book first appeared, it was most violently opposed by the Lutheran clergy, and others, as containing heretical doctrines; but still it was printed and reprinted, and was spread far and wide; and it has been said, that millions of souls have been awakened from a *lifeless formality*, and brought to an *inward sense of religion* by it. Dr. Gerhard, the Divinity Professor at Jena, whose charity and zeal were manifested by his conduct, was sensible of the decay of true piety, and he and Arndt were deeply concerned for the revival of it among Christians of all denominations. Arndt's books were translated into several languages, and of the effects of his Book of Prayers, called the "Garden of Paradise," some things are reported which are hardly inferior to miracles. Arndt was opposed and vilified; but he was vindicated by two pious Lutheran divines, Egardus, a Holsteiner, and Dilgerus, a Dantzicker. He was a man of sound piety and knowledge, and was almost continually exercised in bearing "the blessed cross of our dear Saviour."

Arndt died in the year 1621, in a most heavenly frame of mind. Some hours before his death, he prayed in great agony of soul, "Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant: for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." (Psalm cxliii. 2.) A person who was standing near him answered, "He that believeth,..hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.) Whereupon he fell into a slumber, but suddenly starting up, he uttered these words from John i. 14: "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father." Being asked by his wife when he saw that glory, "I see it just now," said he; "O what a wonderful glory is that! It is that glory which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither' is 'entered into the heart of man.'" About nine in the evening he asked what o'clock it was; and being answered, he cried out, "Now I have overcome!" and expired without speaking another word.

Arndt preached at the time when Germany was involved in intestine wars. But God, in the midst of His indignation, remembered mercy, and in a few years after Arndt's death, raised up several persons, both in Germany and in other countries, to bear a living and powerful testimony to the religion of Christ. Amongst these are mentioned, Dr. Meisner, Professor at Wittenberg, a man who was deeply sensible of the neglect of practical godliness among the Lutherans, and Conradus Horneius, a man of singular piety and zeal towards God, who, in consequence of his labours to promote real and practical Christianity, fell under much odium from the Lutherans. We might here also add the names of Schmidius, of Strasburg; Gesnius, of Hanover; Kealer, of Coburg; Mayfart, of Erfurt; and of many others.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

Mr Minister and I were talking of the "great things which God had done for my soul," when he said, "John, I should like very much to hear your history."

"Well, Sir," said I, "I would as lief tell it to you as anybody, Sir; as, under God, I owe all I enjoy to you. But I must tell it my own way, Sir; and I dare say it'll not be very well put together; but anyhow, I'll tell you the truth, and that's better than all the made-up tales in the world.

"About my birth and boyhood you won't care to know anything, as all that is just like anybody else's experience, and is not of any interest to anybody. I will begin with the year 1854, the year of the Russian war. I was then living in Sheffield, and what with reading the newspapers, and hearing people talk

of the gallant deeds done by our soldiers in the Crimea, I thought I should like to be a soldier, and fight for my Queen and country. I thought what an honour it would be to fall fighting in our country's cause; and if I lived to come back, how proud I should be to hear the people say, 'There goes one of the Crimean heroes.' So one Sunday afternoon I went to the barracks, and enlisted in Her Majesty's 67th Regiment of Foot; thinking that if I was a soldier, I should be sure to go to Russia. Sheffield was the depôt of the regiment, but the regiment itself was stationed in the West Indies, and *not* in the Crimea at all.

"After having spent about six weeks in Sheffield, we were ordered to Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands. We left the barracks at five o'clock in the morning, and marched to the railway-station. There were hundreds of people on the road to see us off; and while marching through the town to the lively sound of fife and drum, I felt very proud that I was a soldier. We took train to Liverpool, leaving fathers, mothers, friends, and sweethearts behind. At Liverpool a steamer was waiting to receive us, on board of which we had a very pleasant voyage of three days, during which many of the men and women were very sick; but I enjoyed the passage very much. Here, again, I felt exceedingly proud to see the people crowding and thrusting each other in order to see the gallant soldiers. I so much enjoyed this place that I could willingly have served my ten years here, as there seemed no chance of going to the Crimea.

"In four months' time I was made lance-corporal, and in about eight months full corporal, which secured me fourpence a day more pay than a private. We sent out several drafts of men to the West Indies to fill up gaps made in the regiment by yellow fever, and other diseases. As I was a non-commissioned officer, I was not sent out, there being no necessity for them; and it suited me very well, for although willing to face death in the Crimea, I was terribly frightened at the idea of yellow fever. I regret to say that in the Channel Islands spirits are very cheap, and I became very fond of drink; and although I often returned from town more or less intoxicated, yet I always managed to be sober when on duty, and kept myself clean and tidy, so that I was not suspected of getting drunk.

"After having spent two years in Guernsey, we were ordered to Ireland. We set sail in the troopship 'Clyde:' there were about five hundred of us. Again my pride was roused, to see and hear the crowds of people as they stood on the shore, and shouted their cheery farewells. We had not been long out at sea, when we encountered a very heavy gale, and were compelled to put into Milford-Haven until the storm abated. We arrived at Kingstown after seven days; from Kingstown we proceeded by rail to Dublin, thence to Athlone. The change from Guernsey to this place was very great, and I was very glad to learn that the regiment was ordered home from the West Indies, and that I was to join it. Having spent only nine months in Ireland, about one hundred and fifty of us were sent to join the regiment at Plymouth. I was sent to the light company, and promoted to the office of serjeant; and here I indulged in drink to a great extent, but always managed to be sober when required for duty, until once I was absent from my quarters for three days, and drunk all the time. When sober again, I returned to barracks, was placed under arrest, and brought before the commanding officer; but my former conduct having been so good, I was dismissed with a reprimand. We stayed at Plymouth about a year and four months, when we were ordered to Aldershot Camp, where the duty was very hard. Here I drank as before, and was not noticed, until one day I and the company to which I belonged were out for rifle practice. I had taken so much rum over-night that I could hardly call the names of the men over. I went to the serjeants'

mess, and got two three-pennyworth's of rum to *make me better;* but it only made me worse. Drunk as I was I managed to return to the practice-ground, but could not hold my head up. The officer on duty saw my condition, and placed me under arrest. I was tried by court-martial, and reduced to the ranks.

"The Indian Mutiny was then at its height, and our regiment was ordered to the East Indies. As we steamed slowly out of Portsmouth harbour, it was a truly heartrending sight to witness the poor weeping women and children taking farewell of their husbands and fathers. But I was in high spirits; at last I should have a chance of distinguishing myself, and should be able to shoot down some of those sepoys who had brutally murdered so many women and children. We reached Calcutta in eighty-eight days. I was delighted with the scenery which surrounded us as we steamed up the river Hoogly. It was a little before sunset. The tall cocoa-nut trees; the birds with such beautiful plumage, and the varieties of entirely new trees and shrubs, whose names I do not know, and which I cannot describe, gave me inexpressible delight, which was, however, somewhat diminished by another spectacle; namely, innumerable dead bodies that floated down the stream, and told of the terrible strife then going on. We passed through Calcutta, and were sent on to Barrackpore, to guard three regiments of disarmed sepoys. We arrived at Barrackpore December 8th, 1858.

"Although liquors were very cheap here, yet I did not indulge as much as I had done formerly. I spent the greater part of my leisure time in learning writing and arithmetic, and in reading. An enemy worse than the sepoys now made its appearance, in the shape of dysentery; many of our finest and strongest-looking men fell victims to it. I was horribly afraid, and promised that if I escaped I would be a better man than I had ever been before; but when the scourge disappeared, so did my fears, and my promises were speedily forgotten also; and I became even worse than before, for to my drinking I added swearing and cursing.

"We had only been here about nine months when the Chinese dispute arose; and as the mutiny was over, and our services no longer required in India, we were ordered off to China. A voyage of thirty-two days brought us to Hong Kong. We went up the river from Hong Kong to Canton in gun-boats. There we remained until our ammunition and supplies could be sent to us. I had so much improved myself in reading, writing, and arithmetic, that I was appointed schoolmaster, and had an increase of fourpence per day, pay. But it did me rather harm than good; I had more opportunities of secret drinking, and I drank very heavily indeed. When our stores were all ready, we proceeded to the north of China, embarking in a ship, and being conveyed to the Peiho river, where we were joined by a number of men-of-war and transport vessels, forming a good large fleet. Our first encounter was at the island of Chusan, which surrendered immediately. I thought it began to look like mischief, and felt I was not ready to die; and I resolved in my mind to begin to serve the Lord. I read my Bible every day, and prayed by myself, taking care that nobody should see me; for I could not stand being ridiculed, and in all our regiment of a thousand men, only one or two professed to be religious.

"At the mouth of the Peiho there were four strong forts which we must take before we could get up the river to Pekin. So we landed about seven miles to the right of the forts, disembarked our cavalry and guns, and remained a few days for orders. At last instructions came that we were to march on the morrow, every man to look well to his rifle, that it was in good order, and loaded. This looked like earnest, so I sat down and wrote a letter in pencil to my sister, telling her our situation, and also directing her, if she did not hear from me again during the next six months, to

apply at the bank for the bit of money I had saved. I prayed most earnestly to God to save my life, and keep me through this conflict; and then I turned in, and slept soundly. The bugle sounded next morning at four o'clock; and as each man examined his powder, rifle, etc., one would say to his comrade, 'I wonder how many will be left to-night to tell the tale of to-day's doings.' I again prayed God to spare my life, and I would *really* lead a better life for the future. At last all was ready, and we began to march toward the forts, which were about two miles off.

"I had never been in action before, and was very much afraid, not of the enemy, for I felt sure we should beat them, but of *death*, for I was not prepared to die, and knew it. During that two miles' march we were almost a silent party; hardly a single word was spoken by any one: we were all occupied with our own thoughts. When we had arrived within about three-quarters of a mile from the fort, the enemy fired the first shot at us, which went plunging past, but did us no harm. We kept advancing until within about five hundred yards; then we began in good earnest. The first few shots I trembled exceedingly, and could hardly load my rifle, but in a few minutes all fear passed away. Men were falling on both sides of me, and I feared it would be my turn by and by; so I would fire away and kill as many as I could before I was killed myself. In the meanwhile, the artillery from the forts were tearing up the ground in every direction.

"'Forward!' was sounded, and we advanced to within one hundred yards; and very hot work it was, for at the greater distance their small arms could not reach us, and we could knock them about as we pleased; but at one hundred yards, what with bullets, round shot, and arrows, we had a desperate time of it. The shots plunged in among us, now tearing up the ground at our feet, now whistling past our ears. All hope of saving one's life seemed taken away, so I fired as fast as I could, being anxious to do all the execution in my power before my turn to fall should come. In the midst of the fray a shot from one of our mortars fell into their powder magazine, and it blew up with a tremendous crash. For several minutes nothing could be seen but smoke and timbers, and bodies of men spinning high up in the air, like so many shuttle-cocks. When the smoke had all cleared away, we found that the fort still remained, and the firing recommenced, and was hotter far than before, both sides fighting with desperation.

"'Forward!' Once more we ran, straight to the fort, and clambered up inside it. When the Chinese saw us actually inside the fort, they began to run away; and from this time it was mere sport for us, for we shot them down, and they dared not even stop to return fire. Every man took to his heels, and scores of them were shot down in a few minutes.

"We took possession of the fort, and were delighted to hear the bugle sound 'cease firing.' The day was won. I had escaped without a single scratch. I never felt more overjoyed or more thankful in all my life; I thanked God most heartily for His sparing mercy to me that day, and resolved to lead a better life for the future; and at the time I *felt I really meant it*. The scene of battle presented a most frightful appearance; the Chinese were lying dead in all directions. Before I could retire to rest in the little place allotted to me, which was only about ten or twelve feet square, my comrades and I pulled out twenty-eight dead bodies to make room for ourselves. We twisted their pig-tails round our hands, and dragged them out like dogs. The next day we went on board our gun-boats, and ran up to Tien-Tsin, a walled city, about thirty miles from the mouth of the Peiho. I was compelled to remain at Tien-Tsin, being almost blind with sore eyes; but the regiment went forward to Pekin, which surrendered without a single shot being fired. Although I had made so many and such

solemn resolutions to serve God and become a better man, yet the first money I received I spent in drink, and I continued to drink, more or less heavily, all the time I was in China. We were there six years, during all which time I led a most abominable life, drinking, cursing, swearing, and the like, as bad as any man in the regiment. The cholera broke out every year, about the month of July, and took off a great many men, and at these visitations I always used to resolve to do better; and then when the plague was past, returned again to my vicious habits. The last year I spent in China was, I think, the very worst; for I not only drank all my service-money, but began to draw out of the bank as well. (I had £30 in the bank.)

"At last a ship was sent by Government to bring all the men home who had served their term of enlistment. There were about four hundred of us, including a Battery of Artillery, and a great many invalids. During the voyage we encountered a terrible storm, with thunder and lightning: it was a most awful sight. I again promised that if God would only spare me to reach England again alive, I would serve Him all my remaining days. I thought I should *then* get rid of all bad company; whether I did so or not the sequel will show. I was occupied with these and the like thoughts while the storm raged around. Our good ship trembled like a leaf; we were sometimes lifted to the top of the wave, and sometimes were hurled as to the bottom of the abyss; and the waves were made more terrible to behold by the lurid flashes of lightning which illumined them, and which were followed by the pealing thunder and the black impenetrable darkness. The storm passed by, and we sailed merrily on, reaching dear Old England after a voyage of five months and twelve days.

"My heart rejoiced to see Old England again. I landed at Plymouth, and *in less than two hours was drunk again:* all my good promises having been forgotten.

"I returned home to my father at Sheffield, but without a penny in my pocket, as I had been drunk on my way home, and lost two drafts on the Bank of England for £25 each; but through the kindness of the rector of S——, I recovered my money, but spent nearly all of it in drink. I had now no fear of punishment, as when in the army, so I drank without compunction. A friend of mine had recently died and left me a small sum of money, and I spent the greater part of it in drink; in fact I gave myself up almost entirely to drinking, sometimes indulging for a week or more together.

"I had been for some time employed at Messrs. M——, Sons, and Co.'s, when I saw a young person whom I became very anxious to marry, and I promised myself that if I had *her* for a wife, nothing could ever persuade me to drink any more. I prayed to God to give her to me, and promised to be a better man all the rest of my life.

"We were married; and a fortnight after marriage I got drunk again, and was drinking for a whole week, during which time my poor wife was the most wretched creature living. When sober, I hated myself for my sins, but did not abandon them. I not only got drunk, but upon one occasion I brutally beat my poor wife besides. I had been so often 'on the spree,' that at last I had some difficulty in being taken on again; but the masters were willing to give me *one trial* more, and placed me to work by myself. Here I had opportunity to think over my past life: my broken promises, my horrible sins; and I felt that I was ruining myself, both body and soul; for after every drunken revel I felt my body weaker than it had been before. The Spirit of God strove hard with me while at my work, until one day I could bear it no longer, and looking about to see that nobody was near, I knelt down and began to pray. Three times that afternoon I prayed, and with many tears, that God would forgive my past sins, and give me strength to resist 'drink' for the future, for I felt

that *that* was my *chief* temptation, and cause of my ruin.

"I could not find peace, and when I got home I took the New Testament, and began to read. On Sunday I went to the Methodist chapel, and thought I could serve God, but need not join the Society. Yet I could not shake off the burden that weighed me down. I felt that all my promises had been made to God, and broken, and I hardly dared to look up and ask forgiveness. I was in this miserable state for a considerable time. On Sunday evening I went again to the chapel, and as you were preaching, Sir, I felt that every word suited my case exactly, that I began to think you must know all about me. I resolved to stay the Prayer-meeting, and to become a true soldier of Christ. Still I was ashamed, lest people should laugh at me; and if it had not been for fear of ridicule, I should at once have gone up to the rails where the penitents were kneeling. But when you came and spoke to me in the pew, I was glad to have the way of salvation by faith in Christ Jesus made clear, and willingly joined the rest.

"And since I have found peace with God, which is nearly twelve months ago, I have spent the very happiest period of my life, and I have no desire to drink or return to my evil ways. And God has, in answer to my prayers, also blessed my dear wife, and now we go on, hand in hand, serving God together. I sometimes wonder at the amazing love of God in saving me from so many dangers, and only wish for some means of acknowledging His mercies by doing good to the utmost of my power. I can only say of myself, 'Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?'"

THE LAPIDARY'S ART.

Precious stones may be found, by those who can distinguish them when unpolished, in various localities. Diamonds of large size and the first water are indeed rare, but stones possessing much beauty, and purity, and durability are not confined to one neighbourhood or to few. To say nothing of the cornelians which most people have sought on our English coast, with more or less success, the topaz, the onyx, the crystal, and, occasionally, a splendid amethyst, may be picked up at the sea-side by those who venture not beyond our island home. Stones of real value are not uncommon.

When, however, such stones have been discovered, and their character discerned, much has still to be done. The splendour is as yet hidden. The stones have long been rolled up and down by the tide, trodden under foot by the unobservant pedestrian, played with and then flung aside by the children, and may yet be used in mending the road through some neighbouring hamlet, altogether unappreciated, should he who has gathered them, fearful of trouble or of cost, cast them away. If they are to be generally admired, they must be taken to some skilful lapidary, and by him cut and polished. The stones must be submitted to a process which, to the uninitiated bystander, would appear not only rigorous, but ruinous. While, however, to such the lapidary may seem intent on destroying the stone as completely and rapidly as possible, he is endeavouring, according to such skill and appliances as he possesses, to remove whatever would impair its brilliancy, to preserve all that is valuable therein, and so to shape it that its utmost capability of beauty shall be displayed.

The Lord has His gems, which He regards as His peculiar treasure. To Zion, the Church of the living God, the gracious assurance is vouchsafed: 'Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." In that crown of glory each saint shall be as a gem. Some place of honour in that royal diadem shall be found for every one of us who is fit to occupy such exalted position. Those who have been fully saved from sin by grace Divine,

shall be as the crown jewels of the Great King. Even on earth they shine for His honour, and hereafter are to shine more conspicuously. But that such may be the case, there is need, great need, of the Divine Lapidary's art. Everywhere are precious souls, which may be fitted, by the power of the Holy Ghost, for God's service in this and the unseen world. Nowhere can be found those who are inherently thus prepared, or who ever will be if left to themselves. Divine effort, always wise and gracious —sometimes to us painful, and occasionally unutterably so—is needful, that we may have the required meetness.

The Lord's jewels are sometimes placed in the sunshine.—In that case they are intended to shine there. Certainly not for their own glory. Who ever found a precious stone of any sort which had made itself, or polished itself, or had set itself in gold or silver? However brilliant the jewel was, it was just what it had been made. Skill, and effort, and outlay might be apparent, and consequent brilliancy and value, but the jewel had not presided at its first formation, or its subsequent changes. But it is placed in the sunshine. Those who are sufficiently near and attentive can readily perceive that there is manifest excellence, though they may not have been present while the precious stone was either cut, or polished, or set; and some of them may not reflect on any such operations. Most likely, however, if there is extraordinary brilliancy, there has been more than usual of the stern processes to which gems are subjected. So it often is with the saints of God to whom a conspicuous position is assigned. Joseph takes the dungeon on his way to vice-regal dignity; David dwells in the wilderness and the cave before he has a palace for his home; and Paul carries about with him the "thorn in the flesh" while made to "triumph everywhere" as the Apostle of the Gentiles. The twenty years' ministry of the Rev. Robert Hall, at Leicester, was, in external circumstances, almost unmingled sunshine. He enjoyed great popularity at Cambridge and at Bristol, but for twenty years at Leicester, Mr. Hall's fame as a preacher was marvellous. The Lord had in this respect, for the extension of Christ's cause, placed His servant in a conspicuous place. The jewel emitted a dazzling splendour. But there had been long and painful preparation for such a position, and the discipline was still continued. Seldom did the famous preacher enjoy exemption from pain, unless for a few minutes during the excitement of preaching. Often the agony he endured was excruciating. Seldom could he sleep when in bed. The suffering increased as age advanced, so that after death, when the occasion was more fully known to medical men, it was said that his bodily frame had become an "apparatus of intense torture." Very mysterious to the sufferer must all this have seemed, *but* the Lord had prepared, and was *more* fully preparing, one of His jewels to shine in the sunlight.

The Lord's jewels are sometimes placed in the dark.—Can any precious stone shine in the dark? Sometimes people speak of "fire" in some gems. Is there such fire as can be discerned, when there is no light from without? Of course not. Brilliant as some jewels are, they can only reflect light proceeding from a source external to themselves. The most valuable diamond in the world can no more be admired in the dark, or even discerned, than a piece of coal. The Lord's jewels, however, have light within. Such radiance has been imparted by their Lord. Hence they do not depend on such lights as earth can furnish. Because of this, their royal Proprietor not unfrequently places them in some dark place for a time, and bids them to shine there, and they *do* shine. So honour is secured to Him who performs such wonders on our behalf. In one of the North-Western States of America, a girl, named Louise, yielded her heart to the Saviour, hoping that she would be spared to be of some service in the Church of Christ. But her Lord selected her as one who was to make apparent, in the most

effective manner of all, His marvellous grace. Her health, which had not been vigorous, altogether failed. Then followed fourteen years of ceaseless suffering, often exceedingly intense. But grace Divine proved sufficient. The jewel was submitted to what appeared a strange process; but the Divine Lapidary was bringing forth increased beauty. Louise was enabled, during those years in which her early companions joyously entered on the tasks and pleasures of active life, to possess her soul in patience. As she lay on her bed in suffering, her Bible was her unfailing solace. With pencil in hand, she compared one text with another, and derived from the living Word, applied to her heart by the Holy Ghost, abundant strength and consolation. Many occasionally visited her, and perceived a power in religion which they could not have seen elsewhere. The opportunity of toiling for Christ had not been given, but there was the power to suffer with joyfulness, and power to plead with God and prevail. Her latest weeks were marked by more abundant pain, and by more abundant consolation. One night, after an unusual repose of some hours, Louise roused herself to sing once more the praises of her God. Then to those near her she said, "O, I did not know that it was so happy, so glorious, for a Christian to die. A single moment of my present enjoyment is worth ages without God." Then, after a pause, she smilingly said, "Peace and love to you all," and so entered into life eternal. There was light from within. Christ has many gems which shine in the dark. Such is His skill.

The Lord's jewels will finally be placed in the palace.—Some of them, in the present state, are kept chiefly in the dark, and others are long in the sunshine. But they are all intended for the palace. They are to be, when fully ready, as gems in the royal diadem. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." This may well serve to reconcile them to whatever painful process they may have to submit to here. The preparation is for the royal home.

No thought or painstaking was spared in re-cutting the Koh-i-noor when it was understood that it would have a place among the Crown Jewels of England. The question, How can it be made a perfect gem? was earnestly considered. In a diamond like that, the whole twenty-four faces are to be perfect, if possible. How can it be cut so that nothing shall be needlessly removed, and yet no flaw remain? If twenty-three be perfect, yet a flaw be in the twenty-fourth, it can only now be removed by great loss to the whole. Then the Koh-i-noor in some parts was amazingly hard. In cutting it, the schyff had to revolve three thousand times in a minute. The diamond could not remain long on the schyff at that rate, or the lead used for fixing would have melted, and the position would have been altered, to the injury of the precious stone. But the Koh-i-noor was in charge of one of the most skilful lapidaries in the world, and so the task was completed in as satisfactory a manner as human workmanship can be expected to attain to.

Let all God's saints who are suffering be of good cheer. There is a wise purpose in all such discipline. He who arranges it for our benefit is infinitely wise, and powerful, and good. He never makes a mistake. He never fails to accomplish His determinate purpose. You will not be overlooked because of your helplessness, or poverty, or obscurity. Diamonds are cared for, though hundreds of them only weigh a carat, and each less than a pin's head. Human artificers can be found who will employ their skill in forming such. God will lose sight of none of His saints. They are His peculiar treasure. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Be faithful. Then, "rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."

B. S.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE JEW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "FRIEDESBOTEN."

PASTOR SCHWARZ.

A PIOUS sailor went as one of the crew of a passenger steamer down the river to the sea. Over the ocean hung a heavy, threatening fog. They went forwards into it. Near the chimney a youth was shivering, evidently in great anxiety. After a while he asked the sailor, "Shall we have a storm?" The sailor answered cheerfully, "Do not allow yourself to be anxious, since the Lord knows in what condition we are, and 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.'" With those words he turned away to his work.

Years passed, and the sailor had become a captain. On one of his voyages a well-dressed gentleman drew near to him with the question, "Shall we have a good voyage, captain?"

"That no captain can tell, but He Who holds the water in the hollow of His hand, and measures the heaven with a span."

"Thanks, captain; it delights me to hear you come so quickly to the main point. You remind me of a sailor who spoke encouragingly to me on my first voyage."

"What did he say?"

"I was terrified at the rough waves, and he told me, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.' I was then a Jew, so the text was not unknown to me; but I could not call God my Father. Yet the sailor was, I plainly felt, quiet and happy as a child on his father's knee. First I wondered what could give a man such confidence; then I prayed and sought for it, and am now a Christian and a missionary to my own people. Let me give you my card."

"How long is it since you were first on the high seas?"

"Seventeen years."

"Should you know the sailor if you saw him."

"O, certainly! I have thought of him so often."

"He stands before you now."

"Impossible, captain; he was a common sailor."

"Is not yours a still more remarkable change? You were a Jew, and are now a Christian and a missionary. Why, then, in seventeen years' time, should not the sailor become a captain?"

A. E. BLEBY.

WALKING IN DARKNESS.

O! gates of shining gold
That I cannot see for tears,
As I shrink from the strife, the heat, the cold,
Of the intervening years.

Hush! for the thought is sweet
That it may not be so far:
Angels attend us with noiseless feet,
And I know not how near they are.

I read in the Holy Word,
And the story made me glad,
How two disciples spoke of the Lord
As they walked, and were very sad.

And Jesus Himself drew near,
And asked what their sorrow might be;
But their eyes were holden—the Lord was there,
Yet they did not know it was He.

How did He soothe them, then,
Tenderly chide and cheer!
Take up the tale of His mission again,
And make the Scriptures clear!

And when they asked Him He stay'd,
Sat at their humble board,
Open'd their eyes as he broke the bread,
And show'd them their risen Lord.

Dear Lord! dost Thou tire of complaints
When we wish the journey o'er?
Or art Thou holding the eyes of Thy saints,
Only to teach them more?

It may be that when I see,
I shall fall at Thy feet and say,
"How could I ever have cried for Thee?
Thou wast with me all the way."

ALICE ALMOND.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

OCTOBER (*continued*).

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		*To be learned.*	EVENING.
6.	Jer. xxxii.	Jer. xxxiii. 1—14	To be recalled	Habakkuk iii.
7.	Ezekiel viii.	Ezekiel ix.	James v. 1—4	Ezekiel vii. xxiv. 15—27
8.	Isai. xxii. 1—5 Ezekiel xii.	Jer. xxxix. 1—10	5—8	Jeremiah viii. Psalm lxxix.
9.	Isai. lxiv. 10, 11 Jer. xxvii. 19—22 Ezekiel xi. 1-13	2 Kings xxv. 8—21	9—12	Jeremiah xvi. Lamentations i.
10.	Obadiah	Ezekiel xxxv.	13—16	Ezekiel xxv., xxvi.
11.	Jer. xv. 10, 11, 19—21	Jer. xxxix. 11—14 xl.	17—20	Isaiah iii. 16—26 Lamentations ii.
12.	Ezekiel xxxiii. 21—33	xli.	To be recalled	Ps. lxxxiii., cxxxvii. Isaiah xxxiv.
13.	Deut. xvii. 16 Ezek. xxix. 1-16	xlii.	Psalm lxiii. 1—6	Lamentations iv., v.
14.	Ezekiel xxx.	xliii.	7—11	Jeremiah xlviii. Romans i. 18—25
15.	Jer. x. 17—25	xliv.	To be recalled	Jer. xlix. ix. 23—26
16.	Leviticus xxvi.	2 Chron. xxxvi. 20, 21	1 Peter i. 1—4	Ezekiel xxxvi.
17.	Jeremiah xxx.	Jer. xxxi. 1—26	5—8	Deut. xxx. 1—10 Ezekiel xxxvii.
18.	Isai. xliii. 1-13.	Daniel iii.	9—12	Jeremiah l.
19.	ii. 10-12	iv.	13—16	Ezekiel xx. 30—44 Isaiah xli.
20.	xliii. 14—28 xliv. 1—8	Ezek. xl. 1—5 xliii. 1—11	17—21	Jeremiah li.
21.	xlvi. xlvii.	Isaiah xlviii.	22—25	Isaiah xxi. 1—10 Daniel v.
22.	Daniel vi.	Psalm xci.	To be recalled	vii., viii.
23.	Jer. xxix. 1-14	Daniel ix.	1 Peter ii. 1—5	Isai. xliv. 21—28 xlv. 1—13 Ezra i.
24.	Ezra iii.	Psalm cii.	6—10	Daniel x., xi. 1—19
25.	iv.	Zechariah i.	11, 12	xi. 20—45 xii.
26.	Haggai i.	Ezra v.	13—16	Haggai ii. Psalm lxxxvii.
27.	Zechariah iv.	vi.	17—20	Zechariah vii., viii.
28.	Esther i.	Malachi ii. 14—16	21—25	Psalm cxix. 1—32
29.	ii.	1 Peter iii. 3—5	To be recalled	33—64
30.	iii.	Psalm xciv.	1 Peter iii. 1—4	Esther iv. Proverbs xxiv. 11, 12 Psalm lii.
31.	v., vi.	liii.	5—8	cxix. 65—96

NOVEMBER.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE, *continued.*

Day	MORNING. *To be read together.*		EVENING. *To be learned.*	
1.	Esther vii., viii.	Psalm cxii.	1 Peter iii. 9—12	Psalm cxix. 97—128
2.	ix., x.	Proverbs xxii.	13—16	129—176
3.	Zechariah ii.	Ezra vii.	17—20	Psalm cxxvi., cxvi.
4.	Isai. lii. 1—12	viii. 15—36	21, 22	Ezra ix., x. 1—19
5.	Nehemiah i.	Nehemiah ii.	To be recalled.	Psalm li., lxxxv.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

THOMAS ROSEVEARE.

THOMAS ROSEVEARE was born at Venn Farm, in the parish of Quethiock, on the 7th of September, 1807. He was the fifth son of parents who endeavoured to bring up their children aright. They were moral in their conduct, they read the Scriptures, instructed their children in the Church Catechism, and expected them to attend Church regularly. The labour thus bestowed upon them was not lost. Trying, in obedience to the Divine command, to "train up" their children "in the way they should go," a theoretic knowledge of religion was attained, which afterwards ripened into Christian experience and holy living. Thus the seed sown in childhood bore fruit abundantly; the hymns then learned were remembered and recited upon the dying bed. Our friend inherited a love of holy song from his ancestors. His father and grandfather had belonged to the Church choir, which he and his brothers joined, and in which they rendered efficient service.

Dr. Fletcher, the old clergyman still connected with the parish church of Quethiock, preached then, neither veiling the truth of God in needless ceremonies, nor denying it. Thomas was cut to the heart, and led to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" This question was not so readily answered as when the poor jailer asked it. No Paul and Silas were near, or if they were, they were unknown. Methodists were regarded as disturbers of the public peace and promoters of schism, and our friend had been taught conscientiously to avoid them. New light from on high, however, like Peter's vision of the clean and unclean beasts, broke down barriers of prejudice; and to find the way to heaven, Thomas walked *several miles* to the Quakers' Meeting-house at *Liskeard*. But he found not the treasure he sought, and went from place to place seeking it in vain. At length he met with a disciple who said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" He looked, and there was life in that look, and he followed Jesus. George Coad, that young disciple, henceforth became his inseparable companion, and as they talked together of Jesus their hearts burned within them. But this mutual pleasure was not destined to last long. George was soon taken to the Church above; Thomas was left to toil alone along life's wilderness-way, exhibiting a beautiful change in spirit and life. It was evident he had "put on Christ," and he anticipated, with not a little pleasure, the re-union with his friend which he now enjoys. That he cherished this anticipation is evident, for only in his last sickness he said, "I should like to be going home to-day. I shall know many when I reach there; some that I have been with when wrestling for salvation, some that I have seen pass away; I shall know them there:" and he added, "there will be my little boy, that died at eight years of age." We cannot help exult-

ing with our friend in the prospect of such re-unions.

No longer did he shrink from the poor despised Methodists, but found his way to the little cottage in which their services were held. It was but poorly furnished, there being but a few tottering forms and chairs; these were eagerly occupied, however, by the little company, who there received "with meekness the engrafted word" which was able to save their souls.

Thomas soon learned to love this people, and would stand during the services that they might sit, his head nearly touching the beams of the ceiling. It was not to be wondered at that they soon loved and respected him.

The Class-meeting he at once joined, and prized the privilege of Christian communion to the day of his death. So precious, indeed, were those Class-meetings to him, that he made the Leader (John Allen) promise never to remove them while the cottage would contain the growing numbers who gathered there. But still the little Church multiplied, and the class was eventually removed to John Allen's kitchen. A chapel was subsequently erected.

In those days Circuits were wider, and preachers less numerous than now. Thomas, constrained by the love of Christ, desired to be useful. One day the preacher did not come; the congregation waited, expectant, but in vain. Thomas, moved by a longing for the salvation of precious souls, arose, for he could not rest. Filled with the Holy Ghost, he spake with earnestness and power. The tear of anguish was seen trickling down the face of penitents, and their cry ascended, "What must I do to be saved?" Probably some who then struggled into liberty he rejoiced in the prospect of meeting. Divinely attested as a servant of God, the Church soon set him to work, and for thirty years, as a Local-preacher, he besought men to be reconciled to God. He never preached without expecting fruit, and fruit he saw. At a Lovefeast held at Callington a year or two ago, he said, "In my early years I never entered the pulpit without expecting souls to be saved; yet once I was grievously disappointed. I preached at Saltash one Sunday evening. 'What!' said I, 'is no soul to be saved to-night? The congregation has nearly retired; no one is going to remain!' But, glory be to God, there, on her knees, was a poor, sin-stricken female wrestling for mercy. Some friends readily remained, and we prayed with her till she struggled into liberty." To the last he prayed and spoke with such fervour that his hearers were often melted to tears. At our Michaelmas Quarterly Local-preachers' Meeting he earnestly urged the necessity of fruit as the result of Christian labour, and to one of his sons he said, on his dying bed, "Preach Jesus, and go from the Fountain-head to the pulpit.

> "Happy, if with my latest breath
> I may but gasp His Name;
> Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
> 'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

Though favoured with few educational advantages, he made the best possible use of them, and availed himself of all the helps to preaching within his reach. Hence his discourses were thoughtful and well-arranged; the people welcomed him to every pulpit in his Circuit. His private life was salutary in its influence, and those who have lived in his service attribute their conversion to his consistent piety. His reproof of sin was timely and appropriate. As our friend was journeying to a country appointment one Sabbath morning, a man, who was occupied in a field, heard a strange voice saying to him, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy;" but he "saw no man," for his reprover had secreted himself behind a hedge. He then left conscience to do its own work, which it did effectively, and this same man, when narrating his Christian experience at a Lovefeast afterwards, referred to this occurrence as one of the causes of his conversion. A burning and a shining light in others' eyes, he was not without that poverty of spirit which led him to think humbly of him-

self. Suffering from a very painful and troublesome complaint, he rose rather later than usual one Sabbath. This prevented his attendance at the morning service. Alluding to this and other omissions, said he, only the last Sabbath morning he lived, "I wonder if that verse applies to me, 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.'"

Those who had only been privileged with Mr. Roseveare's acquaintance for a short period, could not fail to appreciate him as being a fine, earnest, manly, public-spirited, liberal-minded Christian, free from ostentation and eccentricity. Inquiring after truth, weighing carefully his opinions, and possessed of a sound and discriminating judgment, it is not surprising that he ever spoke clearly, wisely, and with authority, and yet with humility. Opinions once arrived at, he fearlessly maintained; but towards those who differed from him he exemplified the "charity which thinketh no evil." About the year 1849 he attended an agricultural meeting, at which he avowed his adhesion to certain principles which were at that time under discussion. His landlord, it is believed, in consequence served him with a notice to quit; but not to his hurt, for thereby his worldly position was considerably improved, and his landlord became wise enough to know that human progress could not be stayed by his feeble opposition, and that it would be wiser in future to keep good tenants when he had them.

In the agricultural world he stood well, and competing for a prize essay on one occasion succeeded in obtaining it. Being a true and faithful friend, he stood well socially; to his home his friends were ever welcome, and there were they hospitably entertained. To the distressed the hand of help was ever stretched out, and the blessing of the merciful was his. His peace was like the gentle flow of the river; and though bowed down with infirmity at times, his cheerfulness abounded. Loved by his family, honoured by his brethren, he also won the esteem of the members of other Churches. One of his last acts was to canvass the parish of St. Stevens with the rector, and solicit subscriptions on behalf of the church restoration. Often in the vestry-meeting did he suggest beneficial changes, and harmonize conflicting opinions. Indeed, the whole effect of his life was good. This honoured servant of God was ready for the summons of death when it came. It came before he expected it, but he was found watching. On Sunday, November 6th, he felt pre-eminently "in the Spirit;" and on November 7th his effervescent joy could only find expression in hymns of praise. Carrying their dinner to his sons, who were engaged upon the farm, while watching them from the brow of a cliff, the earth gave way beneath him, and he was precipitated several feet upon the shore. Falling heavily, he sustained a compound dislocation and fracture in his left ankle-joint, which resulted in tetanus, and ended in his death. In acute suffering, the peace and power of Jesus sustained him. He was continually praying and praising God.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Sketches from my Note-Book. A Record of Facts Illustrative of Methodism and Ministerial Life in Ireland. By the Rev. Robert Huston. Published for the Author at the Wesleyan Conference Office.—This is a highly-refreshing and edifying little book. "The fact that the Rev. John Wesley required an autobiography from his preachers for publication," is one of the reasons which happily induced Mr. Huston to pen this interesting narrative. Several choice anecdotes, racy sayings, and striking incidents are here preserved, which it would have been a thousand pities to have left unrecorded, though a few are intro-

duced which are already sufficiently familiar, at least in England. The book ought to have an extensive circulation.

Annals of the Poor. By the Rev. Legh Richmond, M.A. London: The Book Society, 28, Paternoster-row.—This is an elegant and yet very cheap edition of Legh Richmond's beautiful and popular biographies, with an introductory Life of the Author, and illustrated by engravings. We have not seen a better edition of a work which has won, and we hope will never lose, its place in religious biographical literature.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For October, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Sept. 28	5 55	5 46	4 25m	6 6m	7 32a	11 24a	9 44a
Oct. 8	6 11	5 23	4 33	4 52	7 14	10 52	9 6
18	6 28	5 2	5 26	3 56	6 59	10 18	8 29
28	6 46	4 41	6 25	3 22	6 46	9 42	7 53

PHASES OF THE MOON.

6th, Last Quarter .... 5h. 32m. after. | 20th, First Quarter .. 11h. 54m. after.
14th, New Moon ..... 6h. 19m. morn. | 28th, Full Moon..... 8h. 14m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Oct. 5th ..... 9h. morn., Apogee; distance 251,267 miles.
„ 17th ..... 4h. morn., Perigee; „ 227,133 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 239,200 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

October 1st ..... 91,727,550 miles.
November 1st ..... 90,937,270 „
Decrease of distance for the month ..... 790,280 „

In the early part of the month *Mercury* rises an hour and a half before the Sun, and may be easily seen with the naked eye. On the morning of the 10th this planet and Venus rise nearly at the same moment, twenty minutes to five o'clock. Venus will appear first, a little southward of east, and about two minutes later Mercury will appear slightly northward of east. This planet will be in perihelion, or nearest to the Sun, on the morning of the 2d; this refers to its *actual* distance. It will be at its greatest *apparent* distance, eighteen degrees westward, on the morning of the 3d. On the morning of the 5th the right ascension will be equal to that of Venus; but Mercury will be ten degrees farther northward. On the 12th it will be at its greatest distance northward from the ecliptic, seven degrees as seen from the Sun. Next morning it will be near the

Moon at rising. Seen with a telescope, the form will be gibbous after the time of greatest elongation.

Venus shines out as the morning star early in the month. It is then a very thin crescent, diminishing in diameter but increasing in breadth and brightness as the month advances. The diameter on the 1st is fifty-nine seconds, and on the 31st forty seconds. The greatest breadth of the illuminated part, on the 15th, is one-tenth of the diameter. To a dweller in Venus the Earth would appear nearly full, and about as large as Venus appears to us, though considerably brighter.

Mars is advancing through Scorpio. The declination is very low, and the planet sets in the south-west nearly two hours after the Sun. It will be near the Moon on the evening of the 17th, and near Antares on the 7th, the planet being the more northerly in the latter case.

Jupiter is a conspicuous object late in the night. It will be near the Moon on the evening of the 7th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the evening of the 22d. It is within three degrees of *Uranus*, the latter being farther eastward. The diameter increases during the month from thirty-seven to forty seconds. On the morning of the 4th, at four o'clock, the satellites will be all to the east of the primary, and in the order of their actual distances. They will be also to the east, but irregularly placed, at the same hour on the mornings of the 18th and 25th; on the 28th they will be all to the west.

The first satellite will be eclipsed on the morning of the 7th, at 0h. 8m. 42s.; 14th, at 2h. 1m. 51s.; 21st, at 3h. 54m. 58s.; and 28th, at 5h. 48m. 4s.: the second on the morning of the 14th, at 0h. 31m. 23s.; 21st, at 3h. 7m. 45s.; and 28th, at 5h. 44m. 8s.: the third will re-appear, after having been eclipsed, on the morning of the 23d, at 0h. 12m. 28s., and on the morning of the 30th, at 4h. 11m. 36s.

Saturn sets later than Mars, but is too low to be seen with advantage. The greatest diameter of the ring is thirty-six seconds; the least, sixteen seconds.

Neptune will be in opposition to the Sun on the 16th. On the 1st, at noon, the right ascension is 1h. 27m. 59s.; north declination 7° 20′ 41″; and on the 31st, at noon, the right ascension is 1h. 24m. 56s., and north declination 7° 2′ 15″.

Encke's Comet will be in opposition to the Sun on the 12th, with a north declination of nearly thirty-seven degrees. Its distance from the Earth at noon on that day will be fifty-three millions of miles, and from the Sun one hundred and forty millions. It will be nearest to the Earth on the 16th of November, when the distance will be only twenty-eight millions of miles. The nearest approach to the Sun, or perihelion, takes place at three o'clock on the morning of the 29th of December, when the distance from the centre of our system will be thirty millions five hundred thousand miles. This Comet completes its revolution round the Sun in three and one-third years, in an orbit whose length is four hundred and five millions of miles, and breadth two hundred and fourteen millions. The greatest distance from the Sun is nearly three hundred and seventy-five millions of miles. The Comet is called by Encke's name from the elaborate calculations by which he endeavoured to establish the necessity of admitting the existence of a resisting medium in the interplanetary spaces to account for the shortening of the periodic time. It rendered important service to astronomy in the year 1838, by approaching so near to Mercury that the disturbances in its motion, caused by the attraction of that planet, furnished the means of ascertaining with increased accuracy the weight of the planet when compared with the weight of the Earth.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCES OF WESLEYAN MINISTERS IN AUSTRALASIA.

No. X.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

My old friend, the Rev. George Pickering, writes me: "There are inscribed on my memory many providential escapes; but as years roll on, many of the fainter lines become indistinct, and only the broader ones retain their vividness. I send you the outlines of two narrow escapes from danger.

"The early part of the year 1848 was marked in New South-Wales by most severe drought, and also by extreme heat. I was proceeding on my usual missionary journey on a Monday rendered memorable in the Australian kalendar for its excessive heat. Bush-fires raged in almost every direction, and the thermometer in the sun stood during the heat of the day at nearly one hundred and forty degrees. So soon as I entered the forest on leaving Appin, I saw that a fire had lately swept over that part. The fallen trees and tufts of grass were still

burning, the atmosphere was full of smoke, and the sun appeared like a ball of fire.

"When I had travelled about twelve miles, on reaching the summit of a range, such a sight presented itself as I had never before witnessed. The whole of the forest in the direction in which I was travelling was on fire; but the flames were burning not only the underwood, scrub, and trunks, but all the tops of the trees were also blazing. After surveying this magnificent and extraordinary, but really perilous, scene for a season, I concluded that by returning a short distance, and then making a detour to the east, I should reach the coast-line of road, and so escape the conflagration, as the fires appeared to me to lie too far in a westerly direction to reach that road.

"As the weather was so excessively hot, I had been induced to stay longer at Appin than usual, that I might travel in the comparative coolness of the evening. This unlooked-for increase in the length of my journey, rendered it necessary that I should increase my speed. Having a good horse, I was not long in reaching the coast government road, and *there* I thought myself safe, as the fire appeared so far on my right hand. But as I proceeded, I found the road continued to wend westerly in the direction of the fire. I soon became convinced that continuing to follow the road, it was impossible that I should escape the flames. To retrace my steps would only be to rush into the fire, which, favoured by a strong breeze, had gained on my rear. There was the alternative of striking into the pathless forest, and risking being lost:—

> "A wilderness of deep descending woods!
> A sea of trees, whose shores are untrod mountains,
> Where silence sleeps 'midst purple solitudes,
> Save the lone murmuring of falling fountains.
> Unnumber'd dawns have lit these peaks with glory,
> Millions of tempests thunder'd round each height,
> And legion'd lightnings scathed the forests hoary,
> Since first they blush'd beneath Creation's light.
> The unknown mysteries of many ages,
> Unbroken, guard their unrevealèd lore;
> We trace God's impress on earth's mighty pages,
> And seek with reverence, and with love adore."

There was also the alternative of attempting to ride through the fire, and risking being burned. I resolved upon the latter. I reached the fire on a small plain which intersected the road. It was rushing, with crackling noise and dense smoke, through the long, reedy grass. Committing myself to God through my Saviour, I urged my horse forward, and darted through the fire, without receiving any greater injury than the singeing of my hair; but I scarcely succeeded in

reining up the terrified animal, and so escaping falling into a deep drain which crossed the road, and in which lay a quantity of dry timber on fire. Had I plunged into this mass of fire, escape would have been almost hopeless. I now pushed on my way, truly thankful for my preservation, and carefully watched the burning trees in all directions above my head, lest a branch should fall upon me. I had not, however, travelled far, before I became aware that I had escaped one danger only to meet another. A fire now commenced to rage along the face of the mountain skirting the western side of the road. But a southerly hurricane sprang up suddenly, accompanied by heavy rain, and arrested the progress of this fire; and, *indeed*, by Divine Providence, I completed this journey in safety."

Only two years before, during the summer of 1845-6,—for the reader must please to remember, that in these southern latitudes our summer quarter embraces portions of two years,—a party of mounted police, in company with several residents in Wollongong, were travelling from Sydney to that town along the coast-line of road. They had crossed George's River, on their way to Bottle Forest, and were approaching the scene of Mr. Pickering's deliverance, when they found the whole country on fire. In attempting to proceed, having entered the fire, their horses refused to move; and, in endeavouring to extricate them, several men and horses were burned to death. Others of the party were seriously injured.

Of the merciful deliverance which forms the subject of the engraving prefixed to this paper, the Rev. George Pickering thus writes to me:—

"In the spring of 1847, when stationed at Camden,—the whole of the Illawarra district was included in the Camden Circuit,—I was making one of my monthly visits to Wollongong, accompanied by one of our office-bearers, Mr. Kendall, of Campbelltown, who, being in rather a delicate state of health, was seeking benefit in a change of air and scene. I left Camden in the morning, called for Mr. Kendall at Campbelltown, and we reached Appin about noon. After partaking of refreshment for ourselves and horses there, we started early in the afternoon to ride through the scrub to the Wollongong ranges. We took the track down the mountain then known as Captain Westmacott's pass. This was the first time I had travelled that path *onward*, although I had once *returned* from Wollongong by it. We travelled at a moderate pace, hoping at that speed to reach the foot of the Bulli mountain before it became dark. Our conversation was frequently interrupted by admiration, excited by the thousands of beautiful wild flowers for which that otherwise barren scrub is renowned. Often did we leave the path to examine specimens of the gigantic lily, or some singularly beautiful waratah (the native tulip). We rode on and on, until we noticed that the gorgeous botany peculiar to the belt of land along the border of

the ranges, presented itself no longer; but the path we followed—for there were many tracks—appeared to open before us in a straight line for miles. I inquired of my companion, presumed to be better acquainted with this route than myself, if there were any danger of our taking a wrong path. He replied that he thought not. By and by Mr. Kendall began to feel weary, and we halted for a short time, taking the bearings of the course we had followed, or, rather, endeavouring so to do.

"We now arrived at the conclusion that we had gone astray, and had taken a track which had led us from the southern road we had started upon, and that really, instead of being on our way to Bulli, we had gradually wound round, and were on our way in an opposite direction—to Sydney. The sun was now near setting, and we commenced to retrace our steps; and, fearful of having to spend a night in the bush without food or fire, we urged our horses on, in the endeavour to accomplish, if possible, the passage of the worst part of the mountain-pass before the daylight was quite gone. But we had gone many miles astray, and darkness closed in some time before we reached even the top of the pass. In the darkness, my horse stepped *into* a hole, and fell with me, rolling over; but providentially I *escaped* without much injury. Having reached the pass, we dismounted, as at that time such was the state of the road for about a mile at the upper part that no one ventured even in daylight to ride down.

"The pass or road down the mountain was, at the upper part, a narrow track, in some places not more than eighteen inches wide, cut like a ledge along the side of the mountain, and very much out of repair. On the one side were precipices several hundred feet deep; and on the other, the mountain side rising almost perpendicular. Tall trees, with intertwining vines and luxuriant foliage overhanging the road, created intense darkness. We groped our way down slowly and carefully for some five or six hundred yards, when we came to the trunk of a tree lying, as we supposed, across the road. As I walked foremost, leading my horse behind me, I called to Mr. Kendall to beware of this obstruction, and was about to throw myself over the tree, intending that my horse should leap after me, when Mr. Kendall shouted to me to examine first with my whip-handle if all were right on the other side. I did so, and could find no ground that I could reach with my whip. I then felt for a stone, which I dropped over; and, listening for its fall, ascertained that it must have dropped to a great depth below.* The path at that place turned at an acute angle, and the tree had been placed there to prevent passengers from falling

* The depth was ascertained to be about six hundred feet.

over the precipice. About eleven o'clock in the evening we reached in safety the house of a friend, the late Mr. James Black, who resided near the foot of the mountain. We were truly thankful for so merciful an escape from imminent danger."

Mr. Kendall's caution was, indeed, "a word in season;" an illustration, too, that "death and life are in the power of the tongue." (Prov. xviii. 21.) The Australian traveller and his horse are so familiar with the very common impediments of fallen timber, that to leap over them becomes all but intuitive. The first time I ever travelled by the Royal Mail in New South-Wales, the passengers were called upon to alight in the middle of the night, on a very miry road, to assist in removing an obstruction of this character between Camden and Picton. Mr. Pickering, like his brethren, was so accustomed to leaping over such road and path impediments, that the reader need feel little surprise at his immediate suggestion being a *jump*. The Lord—blessed be His name!—continually makes words, as well as thoughts and deeds, the servitors of His purposes. In the case before us, a brief sentence was constituted by Him an efficient instrument in lengthening out the valuable days and labours of a devoted worker in "the kingdom of His Son."

How changed the aspect of Brother Pickering's family since first I knew him. His parental home, which was then a well-filled nest, now almost emptied; not, indeed, by the desolating hand of death, but by the dispersing course of life,—a son in business here, a daughter married there, and so on. The little children who many years ago almost surfeited me with Kentish cherries, which they gathered from the large and loaded trees of the garden of the little parsonage, so picturesquely perched on the beautiful, but occasionally snow-encumbered mountain region of Bowenfels, are now men and women. So time passes, and hurries man on towards eternity. But how cheering when, as in Brother Pickering's case, the parents behold their pious children a fulfilment of the Divine promises, "a seed shall serve him." (Psalm xxii. 30.) "The generation of the upright shall be blessed." (Psalm cxii. 2.)

After enduring so many years of arduous, incessant toil, it is most pleasing to find the Rev. George Pickering able to write thus:—"I am happy to tell you that my general health is tolerably good; and although, in consequence of injuries, the result of excessive riding in years past, I am unable to ride with comfort, I feel as able for Circuit work as I ever was, and I trust increased experience has better qualified me for it."

"BELOVED." (1 JOHN III. 2.)

BY THE REV. JOHN TESSEYMAN.

THE epithet with which the Apostle begins this verse, is one of frequent occurrence in his Epistles, and one which he delighted to employ. It was natural for the Apostle John to speak of love, for he was the beloved disciple who leaned upon the breast of his Lord. Every other emotional affection seemed swallowed up in this; it was the master-passion of his soul, and assimilated everything else to its own lovely image. It burned upon the altar of his heart with "inextinguishable blaze." No wonder, then, that he should designate those to whom he writes, "beloved." And what thoughts it awakens in the mind! How endearing the appellation! It brings us into closest fellowship and Christian communion. It reminds us of the family circle, where sympathy reigns, where every word speaks kindness, and every look says "beloved." Ah! and how much beloved? Alas! we only know how much when we have to mourn their loss. They pass away from our view; the grave casts its dark shadow over them, and we find written upon their tombstones, "Sacred to the memory of ——, the 'beloved' husband or wife, son or daughter." "Beloved!" this is not the title the world gives us; it looks upon us with scorn, or, at least, with a silent aversion. And why? The Apostle himself supplies the answer. "The world," saith he, "knoweth us not, because it knew Him not." Christianity is altogether opposed to the passions, purposes, and pursuits of the worldly, and so they hate and abhor it. There is, and ever will be, a persistent warfare between the children of Satan and the children of God. The two kingdoms stand in direct antagonism to each other, and involve separate interests, and opposite "ways and means" of accomplishing their designs. In their nature and tendency they are wide asunder as heaven is from hell.

But notwithstanding this, we have the knowledge, consolatory in the highest degree, that we are beloved of God. And if we are beloved of Him, what matter by whom we are *not* beloved? We can well afford to be accounted as the "offscouring of all things," and to suffer shame for His Name, if we are beloved of God. We can go forth with willing heart and hand to do battle against Satan and sin, if armed with omnipotence, and enjoying the assurance that we share in the everlasting friendship of God. *His* love swallows up all the hate of the world, and the assurance of it is better than life. And how unspeakably happy shall we be at last, if we are found of Him in peace, with this precious word engraven on our heart with the finger of God, and receive from His own lips the recognition, "These are Mine; for now I come to make up My jewels."

O, glorious thought! the infinite and eternal God loves *me!* He Who built the universe, notwithstanding all my waywardness and ill-desert, still loves *me!*

There was a time when we did *not* bear this character. Our proper designation at that time was, "enemies." Enmity to God not only existed, but ruled. Our nature was brought into direct antagonism with the law, the will, of God. Such were we *all* once. But a blessed change took place. A crisis occurred in our moral history. We were arrested in our downward career, and brought to reflection. And a glorious arrest

it was, for we were the prisoners of the Lord, and constrained by grace to yield Him the service of love.

Hence a blessed relationship sprang up between us and God; we became His children, "greatly beloved." He gave us to partake of His own nature. That was a marvellous exaltation, having a prospective reference, as well as a present realization. It was an exaltation from the threshold of hell, right up, ultimately, to the throne of God.

If we are beloved of God, then are we the objects of His *care and protection*. His heavenly guardianship surrounds us on every side, and His love never for one moment loses sight of its object. He Who maintains the laws of nature, will not forget us. He Who protects the fluttering insect—the tiniest thing which crawls along the ground, or tries its pinions in the air—does not, will not, cannot, forget those who by faith repose in Him.

We are beloved by God according to the excellency and perfection of His nature, with a love which exceeds all earthly love, as much as the infinite transcends the finite. The heart of Deity is an ocean of sympathy, which yearns and throbs towards us.

Once again: if we are beloved of God, then are we the objects of *His gracious provision*. Herein lies the glory of our adoption, that it secures to us the full inheritance and possession. We are "heirs of God;" not only to present privileges, but also to future glories. Our provision is abundant even in this life; but we look forward to the crown, the robe, and the sceptre.

Let those, then, who have the right, lay claim to the exceeding great privilege of being the "beloved" of God. The significance of the word "beloved," is not merely in relation to the *future*; but its first application is in the *present*: "beloved, *now are* we the sons of God." St. Paul also speaks in equally decisive language: "We *know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we *have* a building of God." "We know;" it is not a matter of doubtful speculation, in which, after all, we might possibly be deceived; not a mere hope gleaming from behind the mountain of a bare possibility, surrounded with mists and darkness, through which we can only get a glimpse of the promise of God—the promise of our adoption; not an assurance to be realized at the threshold of Paradise; it is an inward and present testimony that "now are we the sons of God." "Beloved!" ever may this distinguishing title be ours: in life, in death, and for ever.

LESS DISTINGUISHED NAMES IN THE WORD OF GOD.

VII.—SHEMAIAH THE PROPHET.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

REHOBOAM had gathered an army of one hundred and eighty thousand men to subdue the tribes which had revolted from him, and become an independent kingdom under Jeroboam. What he had lost by his folly, he was determined to regain by the valour of those who were still faithful to him. Judah was about to start forth as "a lion's whelp," and Benjamin to "ravin as a wolf," when they were suddenly confronted by Shemaiah, who, in the name of the Lord, bade them desist from their intention: "Ye shall not go up, nor fight against your brethren: return every man to his house: for this thing is done of Me." Though the king and his troops were panting for the war, and were impatient to

regain their ancient ascendancy over the northern tribes, they gave heed to the word which was spoken; the encampment was broken up, and the men went back to their homes. What evidence we have of the majesty of Shemaiah's character, and the Divine authority with which he spake, in the fact that so many thousands were ready at his bidding to abandon a purpose to which they had been urged by all the arguments of national pride, patriotism, and loyalty! The prophet must have been known to them as one of blameless life, and as walking with God in high and holy intercourse, or they would not have bowed their will and quenched their martial ardour at his behest. Even Rehoboam—who, when the interests of his kingdom were at stake, could allow himself to be swayed by the foolish talk of vain, unthinking youths, in opposition to the counsel given by aged men who had long upheld the throne by their wisdom and courage—seems to have been awed by the venerable presence and commanding voice of Shemaiah.

We get a glimpse of the man in his words, "Ye shall not go up, nor fight against your brethren." Though this utterance had been given to him by God, it is only fair to think of it as being in harmony with his own sentiments. The true prophets were raised above themselves by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, but they did not, like Balaam, declare what was in opposition to their own feelings or convictions. The sublimest and most terrible thoughts imparted to them by God were in unison with their own sense of what was just and right. Shemaiah may have been stern in aspect, but he had a heart in which tender emotions were nestled; and while he could confront an army in the name of God, he could not bear the thought of brother fighting with brother. To him it was painful beyond expression for those who had stood to worship on the same temple-floor, and had raised their voices in the same accordant psalmody, and around whom the same miracles had blazed for defence and glory, to be glaring on each other in deadly wrath, and to be striving which could bathe their feet in deepest pools of blood.

The war was given up, and Rehoboam devoted his energies to the improvement and fortification of his kingdom. He rebuilt the walls of many ancient cities: "And he fortified the strong holds, and put captains in them, and store of victual, and of oil and wine. And in *every* several city *he put* shields and spears, and made them exceeding strong, having Judah and Benjamin on his side." Apparently, the kingdom became daily more secure; but tower, and shield, and spear avail not when Jehovah goes forth in His wrath. Religion had but a slight hold on the king and his people. Though they had given heed to Shemaiah, they soon forgot the Name in which he spake. The forms of heathen worship introduced by Solomon obtained an increasing influence in the land. Images of abominable deities were set up on the hills; there was scarcely a tree which did not overshadow some heathenish pollution, and Ashtoreth, and Chemosh, and Moloch were allowed to stand as rivals of Jehovah in the affections and homage of the people. The apostasy was such that Shishak was called by the Lord out of Egypt to chastise the offenders. A vast host of Egyptian and auxiliary warriors poured over the frontier of Judsea,

overturning cities, and leaving blood and desolation in the track of their march. In consternation, the princes and great men of the land hastened to Jerusalem, and Shemaiah came before them and the king with a stern sentence on his lips, "Thus saith the Lord, Ye have forsaken Me, and therefore have I also left you in the hand of Shishak." These words, illustrated by the gleaming swords and advancing standards of the Egyptian army, and by the fires which nightly blazed on the horizon, wrought their due effect. King and people humbled themselves before the Lord, acknowledging that the visitation was the meet punishment of their iniquities. The nation bowed in the attitude of penitence and self-abasement, and Shemaiah was moved to speak in milder accents: "And when the Lord saw that they humbled themselves, the word of the Lord came to Shemaiah, saying, They have humbled themselves; therefore I will not destroy them, but I will grant them some deliverance; and My wrath shall not be poured out upon Jerusalem by the hand of Shishak. Nevertheless they shall be his servants; that they may know My service, and the service of the kingdoms of the countries." Shishak entered Jerusalem, and having spoiled the city of its choicest treasures, returned to Egypt.

Shemaiah not only reproved the king, but also chronicled his deeds. "Now the acts of Rehoboam, first and last, are they not written in the book of Shemaiah the prophet, and of Iddo the seer concerning genealogies?" How, in writing, Shemaiah would lament that his pen had not a brighter story to record! How the glorious possibilities of Rehoboam's career would show the reality in sadder contrast! What tears would fall on the parchment as he thought of what the king might have been, and of what he was. Shemaiah's book is lost, but his name stands in Holy Scripture as of one in whom fidelity was blended with kindly feeling, and who was ever prompt in doing the bidding of his God.

A TRIP TO THE KAIPARA AND THE ALBERT-LAND SETTLEMENT, NEW-ZEALAND.

BY W. SYMONS, F.C.S.

(*Concluded from page* 303.)

ON the Monday morning I parted with my kind host and his worthy family. Mr. Gittos called for me in his boat, and we visited first the gentleman with whom I took tea on the Saturday, when he told me of a negotiation he had on hand for the purchase of some land. This land was native Tapu land, that is, sacred and consecrated, and it is only through the healthy and practical influence exerted by Mr. Gittos that the Maories have been induced to sell any such ground. In recent times it would have been dangerous for a white man, even among friendly natives, to put a foot on Tapu land. The land in question had been made Tapu by some of their ancestors having been killed there in battle. As Mr. Gittos told them, it is now impossible to prevent cattle and pigs going over this land, and so he has induced them in many cases carefully to collect any bones and relics into one small spot, which is then well fenced and still kept sacred, while the rest can be cultivated. By the peculiar tenure of native land, the consent of all the chief men of the tribe must be secured before any can be sold.

For the land now under consideration, three pounds per acre is offered, being an unusually high price, and all the chiefs but one old man had

consented. Mr. Gittos had seen him on the Saturday, and although a well-disposed and friendly man, acknowledging the reasonableness of the arguments used, he apparently could not overcome the sentimental and long-cherished habits of thought and feeling involved in the matter. At length, however, he reluctantly gave his verbal assent to the sale, but putting his head between his knees, he quietly and submissively said, "You can sell the land, and I will die." This expression of his decided Mr. Gittos to drop the matter, and he told the farmer that he must wait a little longer for the coveted spot, for it would kill the old man outright; and he told me he had no doubt if the sale had taken place, that the old man would have been dead in a fortnight. He has known many instances among them where an impression of this kind has been followed by the death of the person. This instance will tend to show the peculiar nature of such transactions in this colony, and a similar attention to these native usages would have prevented the disasters at Taranaki and elsewhere, which led to the late war.

Although the reluctance of this obscure old man decided Mr. Gittos in this transaction, it must not be supposed that he panders to native prejudices and weakness; far from it: when required, he can carry things with a high hand, and he knows that this is necessary to make them respect him. He always keeps even the chiefs on their good behaviour when visiting his house. An annual regatta is held on these rivers, so admirably adapted for the purpose. A farmer told me Mr. Gittos found some of his natives drinking bottled ale on one such occasion, and knowing the insidious and mischievous influence which, when once given way to, seems all-powerful on the natives, he resolutely flung into the river bottles and all. Other instances of equally high-handed dealings were told me.

We next visited one of the wealthiest and most spirited settlers of the district, the introducer of alpacas into the colony; some were then grazing on the lawn before the house. The only drawback to a pleasant and beautiful trip to Macefield was, that being in a small flat boat and the river becoming more like an inland sea, I was obliged to sit idle in the stern, while Mr. Gittos stripped and worked resolutely at the oars, a work he is quite at home with, for on Sundays he has rowed twelve miles and preached three times.

Macefield is so called from a *store*-keeper, who has sagaciously chosen the most central promontory of the whole river system for a large store and hotel. Here we dined, and met my friend and last week's companion at the dinner table. To show the respect in which Mr. Gittos is held, even at this hotel where intoxicating drinks are sold, although he is a decided teetotaller, the host returned me the money I had paid a servant for Mr. Gittos's dinner, saying they never charged him.

After leaving Macefield, we were not long in reaching Mr. Gittos's home; and it was with peculiar feelings and interest I found myself the inmate of a *bonâ-fide* Mission-House, just such a one as has been frequently represented in Missionary periodicals, neatly built of wood, on a lawn rising from the banks of the Wairau, with a broad verandah surrounding the house, shaded and beautified with passion-flowers, and other trailing plants.

The native settlement is spread out on the opposite bank. Mr. Gittos

has endeavoured to train the Maories into industrious habits, and to get them out of their indolent socialist manner of living, so that each family may have some cultivated ground to call their own; but it seems impossible to get them to persevere; they prefer working by fits and starts. One who had been induced to keep a cow, came one day to his Minister to ask how much longer he was to be a slave to his cow, and gave it up in disgust. They were now, unfortunately, away gum-digging, so there was no opportunity of seeing them in their houses. Adam Clarke had a good house, furnished in European style; but, as is frequently the case with these chiefs, he kept it rather for show than use. Perhaps they think it policy to live in common with their people.

This tribe are all nominally Christians, and there can be no doubt of the genuineness of the conversion of many of them. Bishop Selwyn, when visiting this district, would not officiate on the Sabbath without the sanction of Mr. Gittos, who was absent, but heard a native Local-preacher. Mr. Gittos very feelingly referred to a chief, called John Stevenson, who, when death was approaching, arranged all his temporal matters, and came to the Mission-House to spend his last days in intimate communion with his Minister. His love for, and intelligent trust in, the Word of God he especially referred to. Just before death, he asked to have some portions of the First Epistle of St. John read to him, repeating the passage, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," etc.; and spoke with all the fervour and intelligence of a mature Christian on the "being called to be the sons of God," alluding also to his long and intimate intercourse with Mr. Gittos, and encouraging him to continue his ministrations to this tribe. It is to be regretted that a more detailed account of the life and death of this worthy Maori chief has not been published.

Mrs. Gittos is the daughter of the veteran Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Hobbs, now living in Auckland, who will not only leave his mark on the religious life of New-Zealand, but also on one at least of its rivers. In this climate the cuttings of many trees and shrubs readily take root, and for some miles the banks of the river Wairoa are lined with willows, the produce of small cuttings flung about by Mr. Hobbs in his journeys up and down.

The result of the war only just concluded has been most unfavourable to Mission-work, especially in the south part of the north island; but there is reason to hope, now peace is concluded, many of the disaffected Maories will return to their religious as well as their political allegiance. Some excuse may be made even for Te-Koati and his band. There has been a great want in the past of an intelligent and consistent policy towards the natives, partly caused, no doubt, by the unworkable mixture of Imperial and colonial authority.

In consequence of some disturbances, these Maories were ordered to the Chatham Islands for two years, but without any formal trial; they went peaceably, and remained quietly until the term was expired, when they naturally wished to return home, and made repeated applications, to which no answer was given. It is hardly to be wondered at that they then took the law into their own hands, overpowered their small guard, took boats, and returned. They landed peaceably, and would probably have remained so, but some

troops sent against them, without any parleying or explanation, fired on them, and no course was left for them but to fight in self-defence.

To return to my narrative: in the morning Mr. Gittos kindly procured me two horses and a guide to ride to Port-Albert, near which place the Rev. Mr. Worker was settled, who had retired from the Methodist ministry at home and emigrated with the Albert-Land settlers, and I knew many of his friends would be glad for me to see him. We rode some twenty miles over an open country, reminding me somewhat of Exmoor, only more hilly. No English horse could have climbed up and down the banks of the small streams we had to ford; our horses were not shod, and were very sure-footed. The view was very extensive; here and there were spots of small trees and New-Zealand flax, which grows like our flax at home, but much larger; some I rode through was over my head when on horseback. We reached at length the banks of the river Orauwharo; our horses took us safely some distance along the bank, as steep as any Gothic roof, without any path; we then tied them to a tree, gathered some wild peaches, giving the horses a share, and clambered down to the shore.

We had to coo loudly, and for some time, to attract the attention of the storekeeper on the opposite shore; at length he started with his boat, and I crossed with him. He knew Mr. Worker. I asked for some biscuits, and he also gave me some milk, and accompanied me half a mile; but I could not persuade him to take any remuneration, either for the boat or the provisions, possibly because I had come from Mr. Gittos. With his ample directions I started alone for a four miles' walk over more even but still undulating ground, sprinkled at intervals with settlements; and at one place I saw for the first time during this journey a plough at work. I soon came in sight of Mr. Worker's house, standing on the side of a hill, which is being gradually brought under cultivation by himself and two sons.

He still preaches throughout the district. Some of the places of worship are truly catholic, being supplied by clergymen, as well as by Methodist and Dissenting Ministers. Other chapels although identified with some Nonconformist Church, are occasionally supplied by other Ministers; and the Episcopal churches, being technically only school churches, are also open generally to Ministers of *other* bodies. Denominational distinctions are not rigid here. A few months before my arrival in the colony, at a tea-meeting in the Methodist chapel in Auckland, three bishops were present, including the present Bishop of Lichfield.

Mr. Worker's house was a substantial wooden structure, in a somewhat unfinished state. Around the tea-table we were soon talking of past times and mutual friends in Devonshire and Kent. Together with most of the Albert-Land settlers, this family have experienced some rough times. Albert-Land was far from flowing with milk and honey. One settler told me she did not see milk or butter for nine months. Things are looking a little better now, but there is still much room for improvement. Few fields in the whole district are yet ready for the plough, although portions of it have been under hand for six or eight years. California supplies much of the flour used; there is hardly yet any export trade in

cattle; a little cheese finds its way to Auckland. My own experience shows the difficulty of communication: not now forty miles from Auckland, starting on a Wednesday morning, with every exertion, I failed to reach that place by Saturday noon, and thus missed the monthly mail steamer.

Mr. Worker told me the only practicable route was by the east coast. I again had the loan of an excellent horse, and Mr. Worker's eldest son accompanied me on another. The ride was more varied than on the previous day. We passed some farms, one or two of which looked flourishing and comfortable. Some clearings were forsaken, and the forest was again growing over them, with a great number of thistles; much to the annoyance of the resident settlers. Thistles are a great pest in some districts, so much so as to be made the subject of legislation. Several provinces have passed a "Thistle Act" for their repression.

On other parts of the road, clearing was in progress, and our horses had to pick their way like cats among the prostrate trees and branches, with ashes still smouldering around the roots. As we approach the coast, some hundreds of acres are covered with white sand, blown up from the beach; here and there the stunted trees are struggling to grow through it, but over large tracts the vegetation is completely overwhelmed, and our horses have to wade knee-deep in the sand to reach the fine beach. We are now not far from Mangawhai, but turn from it, and have a brisk trot for half a dozen miles or so, over the fine broad firm sand which skirts the bay. Then we had to keep our feet well up in fording the river Pakiri, and on the opposite bank we met again the friendly postman, who on his last week's journey had helped us on our way from Maungataroto.

The royal mail road on which we were now travelling, was sometimes in the stream, sometimes on the bank, sometimes through bogs, where our horses had difficulty in extricating their legs. This brought us to the hotel of the district, a rough wooden house, where passers-by and their horses can be entertained. There is also a water-power saw-mill belonging to our host. We are fortunate, as a fine leg of pork is just ready to be put on the table, and after making a large breach in it, I have to part with my good horse and friendly guide.

A boy then went with me a short distance, to put me in the right road. His conversation was not very cheering. "'Tis a queer road you are going, Sir, all up and down. A gentleman left my father's a week or two ago, and has not been heard of since." A little farther on we met a man with a whip; he had lost himself, and left his horse at the top of some waterfall above. He said he had been used to New-Zealand bush for years, but had seen none so bad as that he had just left. Soon after, my guide pointed to a narrow path plunging abruptly into a dense forest, and stretching up a steep hill, as my road for some eight miles, and I started alone with my carpet-bag on my shoulder.

The road was frequently like a rough staircase, so steep, and rugged with the roots of trees, and I soon had to strip off coat and vest. Many of the roots of the rata tree, before described, were high enough to sit comfortably on, and a few now and then would have been convenient, but there were far too many for comfortable walking, right across the narrow path. In some places the path led right through patches of

long flag-like grass meeting overhead. In emerging from one such clump, I suddenly confronted a man with a hatchet and a blanket on his shoulder, coming from the opposite direction. He was equally surprised at my sudden appearance out of the bunch of grass. With an expression of surprise at meeting any one in such a place, he asked if he were on the road to Whangarie, and seemed glad to hear that he was not far from a house of refreshment. As he passed, he asked, "Are you going all that road by yourself?" I don't think I showed anything like nervousness, as he looked a quiet, honest fellow; but regarding his naked hatchet, and my carpet-bag, it seemed an awkward, if not suggestive question. I merely said, "Perhaps I shall meet some one;" which was certainly possible, although not very probable, and in another second we lost sight of each other.

Except now and then hearing the locusts and crickets in some particular trees, the only other living thing I saw or heard was a solitary blackbird, which, flitting along on the tops of the highest trees, appeared to follow me with an occasional and low whistle, which I could not help fancying had a tone of *poking fun* at me, and now and then the sound was quickened into a good imitation of shooting peas from a tube. Coatless, and wet through with perspiration, I continued to mount until my Aneroid indicated one thousand four hundred feet. Sometimes the path was so indistinct that it was necessary to pause and retrace it, as if once lost it would be almost impossible to re-find it. I had no compass, and the dense forest shut out any view of the coast or any landmark. The shades of evening were approaching, and I quickened my steps as the path began to descend. As it became a little more open, some chips were a welcome sight; then soon a rail appeared, the forest spread out into a partially-cultivated vale, and Omaha lay below me.

I paused a minute to guess which of the half-dozen houses visible on the slope was the one where I hoped to get a bed. It was quite dark when I reached my destination. The good woman was at home, and while she was preparing supper, her husband came in; they were Cornish people, living in a simple way, and keeping cows. It was one of those houses, scattered in every district, where, without any advertising, it is known that a bed is kept for travellers. The charge being one shilling for bed and one shilling for each meal, including tea or coffee. After a hearty supper, I found a clean bed in the small room set apart for sojourners, and my hostess kindly repaired some large rents in my trousers; but she congratulated me on escaping so lightly, for a clergyman of Auckland, who had recently come over the same road, had hardly any trousers left when he reached her house. Mr. Worker once missed his way on this road, passing a night in the forest, and was obliged to borrow a suit from a friend.

Next morning, with thunder-clouds hovering round the hills, I was on the road soon after six o'clock. The way was now more open, but at length it led right through, and some distance up, the bed of a rocky stream, which would be considered a romantic waterfall in England. Above this were some farms, and then all trace of a road, or even a path, disappeared. Going through a nice lawn with many fine shrubs and fruit trees, I was surprised to find an excellent house with several windows broken, and every appear-

ance of having been shut up for some time, and yet fowls were about, who appeared glad to see a human face. The country round had been cultivated and was enclosed with hedges, but it was puzzling to ascertain the right direction. There was some appearance of a footpath on rising ground a mile or so to the right, and making for this, another settlement came into view. On inquiring my way here, I spoke of the superior grass in the field in front of the house. The owner told me it had required bone manure to produce it, and that the contiguous farm, where the house was empty, had ruined two or three occupants, and was now in the market.

The way soon led through another waterfall, and on the opposite bank it was only with considerable difficulty that the path could be reached. Before reaching Mauranghi, another waterfall had to be crossed, which had been utilized for a flour-mill.

The principal store was kept here by the son of a gentleman resident near, whose connections I knew in Kent. He was not a recognized minister, but was called a catechist; he, however, regularly preached in the settlements round. He resided in the most fertile valley I had seen. The soil of his garden was a rich dark mould.

My intention was to hire horses at once, and proceed overland to Auckland, but everyone told me it was impracticable to get horses, and equally impossible to ride or to walk on the road. The difficulty was increased by the heavy rain, which had now changed the last waterfall I had crossed into an impassable torrent. I was obliged, therefore, very reluctantly, to wait for the sloop starting early next morning.

The hotel, kept by an old resident, was well arranged for quiet visitors. There was a row of rooms, one room set aside for Maories; then a bar, followed by a general room and office, then the kitchen, with the family residence adjoining, making a long, single-storied building.

We started early next morning, some ten or a dozen passengers, with poultry and other produce, dropping down the river two miles to the sloop. With much tacking and twisting, we reached the mouth of the harbour, and could look out on the Hauraki Gulf, but could get no further. The captain, who was a quiet, rather rough-looking man, was familiar with the writings of Buckle, Mill, Motley, Prescott, etc. He said it was impossible to go outside with such a wind and sea, and we anchored in a sheltered nook on Friday, about ten o'clock A.M.

Hour after hour passed, and the steamer for Honolulu, on which I had secured my passage, was to sail next day at two o'clock; but nothing could be done. The trip was generally made in six or seven hours; there was nothing but tea and hard biscuit on board, except that one of the passengers had some melons, which we shared with his fowls. During the night the Tiritiri lighthouse, which I could see from my bedroom window in Auckland, was shining upon us. At two o'clock A.M. I spoke to the captain, hoping we might start, as there was a lull; but he did not think it safe until eight o'clock. It was only then a tacking wind, and our progress was slow and rough. I still hoped against hope; but the minutes and hours passed, and we sailed by Auckland wharf exactly at the moment that the Wongawonga steamer, on which I ought to have been, began to move off, and thus I was disappointed in taking a passage by the first mail steamer on the Pacific route.

Having now to wait a month, I thought it worth while to take a trip to Australia. I visited Sydney, Melbourne, and Ballaarat; my visit to the latter town being on the Centenary day of the discovery of Australia by Captain Cooke. My first meal in Australia was the Breakfast-Meeting, when two thousand pounds were promised towards building the College near Sydney, where my old friend the Rev. J. H. Fletcher is the Governor.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE UNIVERSE.

How narrow are our vain conceits!
  Our sympathies how selfish shown!
'Mid myriad worlds, like angels' seats,
  Confined to this poor earth alone!
And even here—to tell it shames—
  Our minds of fire and hearts of stone,
(As each successive day proclaims,
  By frequent curse and frequent moan,)
Though ours is a contracted span,
  Yet 'mongst ourselves we ill agree;
Man does not love his fellow man:
  Our souls are like "the troubled sea."

* * * * *

The same bright sun bathes us in joy,
  That gilds the planet-worlds with light;
And if our eyes find sweet employ
  In gazing on the splendid sight,
Think ye not that our brethren there
  Are also glad at scenes like this?
And think ye not their warblers share,
  Their flowers partake the general bliss?
So when in lowly prayer we bend,
  Or chant God's praise in grateful songs,
Their kindred worship shall ascend
  From hearts as pure and worthier tongues:
For all are brethren, by decree,
  Under one God, ruled by one Son;
And though in time we distant be,
  Eternity may make us one.

The cloudy moon encircles earth
  In monthly course; in yearly, we,
With other worlds of kindred birth,
  Just as our various years may be,
Circle the sun, huge ball of light,
  And in the universal sweep
Himself rolls round Eternal Might,
  Enthroned amid the Boundless Deep.
The azure fields of space are set
  As thick with stars, the numerous heads
Of systems grand, as ever yet
  With buttercups our English meads.
Each star controls with mighty force
  Its lovely planets as they roll,
With changing moons about their course,
  Revolving with the wondrous whole.

The blest, who dwell on those far shores
  Wash'd by the clear ethereal sea,
Whose radiant depths no eye explores,
  Save the bright eye of Deity,
I claim as kinsmen, and my muse
  In flight of Hope, on Fancy's wings,
With speed that thoughts of Love infuse,
  Would visit those of whom she *sings*.
Though now unknown beyond *this* sphere,
  Would boldly o'er Creation roam;
By turns in every world appear,
  And find in every star a home:

From mundane to supernal rise,
  From worlds below to worlds above,
From those in which the Father tries
  His creatures' holiness and love,
To those in which His grace rewards
  With glory their obedience tried;
Count all these worlds—all are the Lord's—
  In bonds of brotherhood allied:
The Father of the family,
  Who made, sustains, and blesses them,
Wills each should with the whole agree,
  Fit pearls in one great diadem.

Willington. F. M. KEELING.

AMSTERDAM.

AMSTERDAM, the commercial capital of Holland, is situated on the banks of the Y, a gulf of the Zuider-Zee. It is not the seat of government, but the principal port. It receives its name from the river Amstel, a tributary of the Y, which runs through the city. The stream itself is small and inconsiderable, but it

is joined, four miles from the city, by the Vecht, a branch of the old Rhine, that passes through Utrecht. Amsterdam was originally a small fishing village. It is uncertain when this fishery was established, as the Dutch antiquarians have failed to ascertain the date, but it was probably founded about the middle of the twelfth century. Its ancient name was Amstelodamum or Amstelredamme. The latter name occurs first in a letter of Count Flori's, dated A.D. 1275, in which it is stated that he exempts it from some obnoxious taxes. The word *dam*, which terminates so many of the names of Dutch towns, signifies a "dike," or embankment of earth, or something which separates two dikes or canals.

The ground on which this city is situated is very marshy. It was originally a salt-marsh, and is so swampy that the whole town had to be built on piles of wood, which had to be driven

far down into the ground before they could find a solid level. The streets, like those of Rotterdam and many other Dutch towns, are intersected in all directions by canals, and lined with long rows of trees. These streets appear very curious to the eye of an Englishman, when contrasted with the long, hot, dusty streets of most of our large towns. This style has its drawbacks, however, as in the summer the stench from the stagnant water is almost unendurable.

Amsterdam is very ill supplied with drinking water; indeed, it has none that is at all fit for use, except what can be obtained by boats from the Vecht, a distance of about fifteen miles, which is sold in the streets at what we should consider rather a high price.

The canals are so numerous that the city is divided into ninety separate islands, which have communication by bridges, of which there are two hundred and ninety; but all these are small, and have no architectural pretensions, with the exception of the largest over the Amstel. It is built of brick and stone, and is six hundred feet in length and seventy in breadth. It is called the Lover's Bridge. The houses are mostly of brick, and some of them very highly ornamented, having stone fronts built in the Indian style, with columns and balconies. But even the dwellings of the wealthiest of the citizens are disfigured by having the windows of the upper storeys displaced by bare doors for the admission of merchandize into the house. As the foundations of the houses all rest upon piles driven through the mud, and of course these cannot be very firm, in order that they may not be too much shaken, a law has been passed by which wheeled carriages are limited to a comparatively small number, as it is feared their rumbling might disturb these foundations. They are superseded, however, to a great extent, by a conveyance called by the Dutch a "sley," which is composed of the body of a coach fastened on a sledge.

Amsterdam contains several public buildings. The principal of these is the *Stadhuis* or Stadthouse. It, too, is built on piles; the workmen were nearly nine months driving in these piles, which were cut out of thirteen hundred and ninety-five massive trees. The ground-floor is composed of brick, the rest of the building entirely of freestone. The interior contains many splendid pieces of marble, with statues and pictures. The marble hall is one of the finest rooms in Europe. The walls are made of white marble, and are hung all over with standards and trophies of battle gained by the Dutch. The chief architect was Sir John Van Kempen, who acted under the supervision of four burgomasters. Among the other public buildings, we may mention the Exchange, the Corn Exchange, the Dockyard, the Arsenal, and the Naval School. There are also a great number of charitable institutions in this town. The workhouse, situated in the east part of the city, can hardly be called a charitable institution, as it is also used as a kind of *house of* correction, or reformatory. It is an immense place, capable of accommodating about a thousand inmates. The rooms which are set apart for the governors and directresses, contain some exquisite pictures by Vandyck and Jordaens.

John Wesley visited Amsterdam in 1783, and thus describes the workhouse: "*Tuesday, June 24th.* We took a view of the new workhouse, which stands on one side of the Plantations. It much resembles Shoreditch workhouse, only it is considerably larger. The front of it is so richly ornamented, that it looks like a royal palace. About four hundred are now in the house, which is to receive four hundred more... We saw many of the poor people, all at work, knitting, spinning, picking work, or weaving. And the women in one room were all sewing, either fine or plain work. Many of these had been women of the town: for this is a Bridewell and workhouse in one."

There are forty-seven places of worship in Amsterdam; thirteen Reformed churches, one English Episcopal, one of

the Remonstrants, three Lutheran, two Baptists, one of the United Brethren, sixteen Roman Catholic, one Armenian, one Greek, five Jansenist, one Portuguese, and one German Synagogue. The principal church is called the New Church, although it has stood for two or three centuries. It contains a magnificent monument erected in honour of Admiral Ruyter, who was wounded at Messina in 1676, and died soon afterwards. G. A. D.

CAUTION AND RECKLESSNESS.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

"A wise man feareth, and departeth from evil: but the fool rageth, and is confident." (Prov. xiv. 16.)

OUR gracious Creator has provided danger-signals for our instruction and safety as we proceed along the journey of life. These signals are provided in various ways. Sometimes they are furnished from the store-house of inspired truth, and at other times from the instincts implanted within us, or from our past experiences, or from the counsels of the wise around us, or from the sufferings brought on themselves by the foolish, or from other sources. These admonitory danger-signals are arranged all along the road at frequent intervals, so that by means of them we may avoid much that would otherwise prove hurtful to us. They are not intended to frighten us, but to guide us. Indeed, by a careful and timely attention to those signals we may avoid much of the terror which otherwise we shall, inevitably, experience. It is, however, observable that they are treated in very different manner by those to whom they are displayed. Some prudently attend to them, and so avoid the fright and the ruin. Others neglect them, and are even enraged at their interruption, and thereby incur the terror and overthrow.

Caution resulting in safety.—The wise man is not a coward. He does not allow his imagination to people the universe with spectres, or ogres, or any merely imaginary foes; nor is he terrified when danger presents itself. He is prepared to dare and to endure whatever is inevitable, sustained by the conviction that the all-wise and all-gracious Disposer of events will never suffer any faithful servant of His to be finally overcome, or overwhelmed in hopeless ruin. But the wise man does realize that he is surrounded by evils which, though imminent, may be avoided, and he observes the danger-signals which have been mercifully provided, and thereby escapes needless suffering and shame.

The wise man *shuns needless extravagance.*—He has abundant reason to know that waste will result in want. He is afraid of wasting time, or strength, or gifts, or money, and especially of spending them in what is hurtful. He does not fear employing a large portion of whatever he has been entrusted with for God's glory in the welfare of his fellow-creatures, but he is afraid of useless expenditure. There are many danger-signals. People all around us are suffering privations in old age, and living in painful dependence on strangers, who ought not to have been so circumstanced. The wise man fears, and so acts as to avoid the evil.

The wise man also *avoids evil companionship.*—He is not afraid of mingling with his fellows in the fulfilment of his appointed tasks. He shrinks not from association with those whom he hopes to benefit. But he has read that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed;" and there are some whom he knows who tell him, in their better moments, how they used to have earnest desires to be wise and good, but they became entangled in evil companionship, by which they were led to sinful practices, and formed habits which they cannot shake off, although they perceive that thereby they are being dragged downwards to hopeless ruin. He fears such slavery of the soul, and its final consequences, and avoids the evil.

The wise man *incurs not God's displeasure.*—He has no tormenting dread of the Divine Being. But he has a reverential love and awe towards Him. He knows

well that he cannot contend with the Almighty and prosper. His heart has been brought into sweet subjection to the Divine will, and he finds a holy delight in God's smile. Knowing the greatness as well as the goodness of the Infinite Creator, he passes the time of his sojourning here in filial reverence. It must be ill with that man who incurs and retains the displeasure of the Most High: unspeakably, ceaselessly, eternally ill with him. He who is truly wise, so fears, and so acts, as to avoid such evil.

Recklessness resulting in ruin. — The foolish man is not truly brave. He may be constitutionally fearless of danger, or he may be otherwise. But his folly makes him less brave rather than more so. Whilst recklessly incurring grievous and irremediable evils, he is often affrighted beyond measure at their approach, and also at gloomy fancies of his own creation. Whilst wilfully neglecting danger-signals provided for his security, he trembles secretly because of mere phantoms, and is filled with terror and anguish when the result of his culpable folly at length unfolds itself.

He who is reckless, because culpably foolish, is often exceedingly angry because of the very warnings which might have proved his salvation. The kindest advice of a parent to a child, of an employer to a young man, of a mistress to her maidservant, which might have proved valuable beyond all price, has often merely excited the petulant scorn of those who were reckless in their folly. The deluded lover of sinful gratification has quarrelled with the danger-signal in his path.

Ruin, immediate and hopeless, is often the consequence of such foolish recklessness. The down train from London to the North was one day speeding on its course. It stopped at a station about eighty miles from the metropolis. There a young man was observed on the platform, who, though not drunk, was evidently excited by liquor. By his dress it was apparent that he was a sailor, and striving, in his way, to enjoy to the utmost his brief holiday on shore. When the train had resumed its speed, the young man, yielding to a sudden impulse, began to climb through the window of the carriage in order to reach its roof. Those within remonstrated, but in vain. The sailor's foolhardiness was only intensified. He would show those landsmen what a blue-jacket could do. He succeeded in reaching the top of the carriage, and, to the terror of the passengers within, danced a hornpipe. Suddenly there was a heavy fall. His head had been struck against a bridge, which he had not perceived, and he was dashed down lifeless and mangled. At the next station the disfigured corpse was laid on the grass-plat behind the station-house, to await an inquest and needful identification. The soul had gone to its solemn account. Recklessness had resulted in ruin. We need the fear which keeps from evil.

JOHN R——,

THE STONE-BREAKER OF L——.

"Christ befriend thee, poor old man,
With misty eye and fleshless bone,
Dripping and shivering there alone,
Wrapp'd in a rag on that cold, cold stone;
Feeble and toothless, haggard and wan,
My heart aches for thee, poor old man."

CAPERN.

IN the autumn of 1863, whilst residing at L——, I became acquainted with the subject of the following sketch, with whom I ever afterwards considered it a privilege to converse and to visit, and from whom I learned many lessons of trust and thankfulness. A friend of mine, a pious gentleman, was visiting us, and one morning, as he was walking out along the road, he saw an infirm old man sitting at his work on the stone-heap. His sympathy and compassion were at once excited by the spectacle. There was a poor old man, bent nearly double by the weight of fourscore years; once he had possessed a strong, muscular, athletic frame, standing six feet four inches in height, and now,

"In age and feebleness extreme,"

he was attempting such cold, hard labour, in order to obtain a scanty pittance of

that "bread" which "perisheth." His heart yearned to tell him of the "bread of heaven which endureth to everlasting life." He accordingly crossed the road, spoke a few kind words to him, gave him sixpence, and some religious tracts. "Old John," for by that name he was known in the neighbourhood, was very thankful, and in most touching terms gave a brief account of himself, in an unaffected and simple manner; not in a murmuring, discontented, whining tone, as the manner of some is, but in a true spirit of meekness and Christian resignation. "He doeth all things well," was ever on his lips. He said that once he had possessed a small farm, with several acres of land, and a nice number of cattle. His home, though not large, was the abode of peace and comfort; all their temporal wants were well supplied. His wife was industrious and affectionate, the faithful companion and sharer in his joys and sorrows for more than sixty years. Their union was blessed with several sons and daughters, who grew up to be comforts to their parents, and the sunshine of their home. All, except one, gave their hearts to God in their youthful days, and rose high in the Divine life, and were a pious and happy family. They were all Members of the Wesleyan Society, and, I believe, "adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things;" and were "living epistles, known and read" in the village where they resided. The Ministers were always very welcome visitors in their home, their presence was hailed with delight by the whole family; and thus many happy years glided on.

For several successive years his crops were blighted, especially the potato crop, the total failure of which became very serious to a man in his position. Then he lost his cattle by disease. His losses were numerous and heavy, and he had no relatives who were able to help him, no friendly hand was reached out to his relief; and, in consequence, he was unable to rise above the pressure, and thus he became very greatly reduced in circumstances: but a murmur never escaped his lips. He could still say, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." He said he was better off than his Lord and Master, for He had not "where to lay His head." In the midst of these calamities, his children were all prostrated with malignant typhus fever; few dared go near them in their affliction. After attending on them for a while, his wife also was smitten with the same fell disease, and for some time her life was despaired of. Old John could still say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." But the Hearer and Answerer of prayer mercifully raised her up, and restored her to her afflicted husband, after a long season of weakness. The late Rev. Benjamin Slack was almost the only person who ventured near their abode in this time of severe affliction, and he frequently called in to see them, and kindly sat by the beds of these afflicted ones, ministered words of consolation to them, prayed with them, and listened to their dying testimonies. Three of them died in the full triumph of the religion they had professed, and a fourth passed peacefully away to "the palace of angels and God."

In the midst of these severe and accumulated trials, the good man's trust and faith were still in God. He meekly bowed before the rod, and Him that had appointed it, and quietly acquiesced in the will of God. The once powerful man, inured to toil and hardships, yet possessed of the tenderest feelings, greatly heightened and refined by supreme love to God, with a heart lacerated and bleeding from the pruning-knife of the Great Husbandman, "gladly gives up all to Him." John had to leave his once happy but *now* desolate home, for a small cottage. He became a farm-labourer for some time; most cheerfully toiling on, until he

became disabled from increasing bodily infirmities. In a few weeks after their removal, his only remaining daughter met with an accident, which, after much severe suffering, ended fatally. And now the good old man had only one child left to him, and he was the prodigal, who had left his home, and was wandering in a distant land, away from his father, and his father's God. His father's heart yearned after him: oft, in the bitterness of his soul, he would exclaim, "O! my son! my son!"

After various changes, the poor old man sought and obtained employment on the roads as a stone-breaker; and here, as has been said, my friend found him, and was truly delighted with his experience, for it was that of one who was living "quite in the verge of heaven." My friend said to me, "I should like you to know him." He gave me five shillings to give him, as I found he most required relief, with a request that I would write for more, and send him word from time to time how he was. The weather for some days was very unfavourable, and not being strong, I was prevented from going to see him until a fortnight afterwards. When I went, he was not on the stone-heap. I made several inquiries before I found his cottage, and knocked and inquired for John R——. He came, and invited me in. I entered; it was a very poor, comfortless dwelling, with a mud floor, and very few articles of furniture; no fire in the grate. In wet weather the rain came on to their bed and by the fireside; neither windows nor doors fitted closely. I never saw a more miserable place to be called a home. I told him that I had some difficulty in finding him, and wished to know how he was, as he was not at work, and how he was getting on.

He said he had been suffering from rheumatism in his back and shoulders, which had prevented his working for several days. I inquired how much a week he earned. He told me that if he worked constantly, early and late, from Monday morning until Saturday night, he could not earn more than one shilling and eightpence; and that he was paid only once in five or six weeks; and when the weather was unfavourable, he could not work at all; "and," said he, "it is a month now since I have had anything but the parish money." He received three shillings and sixpence every Monday, two shillings for himself, and one and sixpence for his wife. The first thing he did on receiving it, was to pay two shillings as rent for that miserable hovel, and they had to make the remainder go as far as possible in the purchase of food and fuel. His wife seemed rather inclined to murmur; she said they had tasted nothing that day, except the inside of some cabbage-stalks which lay on the table. "Yes," said the good old man, "though we have been very much pinched, and short of many things, the promise has never failed, 'bread *shall* be given,' and water is 'sure:' *I* can and do praise Him we have always had *something* to eat."

The old man had food to eat which the world knows not of. It was Saturday afternoon, in the month of November, and these two poor people were sitting without fire, without food, and none in prospect for the morrow; and yet good old John could be happy and cheerful. I gave him a shilling, and went into the village, bought them some tea and sugar, bread, bacon, and potatoes, and carried them to the poor old people, who were quite overcome. The big tear rolled down the old man's face; he attempted to speak, but his lips quivered; language failed; grateful feelings, too deep for utterance, filled his heart, and from his countenance beamed—

"The thanks he could not speak."

I had never before witnessed such a sight. I thought how different were my surroundings, and yet what poor returns I had made, how cold the thanks of my heart as compared with good old John's; and I prayed that I might receive all my blessings, my every-day comforts, as coming immediately from the hands of God; that the commonness

of them might not tend to make me indifferent to, or forgetful of, the Great Source of all good.

My deepest sympathy being now fully aroused, I determined to make some inquiries about them, and try to devise some scheme for their further relief. I was very glad to find that old John bore an unblemished character. To me, this was a great comfort, as my generosity had frequently been imposed upon, and my sacrifices made to relieve the wants of others had been repaid with discouragement. No one seemed aware of the deep poverty of old John and his wife. It was very little, indeed, that he had given to him while at work on the stone-heap; sometimes a halfpenny or a penny, and on no occasion more than twopence, until he received the sixpence before referred to. He said he never begged for anything in his life, and could not trouble other people with an account of his privations. And as the result of his silence, none seemed to trouble themselves about his circumstances; and he struggled on, uncomplainingly and single-handed, from day to day, trusting in that God Who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." I wrote to my friend, and related all the particulars which I had heard, and out of my limited income proposed to allow old John threepence a week, and asked if he would do the same. He responded, "Give him sixpence a week for me, and I will repay you."

From this time I generally paid them a weekly visit, and our united weekly allowance seemed to add much to their comfort. The same gentleman sent me a parcel of clothes for him. Old John being a big man, the coat was very much too small for him; and, being a very good one, I thought it would be a pity to have it spoiled, so I called in to see a tailor in the village, and requested him to see it on, and try to enlarge it neatly, and to line the sleeves and back with thick flannel, and make it nice and warm for the poor old man, and bring the bill to me. Old John was very thankful, and said he had not had such a coat for more than twenty years. I mentioned his case to several friends in the neighbourhood, and enlisted their sympathies on his behalf; and one Saturday when I went to see him, I found his cottage as clean and neat as it could be made, and a small but cheerful fire in the grate. He and his wife were drinking weak, boiled tea, without either sugar or milk, and eating dry bread, almost black, called Janoc. They were very happy and contented. They said they never wasted money on butter or sugar; they could do very well without them.

The evening before, when quite dusk, the old man and his wife were sitting shivering in their cold cottage,—for they had been without fire for several days,—and the old woman was complaining bitterly; her patience was quite exhausted. But her good husband answered her, and said, "I cannot go and tell my wants to man, let us kneel together, and tell our God; for He alone has the hearts of all men in His hands." While he prayed, a cart filled with coals passed their window. His wife thought it was for a neighbour, but very soon it was turned down against their door, and the man drove away as quickly as possible. It was too dark to recognize either man or cart.

"Another token of the care and faithfulness of our Heavenly Father," said the old man; "we have now coal enough for many weeks." They thought that I had sent it, and began to thank me for it. I told them that I had not sent it. He asked whether I would kneel down in his poor cottage, and join him in prayer. He said it was their daily custom to read and pray together after their evening meal. His eyes were much injured by his work, and he could not see to read, so his wife always read the chapter from their large, old, well-worn family Bible. I desired her to do so on this occasion, and afterwards we surrounded that family-altar together. It was a season of rich blessing and refreshing from on high. And many a

time since then have I found his humble abode to be a Bethel.

As Christmas drew nearer, in addition to his weekly allowance, my friend sent me seven shillings, to get a little something extra for the poor old people. He said that as it was a season of rejoicing, he felt he would not like good old John to be forgotten. On the Saturday I called to see them as usual, and told them of my friend's generosity, and requested to know what they would like best, or were most in need of. For some time I could not prevail on them to tell me. I mentioned something extra in the way of food; but they still persisted that I must buy what I thought would be best. This I did not feel free to do, and told them that we should be better pleased for them to choose. At last the old woman fetched me one of his shirts to look at. She had put patch upon patch, until it became difficult to form an idea as to which was the original piece. She modestly asked if I would buy her a yard or two of cotton, to sew on the backs, to make them a little thicker, as John suffered so much from rheumatism, which sometimes prevented him from working. Poor creature! they were long since past mending, and I thought the best thing would be to buy him two nice, warm, new ones. So with two or three shillings to the sum sent me, in a few days I had the pleasure of carrying them to his cottage. No language can describe the gratitude of old John and his wife when they saw them. I felt that it was "more *blessed to give* than to receive." It became an easy and pleasurable thing to add something more to their few comforts.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE WAY TO HELL BLOCKED UP WITH PRAYERS.

A YOUNG man was brought up by godless parents amidst flagrant sin; but his mother subsequently became a pious woman, and through her prayers, probably, the conversion of her son was brought about.

It depends a great deal upon the influence which attends the bringing up of a child, how he will regard religion. If he have been ignorant of God, when he is launched into the world his sinful propensities are indulged in with eager delight. If, on the other hand, he have been taught in infancy to love and serve God, when he goes forth into the world he cannot easily commit sin without compunction.

Alas! the young man referred to had not been trained in "the admonition of the Lord," and sin had no terrors for him. Bad example led him on; and had it not been for a wonderful interposition of Providence, he would probably have perished in his sins. His father was a prize-fighter, and won a subsistence by pugilistic matches. Like a brute he lived, and like a brute he *died;* as he lived by fighting, he was *killed* whilst fighting. The eldest son unfortunately followed the bad ways of his father, and fell a victim to the same fate. Nothing daunted, however, the young man to whom this account refers trod in the same steps; but Providence and grace saved him from the same end.

Some time after the lamentable death of the elder son, the mother was brought under religious influence, and ultimately became a converted woman. Ah! then she could understand the enormity of sin; and many an anxious time she spent in reflection on the dreadful past, and in prayer to God, especially on behalf of her son, who was fast hastening to destruction. But the heavens seemed as brass unto her: he still pursued his reckless course. His mother died. On her death-bed she expressed a wish to see him, and pray with him before she breathed her last; but it was with difficulty that he was induced to come into her room. O the sight that mother gazed upon! What mental agony she suffered! What a spectacle for a dying parent to look upon! How bitter the reflection that her own neglect, and her

husband's bad example, had done much to place her son in that position! Her maternal heart was touched to its deepest core by the sight, and yearned with profound desire for his salvation. She thought how often she had pleaded with God on his behalf, and had hoped almost against hope, and her faith was strong in Christ, Who is "able to save to the uttermost" all that "come unto God by Him," and she was determined that her parting breath should be a prayer to God on his behalf. She prayed for him with great fervency, and the answer of faith came. She exclaimed, "God is a Hearer and Answerer of prayer, and have I not prayed for him with my whole heart? How can he go to hell when the way is *blocked up with prayers?*"

The young man's heart, which was as a walled city, almost impregnable to all feeling, was pierced by this exclamation. It was an arrow of conviction shot from the bow of death, and it stuck in his conscience. He tried to draw it out, but it rankled there, and God in mercy constantly inflamed his recollection. At last he came to the Cross, laid down the weapons of his warfare, and pledged himself to fight against his God no more.

As soon as his conversion became known amongst his former companions, although only a recruit in the service of Christ, he had to take the field against some of the devil's picked men; but armed with "the sword of the Spirit," he did valiantly, and his conquest was so complete, that his former companions, from whom he had suffered bitter persecution, afterwards said to him, "Thou'rt in the right, Jim; stick to it."

Devils acknowledged the Saviour in the days of His flesh, saying, "We know Thee who Thou art, the Holy One of God," and bad men often reverence the good. The conversion of this young man was doubtless in answer to prayer, for it is written, "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and many a prayer had his mother offered up to God on his behalf. Doubtless many a one has been saved in answer to earnest, believing prayer. The prayer of faith is mighty in its influence. Here is an encouragement for parents to pray for the salvation of their children, to pray earnestly, and "in the full assurance of faith." If God is a Hearer and Answerer of prayer, is not that a strong encouragement to pray in faith, and to wrestle with God? Earnest, believing prayer would do much to thin the ranks of the devil. The way to hell is *blocked up with prayers.*

The prayers of pious parents and friends, and of Christian Ministers and Christian Churches, stand before the sinner as a mighty barrier. Special prayers offered up on his behalf,—nay, perhaps his own prayers uttered in times of penitence,—stand in his way to hell. But, sinner, if you force your way to hell, the long catalogue of prayers, the saving virtue of which you have despised, will be registered against you. It was possible for this young man to have resisted, and found his way to hell in spite of the prayers of his mother. God in His great mercy and infinite compassion powerfully forced upon his attention the interests of his soul, and rivetted upon his memory the dying words of his mother; so that he found it "hard to kick against the pricks," and happily turned from his evil way.

Let none presume because they are the subjects of many prayers. Although the encouragement is strong to pray for the salvation of others, the caution is equally strong that none must trust to the prayers of another,—although they are of great service,—but each must work out his "own salvation with fear and trembling." The fact stands out, that it is awfully possible to go to hell, though the way be *blocked up with prayers.*

But there is an easy way to hell, and thousands upon thousands are daily travelling upon it. It has been said, and very truly, "the way to hell is paved with good intentions." There are very few persons, if any, who deliberately make up their minds to go to hell. Their pathway is but a pavement of good

intentions. They do not wish to perish, but they put off their opportunities of salvation time after time, till death comes upon them. When it is too late to retrace their steps, they find that all their lifetime they have not been walking on the pathway of good intentions. This is the broad road to ruin. "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

Derby. R. J. K.

AN AGED WIDOW'S EXPERIENCE.

THE following is the testimony of an aged widow:—"When my poor old man died, six years ago, (he used to break stones on the road,) I was obliged to go to the parish, and I wondered how I should pay my class and ticket money. Well, I thought, the Lord knows all about me. I'll pay the penny a week as long as *ever* I can, and when I can't pay a penny, I'll pay a halfpenny. Well, do you know, I've always been able to give the penny, and a trifle at ticket time besides; and somehow, I always have something to put on the plate when there is a collection. And I don't miss it. Bless the Lord, He makes it up to me in various ways. He raises me up many friends, — Church folks, Independents, Baptists, Methodists: I want for nothing. I'm so comfortable you don't know. I live all alone, but I'm not alone. When I think on these things, I'm so full, I often burst out a singing in the middle of the night."

North Walsham. A. T.

THE PERSECUTED METHODIST WIDOW.

OUR widow threw herself on her parish, asking for out-door relief, or "meal-money," as it was termed. It was necessary to make this application to the administrators of parochial charity in conclave assembled.

"Well, Mrs. J—," said the chairman, "what is *your* request?"

"If you please, gentlemen," said the widow, "I have come to ask bread for my poor children."

There was a pause.

"Why is it, Mrs. J—," at last said her interrogator, "that you do not now come to church?"

The widow, with artless simplicity, repeated the tale of her own and her husband's conversion, and closed by saying, "How, then, can I leave these people?" Did she know that she was casting oil on smouldering flames? She appears to have thought nothing about it. Her soul was fired with delight at such an opportunity to ventilate the theme of her heart. "Out of the abundance" of her heart her mouth spake. The shot told. She was informed that no bread would be hers until she altered her ways. She departed respectful and mild, but unhelped.

"Gentlemen," said she, "I hoped you would not have denied me bread *for my* children; but the Lord will provide." She said more about her faith, but let this suffice.

We have no heart to draw any humour out of this parish-scene. The men who acted so cruelly liked to have it said of them, "He's good to the poor." But they were unawakened, unconverted men, and their ideas of parochial religious propriety had been violated. They liked to sit in their hereditary pews in the church, and have the poor labourer and his family grouped around them obsequiously. What could these "meetingers" mean? No longer was it said that "pogramism" was a deep-laid scheme to aid the Pretender, because Prince Charles had passed from earth. But they said it was revolutionary; and, indeed, it was, although not in their sense of the term. Some said they did not know what it could mean.

As we paced our study for a few minutes, cramped with waiting, a poor little bat entered the room. Blinded by the light, he performed a variety of eccentric evolutions, and finally settled upon the frame of a picture which hung in the most shaded portion of the apart-

ment. The bat could not comprehend those rays. Brought into contact with them, they afforded no assistance to its vision. They only confused and confounded it. It was somewhat thus with these East-Angle magnates, when spiritual light began to be disseminated in their village. But it was also much worse with them than with the poor bat. It was quite useless for the bat to look at the light in any endeavour to be aided by it. Not so with these men. But they fixed tightly their spectacles of prejudice, and took a wilfully jaundiced look at the light, and then, of course, it appeared ugly and bad. They "would not come to the light" steadily, and properly, and inquiringly.

Now came the battle of life: widowed, clung to by six helpless children, persistently denied a crust! The world would only know this as a great display of human wretchedness and woe. But now let us see the Lord paint a bright picture on this prepared canvas, a picture resplendent with the glorious hues of His own Shepherd care, Fatherly providence, thirst-satiating love. In many a pulpit, for a quarter of a century, have we quoted the widow of East-Angle as an example of faith, and of faith triumphant. We have seen tears follow the recital. On many a wilderness ride have we meditated on her case, and our meditation has been sweet. How do these precious memories of the early friends to our souls cling to us. "The memory of the just" how "blessed!"—*"The Widow of East Angle," by the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste.**

STAR DUST.

Little facts and circumstances, in the economy of Almighty God, have irresistible charms for me, and serve, like others more prominent, to show the perfect and beautiful manner in and for which every thing has been created. In contemplating them, what a delightful lesson may we not learn! We may find in them the strongest testimonies of the truth of revelation, and the superintendence of an all-wise and benevolent Creator. It has been well said, that in the book of Nature is written in the plainest characters the existence of a God, which revelation takes for granted; of a God how full of contrivance! how fertile in expedients! how benevolent in His ends! At work everywhere, everywhere, too, with equal diligence; leaving nothing incomplete; finishing "the hinge in the wing of an insect," as perfectly as if it were all He had to do; unconfounded by the multiplicity of objects, undistracted by their dispersion, unwearied by their incessant demands on Him, fresh as on that day when the morning-stars first sung together, and all nature shouted for joy.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow, and his steed starve: as, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpose. As good no scythe as no edge. Then only doth the work go forward, when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted, that it may cut, and so cuts, that it may have the help of sharpening.—*Bishop Hall.*

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES."

O Lord, I come to Thee
Weary, heartsore, and pain'd;
I hear Thy loving voice,
And feel my rest is gain'd.

I know the stinging smart,
The keen and rankling pain,
The hot and bitter tears
That flow as summer rain.

* Messrs. Morgan, Chase, and Scott, Ludgate-hill.

I know the weary sigh,
The grief too great for tears,
The anguish'd heart bent low
With the woe of passing years.

I know what the soul doth feel
When the loved are torn away,
And we only see before us
The lifeless, soulless clay.

I know how the spirit longs
To join the precious one,
And swell the joyous songs
Of angels round the throne.

I know sin's stinging power
O'er the weary-laden soul;
How it strikes the way-worn pilgrim
As he presses to the goal.

But I know a holier thing,
Pure, sweet relief it gives;
I feel that now my soul can sing,
That my Redeemer lives.

I now defy all woe,
Earth's darkness, death, and pain;
I lift my cross, and onward go,
The heavenly life to gain.

And when my home I reach,
And bathe my weary heart
In the full and flowing fount
In which I have a part,—

My anthem shall ascend
Till heaven's high arches ring;
"I know that my Redeemer lives"
For ever I will sing.

Southampton. MARY BASKIN.

FULL SATISFACTION.

NOT SATISFIED! earth's pleasures pall upon my taste,
I have no light to guide o'er this life's lonely waste;
The darkness gathers round, densely black,
All sense of rest my weary soul doth lack.

Not satisfied! No praise sincere and sweet,
The hungry, fainting need can fully meet,
Or cast one ray of light upon this sin-sick soul,
As the long dreary years in slow succession roll.

Not satisfied! earth's love is nought to me
While everywhere its faithlessness I see,
That chills the joyous breast at one fell sweep,
And leaves the aching heart in mournfulness to weep.

O! Lord, I come, I yield, I cry to Thee;
Where Thou dost dwell, there would Thy servant be;
Take to Thyself, fold to Thy loving breast,
Then shall my weary heart for ever be at rest.

Then when I've pass'd all bounds of time and space,
And hear the heavenly chant, and see Thy face,
And in Thy radiant likeness wake and shine,
Then, Lord, shall satisfaction evermore be mine.

Southampton. MARY BASKIN

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

NOVEMBER (*continued*).

Day.	MORNING. *To be read together.*		EVENING. *To be learned.*	
6.	Jer. xxxi. 27—38	Nehemiah iii. 1, 31, 32; Heb. viii. 7—13	1 Peter iv. 1—5	Nehemiah iv.; Psalm cxxiii.
7.	Deut. xv. 1—15	Nehemiah v.	6—10	Nehemiah vi.; Psalm xc.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE, *continued.*

Day.	MORNING. *To be read together.*		EVENING. *To be learned.*	
8.	Neh. xii. 27—47	Psalm cxlvii.	1 Peter iv. 11-13	Zeph. iii. 9—20 Nehemiah viii.
9.	1 Kings viii. 46—53	Nehemiah ix.	14—16	Ezekiel xi. 14—21 Neh. x. 1, 28—31
10.	Jeremiah xvii. 19—27	vii. 1—4 xi. 1, 2 xiii.	17—19	Isaiah xliii. 14—28 Malachi i. ii. 1—13
11.	Zechariah ix.	Zechariah x., xi.	To be recalled	Zech. xii., xiii., xiv.
12.	Mal. iii. 1—6 iv. 5, 6	Luke i. 5—17 Matthew xi. 7—15	1 Peter v. 1—5	Hebrews i.
13.	Isai. vii. 14 ix. 6, 7	Luke i. 26—38 Matthew i. 18—25	6—10	ii.
14.	Micah v. 1—4	Luke ii. 1—20 Matthew ii. 1—11	To be recalled	Galatians iv.
15.	Isaiah xl. 3—11	Luke iii. 1—23	2 Peter i. 1—4	Isaiah xl.
16.	lix.	John iii. 16—36	5—8	Romans v.
17.	lxi. 1—3 ix. 1—7	Luke iv. 14—32 Matthew iv. 12—17	9—12	Colossians i.
18.	Deut. xviii. 15—19	John v. 39—47 vi. 1—14	13—16	Hebrews iii. iv. 1—13
19.	Zech. iii. 8, 9 vi. 9—15	i. 45—49 Ephesians ii. 10—22	17—21	iv. 14—16 v.
20.	Isai. xxxv.	Luke vii. 1—23	To be recalled	Ephesians i.
21.	xlii. 1—16	Matthew xii. 14—30	1 John i. 1—5	iii.
22.	lv. 1—7	John vii. 37—43 iv. 1—26	6—10	Ezekiel xlvii. 1—12 Psalm xxxvi. 7—9 xlvi. 4
23.	xxix. 9-24	Matthew xv. 1—20 John ix. 24—41	To be recalled	Isaiah lxiv. 4 1 Cor. i. 17—31 ii. 1—10
24.	Ezekiel xxxiv.	John x. 11—18	1 John ii. 1—5	Isaiah liii. 6 Matt. xviii. 11—14 1 Peter ii. 21—25 v. 1—4
25.	Zech. ix. 9 Psalm cxviii. 21—29	Matthew xxi.	6—9	1 Peter ii.
26.	Isaiah xi. 1—5	xxiii.	10—13	Isaiah xi. Romans xv. 8—12 xi. 22—27
27.	Zech. xiii. 7 Dan. ix. 25, 26 (First Clauses)	Mark xiv. 27—50	14—17	Psalm cx. 4—7 Hebrews vii. viii. 1—6
28.	Isaiah l. 1—9	Matt. xxvi. 57—68 John xviii. 28—40 xix. 1—5	18—21	xii.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE, *continued.*

Day.	MORNING. *To be read together.*	*To be learned.*	EVENING.
29.	Isai. lii. 13—15, liii. 1—8 / Luke xxiii. 13—34	1 John ii. 22—25	Hebrews xiii.
30.	Psalm xxii. / Matt. xxvii. 33—54	26—29	Zechariah xiii. 1 / Hebrews ix.

DECEMBER.

1.	Deut. xxvii. 26, xxi. 22, 23 / Genesis xxii. 15—18, Galatians iii. 7—14	To be recalled	Hebrews vi.
2.	Exodus xii. 43—49, Zech. xii. 10, Isai. liii. 9 / John xix. 30—42, Matt. xxvii. 57—66	Ps. cxliii. 1—6	John x. 11, 15—18 / Romans vi.
3.	Ps. xvi. 9—11, Isai. liii. 10-12 / Luke xxiv. 1—49	7—12	Colossians ii. 8—23, iii. 1—15
4.	Ps. lxviii. 17—20 / Acts i. 1—11, Luke xxiv. 50—53	1 John iii. 1—4	Ephesians iv.
5.	xlvii., cx. 1—3 / Mark xvi. 15—20	5—10	Hebrews x.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

WILLIAM TAPSON.

WILLIAM TAPSON died at St. Germans, in the Callington Circuit, September 13th, 1870, in the eighty-third year of his age. Carefully brought up by a pious widowed mother, he very early became the subject of Divine grace. He has been heard to say he could scarcely remember the time when he did not love his Saviour. At the age of nineteen he became a Member of the Methodist Society, and set himself to work diligently in his Master's service. He took a warm interest in Missions to the heathen. Just before Dr. Coke's leaving for India, he accompanied him on a tour for the purpose of collecting subscriptions, and interesting others in the work. For more than sixty years he was a Sunday-school teacher and superintendent, and for forty years a Class-leader. The reality of his Christianity was manifested in his work and labour of love, but still more unmistakably evidenced in the holiness of his life. Sincerity simplicity, and singleness of purpose, characterized all he did. He never sought to appear what he was not; and his profession was confirmed by his holy walk and conversation. Although actively engaged in secular pursuits, he made it plain to all that "One" was his "Master, even Christ," keeping himself "unspotted from the world," and "holding forth the Word of Life." Whether in public or in the family circle, while bright and cheerful, he was never heard to utter a word which could bring reproach on the Gospel, and he fearlessly bore witness to the truth, "warning every man, and teaching every man," as opportunity offered.

This was especially apparent during the last few weeks of his earthly life, when he sought out every occasion of pressing on those around him, especially the careless or undecided, the importance of making sure work for eternity. In order to do this, he sometimes went

direct to the person's house, and spoke words which some will not soon forget. It was observed that whilst thus occupied he was enabled to throw off the earthly cares which had sometimes oppressed him, and that he was possessed of a singular joy, serenity, and peace. He was often heard singing his favourite hymn,—

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

Those about him little thought how near the margin of the dark river he was, and did not perceive that what they saw was but the reflected glory of the yonder side; the land of light and peace into which he was so soon to enter. A few hours of indisposition were followed by an attack of apoplexy. His last words before becoming unconscious were, "Beautiful view! Glory!"

Callington. JOSEPH MOLE.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR NOVEMBER, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Oct. 28	6 46	4 41	6 25m	3 22m	6 46a	9 42a	7 53a
Nov. 7	7 3	4 24	*Sets.* 4 27a	3 6	6 38	9 5	7 17
17	7 21	4 9	4 21	3 4	6 34	8 27	6 42
27	7 37	3 58	4 27	3 11	6 33	7 46	6 8

PHASES OF THE MOON.

5th, Last Quarter .... 0h. 55m. after.
12th, New Moon ..... 5h. 9m. after.
19th, First Quarter .. 8h. 47m. morn.
27th, Full Moon..... 1h. 53m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Nov. 2d. ..... 4h. morn., Apogee; distance		251,816 miles.
„ 14th ..... 4h. morn., Perigee;	„	223,907 „
„ 29th ..... 7h. after., Apogee;	„	252,340 „
Mean distance for the month		237,993 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

November 1st	90,937,270 miles.
December 1st	90,363,060 „
Decrease of distance for the month	574,210 „

Mercury is now in the part of its orbit most distant from us. It will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 2d, an hour before noon. On the evening of the 4th, it will pass from the north to the south side of the plane of the Earth's orbit. On the morning of the 15th, it will be at its greatest distance from the Sun.

Venus, now the morning star, is at its greatest brilliancy about the beginning of the month, but the strong twilight greatly diminishes the effect. The form is then a beautiful crescent, like the

Moon toward the end of her last quarter; the diameter forty seconds, the breadth of the illuminated part about a tenth of that quantity. The planet is best seen by daylight, and thus we are seldom in a position to trace any of the spots on its surface, which its resemblance to the Earth and Mars in other particulars leads us to look for. There is a decided shading off in the concavity, giving a want of definiteness to the outline, and a lengthening of the cusps beyond a semicircle, which clearly indicate the existence of an atmosphere of considerable density. Appearances also favour the supposition that this atmosphere is generally a cloudy one, and is thus charged with vapours, probably aqueous; and if aqueous, they must come from large tracts of water, seas, or oceans, on the surface of the planet. These clouds must be subject to an electric influence, which undoubtedly pervades the whole solar system, since it has been known to thrill instantaneously from the Sun to the Earth, and is probably more active in Venus than with us; and it requires no stretch of imagination to conceive clouds in Venus and the subjacent soil in opposite electrical conditions, the tension at length overcoming the resistance, and a violent thunderstorm and charged raindrops restoring the equilibrium. It is not difficult to imagine whither these conjectures would lead us. Unfortunately, we are far less favourably situate for examining Venus than an inhabitant of Venus would be for ascertaining the condition of the Earth, provided he enjoys a tolerably clear atmosphere; just as we know more about the surface of Mars than, with equal powers of vision, an inhabitant of Mars could about the surface of the Earth. When Venus is *new* to us, the Earth is *full* to Venus, and its seas present immense dark patches, which an astronomer could not fail to recognize. An inhabitant of Venus with human capabilities might know more of the polar regions of our world than we do.

The most interesting phenomenon of this month with reference to *Mars* will not be witnessed by us. In certain parts of the torrid zone and southern hemisphere it will be occulted by the Moon on the evening of the 15th. Seen from the Earth's centre at five minutes before eight, the centres of Mars and the Moon will be in the same straight line; they will then be in the zenith of the southern part of Madagascar. At the same time this planet will be very near Saturn. The Moon and the two planets will present an interesting aspect at setting on that day. To one point we wish to call attention: if both planets are seen by the reflected light of the Sun, and the surface of Mars is as capable of reflecting light as that of the system of Saturn, the former would at this conjunction appear to us at least three times as bright as the latter. Any one may have an opportunity of judging on the occasion whether it is so; and the decision, taken in connection with recent discoveries, is of considerable importance.

Jupiter rises now at a seasonable hour; and, as it attains to an elevation of fifty-nine degrees when on the meridian, is in a favourable position for telescopic examination. It is in the constellation Cancer. On the morning of the 4th, it will be near the Moon.

Saturn is visible for some time after sunset. It sets on the 19th, the same time as Mars. The distance between these bodies is eleven degrees on the 1st, Mars being farther westward. They are not quite two degrees asunder on the 16th; after this, Mars, proceeding eastward, leaves Saturn behind, and will be again eleven degrees distant on December 1st. The breadth of the ring in Saturn is now equal to the diameter of the ball.

Uranus is about two degrees east of Jupiter.

Neptune will be on the meridian on the 11th, at 10h., and on the 26th, at 9h., in the evening, altitude forty-five degrees.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

The father of this eminent man was Alexander Leighton, D.D., the author of a book, entitled, "Zion's Plea; or, An Appeal to the Parliament," which brought upon him the vengeance of Bishop Laud, and the High Commission Court. He was condemned in the Star-Chamber to have his ears cut, and his nose slit, and was imprisoned for eleven years.

His son, the Archbishop, was a man of very considerable learning,

and great piety. Dr. Burnet says, that he was possessed of a high and noble sense of Divine things, and that he had a contempt both of wealth and reputation, and bore every sort of ill-usage and reproach like a man that had pleasure in it. The sublimity of thought and expression in his preaching, and the grace and gravity of his pronunciation, were such, that few persons heard him without emotion.

Dr. Doddridge wrote a preface to his "Expository Works," in which he calls him a "wonderful man," and speaks of the delight and edification which he found in reading his writings. Of the Bishop's style he says, it has dignity and force mingled with true simplicity, and has often reminded him of that soft and sweet eloquence of Ulysses, which Homer describes as falling like flakes of snow. Soon after the accession of Charles II., he was appointed Bishop of Dunblane, Scotland, but finding his efforts thwarted, he was discouraged, and resigned his bishopric.

In 1670, he proposed to the King a plan for settling the differences in the Church of Scotland, and accepted the Archbishopric of Glasgow. When he came to Glasgow, he held a synod, and exhorted the clergy, "To look more to God, and to consider themselves as the Ministers of the cross of Christ; to lay aside all revenge, and to humble themselves before God by secret fasting and prayer, and to meet often, that they might quicken one another in these holy exercises."

After various unsuccessful attempts to establish peace in the Church, he resolved, in the year 1672, to give up the See of Glasgow. He had not gained the favour of the Presbyterians, and he was disliked by the Episcopalians; and as he could not execute his designs of healing and reforming the Church, he left Scotland, and retired to a private house at Broadhurst, in Sussex.

He lived ten years in Sussex, doing great good in his neighbourhood. In 1684, he went to London at the request of some friends, on a visit of mercy. He was then about seventy years of age. When Dr. Burnet saw him, he observed how well he looked. He replied, that he was very near his end, and that his work and journey were almost done. He was the next day taken ill of a pleurisy, and died the day after at the Bell Inn, in Warwick-lane. He used to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. To die at an inn, he thought looked like a pilgrim going home, who was weary of the noise and confusion of the world.

He had melancholy reflections on the state of the Church of England. He regarded it as the best constituted Church in the world, as to its doctrine and worship; but he condemned the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the want of pastoral care in the clergy. He

thought that it looked like a fair carcase without a spirit, and that the clergy were destitute of zeal in the service of God.

As a specimen of the piety of this good Bishop, we subjoin some extracts from his "Rules and Instructions for a Holy Life:"—

1. Learn to have a continual eye inwardly to thy spiritual life, as thou hast heretofore had all thy mind and regard to outward pleasure and worldly things.

2. Give thyself up unto the discipline of Jesus, and become His scholar, resigning thyself altogether to obey Him in all things.

3. Keep thy memory pure from all strange imaginations, and let it be filled with the virtues of Christ's life and passion, that God may continually rest in thy mind.

4. Exercise thyself to the perfect denial of all things which may impede thy union with Christ. Mortify in thee every thing that is not of God, and which He loveth not.

5. Resist all affection to, and seeking of thyself, which is so natural to men in all the good which they desire or do, and in all the evil which they suffer.

6. Mortify all pleasure in meat, drink, and vain thoughts. Vain thoughts will defile thy soul, grieve the Holy Ghost, and do great damage to thy spiritual life.

7. Imprint on thy heart the image of Jesus crucified. Think of His humility, poverty, mildness; and let thy thoughts of Him turn into affection, and thy knowledge into love.

8. Mortify all bitterness of heart towards others, and all complacency in thyself, all vain glory and desire of esteem in words and deeds, in gifts and graces.

9. Avoid all vain speculations on unnecessary things, human or divine. The perfect life of a Christian consisteth not in high knowledge, but profound meekness, in holy simplicity, and in the ardent love of God.

10. Take all afflictions as tokens of God's love to thee, and trials of thy love to Him, and purposes of kindness to enrich thee, and increase more plentifully in thee His blessed gifts and spiritual graces.

11. Whatsoever befalleth thee, receive it not as from the hand of any creature, but from God alone, and render back all to Him, seeking in all things His pleasure and honour, and thine own sanctification.

12. Remember always the presence of God; rejoice always in the will of God; direct all to the glory of God.

His great work is his most beautiful exposition of the First Epistle of St. Peter.

THE BIBLE, THE ONLY RULE OF FAITH.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHEAD.

"The Bible—I say the Bible only—is the religion of Protestants."—*Chillingworth.*

AMONG others, there are three particulars in which the various Protestant Churches differ from the Church of Rome,—the *extent of the Canon*, the *authority*, and the *use* of the Scriptures.

In addition to the books of the Old and New Testaments which Protestants receive, the Church of Rome admits the Apocrypha as canonical. The writings to which this name is given, came into existence during the interval which elapsed between the time of the prophet Malachi and the beginning of the Christian dispensation. It is noteworthy that the Jews, who regard it as the peculiar honour of their race that "unto them were committed the oracles of God," and who hold the Word in the highest reverence, have never unto this day regarded the Apocrypha as being in any sense inspired or authoritative. Professedly Jewish writings, the Apocryphal books have never been received by the Jews as Divinely inspired. In short, if the historical argument were not conclusive, their strange, heterogeneous, objectionable contents would be sufficient to exclude these writings from the Canon. It may, however, be said that some noble sentiments are contained in them, and that they are useful as ancient writings in throwing light upon the language of the Scriptures, and upon Oriental manners in the past: but the Primitive Church never placed them on a level with the Old Testament writings, and only permitted them to be read "for instruction, not for the proof of doctrine." At the Council of Trent, (A.D. 1546,) the Romish Church declared the Apocryphal books to be canonical, perhaps partly because they give some warrant for certain of her peculiar doctrines; partly because they were rejected by the divines of the Reformed Faith: and in addition to that declaration, an "Anathema" was pronounced against those who did not receive the same. The curse, and the spirit which dictated it, need only be regarded with contempt.

The Church of Rome also maintains that the New Testament *is not* a full and sufficient rule of *faith* and practice for the Christian; but that there were many truths essential to salvation taught by the Apostles, which have been handed down to us by tradition, which are of co-ordinate authority with the Christian Scriptures, and of which the Church is the ultimate and infallible judge. It is most improbable that any essential truth of our religion would be left to be handed down merely by word of mouth. Seeing that the religion of Christ was designed for every nation and kindred and people and tongue, it is reasonable to suppose that its essential verities would be fixed by being put in writing, and thus saved from the loose, unsatisfactory medium of oral tradition. In early times, when by reason of the longevity of man tradition would be most reliable, it was nevertheless most inefficient; and religion was at a very low ebb in the world when Abram was called of God, and "went out, not knowing whither

he went." We find that our blessed Lord, while He condemned the traditions current in His time, most emphatically directed the people to the Scriptures: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me." (John v. 39.) The Evangelist Luke in his preface tells us that he wrote in order that there might be "certainty" with respect to "those things which are most surely believed among us." Many had "taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration" of Christian facts and doctrines; but those digests, to which the preface makes reference, were superseded by the Gospel according to St. Luke. If, therefore, uninspired *writings* were uncertain, much more so was *tradition*. St. John plainly teaches the sufficiency of Scripture, when he says: "These things are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His Name." (John xx. 31.) It is the Scriptures, St. Paul tells us, which "are able to make" us "wise unto salvation," and by means of which "the man of God may be perfect." (2 Tim. iii. 15, 17.) And significantly enough, one of the last sentences of the Scriptures is: "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." (Rev. xxii. 18.) So that we may conclude in the words of the Sixth Article of the Church of England: "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."

Furthermore, the Church of Rome withholds the Scriptures from the people, denying the right of private judgment in the things of God, and declaring that implicit faith and obedience must be given to the Church as the infallible expositor of Christian truth. One who professes to have found in the Church of Rome an asylum from the distractions and perplexities of his own mind, has recently declared: "That the Church is the infallible oracle of truth, is the fundamental dogma of the Catholic religion." * He further observes: "It is sometimes spoken of as a hardship that a Catholic is not allowed to inquire into the truth of his creed;...of course he cannot, if he would retain the name of believer. He cannot be both inside and outside of the Church at once." Instead of "believer," "blind and superstitious votary" would have been the correct term. That single quotation will suffice to show how the Papacy cripples the intellect, and crushes every effort of free thought. The proclamation of the Pope's infallibility is the last indignity of that corrupt Church to individual liberty. Now we maintain, that the men of this nineteenth century have as much right to interpret the Scriptures according to their own understanding, as those of the primitive age had, who received the first copy of a Gospel or an Epistle. The Scriptures are the heritage of all; and both foolish and culpable is the man who relinquishes his birthright. It is recorded that the Bereans "were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things

* Dr. Newman's "Grammar of Assent."

were so." (Acts xvii. 11.) And hence we may learn, that the people as well as the ministry of any Church are bound to search the Scriptures; and that to do so is not only an unquestionable right, but a sacred duty of every man. We have a "sure word of prophecy; whereunto we do well that we take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts." (2 Peter i. 19.)

"This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow,
And evermore beseeching men with tears
And earnest sighs, to hear, believe, and live."

LESS DISTINGUISHED NAMES IN THE WORD OF GOD.

VIII.—SHALLUM AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

BY THE REV. JABEZ MARRAT.

When the decree of Cyrus authorizing the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem was issued, a large caravan of Jews set out for the land towards which they had so often looked when in captivity by the rivers of Babylon. The foundations of the temple were laid with mingled demonstrations of joy and grief. The younger men made the ravines about the city resound with acclamations, as they saw what was to them a new beginning of national and religious life; but the old men wept as they contrasted the diminished grandeur of the second house, with the noble measurement and stately proportions of the one which in happier days they had known and frequented. The work was solemnly inaugurated, but many difficulties arose in the way of its completion, and it might have been discontinued but for the animating prophecies of Haggai and Zechariah, the latter thus triumphing over the hindrance: "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel *thou shalt become* a plain: and he shall bring forth the headstone *thereof with* shoutings, *crying*, Grace, grace unto it." The temple was at length built, and the ancient ritual restored, but much of the city presented a sad and desolate aspect; the streets being heaped with ruins, and the walls in the same condition as when shattered and broken down by the battering-rams of the Babylonian army. Shapeless mounds, overgrown with weeds and grass, had taken the place of the majesty which filled the vision of the Psalmist as he sung: "Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces."

Nehemiah, cup-bearer in the court of the Persian king, was stricken with grief as he heard of the dilapidation of the holy city, and obtained leave to go and superintend the restoration of its defences. He entered Jerusalem almost secretly, and the third night after his arrival went round the city to discover more fully the condition of the walls. Soon after, he laid his projects before the people, assuring them of the good will and help of Artaxerxes; his words were in unison with their own feelings, and in a burst of enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise and build."

The work was allotted to different families, and one part of it was undertaken by Shallum, in conjunction with his daughters. At what time he returned to Jerusalem we are unable to determine, but he was one of those to whom even the

desolations of Zion were dearer than all the pomp of palaces and gardens reflected in the Euphrates. Babylon might offer a more luxurious life, and open a wider avenue to temporal advancement,—for even in captivity the Jews were not without opportunities of gaining wealth and high position, bearing as they did the signature of Jehovah on their lofty brows, and moving among their conquerors as men of a superior race,—but Shallum saw in the very dust and ruin of Jerusalem, a glory and a joy to which the most famous seats of idolatry and secular government could make no pretension. His labour in connection with the city wall is a proof of his patriotic zeal. His patriotism was not a mere sentiment, but a living force which urged him to toil and self-sacrifice. He gave practical expression to his love of the city associated with the memory of his fathers and the grandeurs and griefs of his nation, as day after day he was seen at his post raising the courses of masonry higher and yet higher. But his was not patriotism divorced from religion. Men have fought bravely on the battle-field, and pleaded before senates, and died on the scaffold in their country's cause, who have yet denied the whole range of revealed truth. Shallum was not like these; he was not like the Girondists, who poured out for France the full treasure of their noble gifts, but refused the guidance of the Bright and Morning Star: he toiled for God as well as for the land of his birth. The wall was not simply a defence for "the dwellings of Jacob," but was also the outer enclosure of the temple, and the veil, the altar, the mercy-seat; and those massive gates and towers were parts of one magnificent plan, the whole of which was to be "Holiness unto the Lord." Hence the work of Shallum was more sacred than secular, and in piling the huge stones he was moved by feelings high as those which animated the priest when standing by the altar, or opened the lips of the prophet in accents of godly exultation.

But he was not alone in this work. His daughters aided him, and their readiness shows that he had been careful to imbue them with his own spirit. He had lived in the practice of what Moses enjoined: "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates." Seated within the walls inscribed with portions of the law, Shallum had rehearsed to his daughters the acts of Jehovah, the signs and wonders with which He had lighted the path of His people's history, and the chastisements with which He had visited them when they went after other gods; nor is it unlikely that father and daughters, grouped in the calm of evening on the terraced roof, had sung the strains of David and Asaph.

Shallum's care had not been in vain; his daughters were one with him in feeling and purpose; and though accustomed, like other Hebrew women, to sit behind the lattice of their pleasant dwelling, laying their hands to the spindle and the distaff, or devising raiment of needlework, they did not think it an unworthy task to handle the

rough stones, or in other ways to help the workmen. By their devotion to the service of God, they filled their "odorous lamp with deeds of light and hope that reaps not shame;" and in later days, what satisfaction they would have in leading their children to the walls, and pointing out the part which they had assisted in building!

They stand before us for a moment in the sacred narrative and then disappear: but as workers for God, they are entitled to rank with such lovely forms of sanctified womanhood as Dorcas and Lydia, Lady Huntingdon and Mary Fletcher.

THE RISE OF ENGLISH NONCONFORMITY.

BY THOMAS BILL.

A PROCEEDING took place in March, 1562, which shows how the rights of conscience were violated, and the true principles of Christianity subverted, by the semi-Protestant Queen Elizabeth and her advisers. Archbishop Parker and several other prelates formed a council, before whom the clergy of London and its vicinity were summoned to appear. This council, presided over by the primate, caused a Mr. Cole to assume a dress which the clergy were required to use. He stood up before them, while the lay-chancellor delivered the following address: "My masters, and the ministers of London, the council's pleasure is, that strictly ye keep the unity of apparel, like this man, as ye see him; that is, a square cap, a scholar's gown, a tippet, and in the church a linen surplice; and inviolably observe the Rubric of the Common Prayer, the Queen's injunction, and the Book of Convocation. Ye that will presently subscribe, write *Volo;* those that will *not*, write *Nolo*. Be brief; make no words."

There were ninety-eight clergymen present, and although severe punishment was threatened to those who refused to subscribe, yet thirty-seven of them would not "set their names;" and, in consequence, they were deprived of their benefices, besides suffering other wrongs. Among these were many learned and popular preachers, who, in a respectful remonstrance addressed to the council, appealed to the Scriptures in justification of their refusal to perform certain ceremonies which they contended were essentially Popish in their principles, and diametrically opposed to the Bible. The reply made to this address clearly exhibits the fact that the Church was founded on the private judgment of an iron-willed sovereign. "Our business," said the prelates, "is not to argue, but to execute the Queen's injunctions." It being thus publicly announced that liberty of conscience was not allowed, and that the exclusive authority and sufficiency of the Scriptures in matters of religion was superseded, many earnest and conscientious men left the Established Church, and became the originators of the sect known as Independents.

In the year 1567, a small congregation assembled in the city of London to worship after the manner of the seceders. They were discovered, and many of them hurried to Bridewell, where they were compelled to languish for twelve months. The Nonconformists were cruelly persecuted, and the sufferings they endured under Elizabeth attest the veracity of Lord Macaulay's assertion, that "the spirit of Protest-

antism was far fiercer and more intolerant *after* the cruelties of Mary than *before* them." In 1571, the "Articles of Religion" received the sanction of the Queen and Parliament, but not the slightest concession was made to the seceders. Their principles, however, continued to spread.

Episcopal vigilance discovered a few Baptists from the Continent worshipping in a house in London on Easter-day, 1575. Between twenty and thirty were taken into custody; some of them were prevailed upon to sign a recantation of their faith, but ten men remained firm; eight were banished, and two were burned at the stake.

The famous "Star-Chamber," which flourished during Elizabeth's time, was the source whence emanated all the cruelties enacted in her reign. This court was guilty of the blood of innocent men. It consisted of a number of bishops, noblemen, judges, and counsellors; and as they were empowered to decide cases without the check of a jury, it can readily be imagined that many of their decisions would not bear the light.

The death of Archbishop Parker, which occurred in May, 1575, seemed to open a bright prospect for the persecuted; for his successor, Dr. Grindal, late Bishop of London, was possessed of many amiable qualities, and had a leaning in favour of the Dissenters. This good man had a conscientious regard for the Scriptures, and he wished their truth to be spread far and wide. The Queen did not find in him one that either chiefly aimed at pleasing the ruling Monarch, or delighted in persecuting innocent men. From the Queen he received an order to put an end to those meetings for worship and explaining the Scriptures, which were becoming very prevalent. His conscience, however, would not allow him to carry out her instructions; he persisted in countenancing the clergy in their preaching. He also penned a letter to the Queen, giving his reasons for the line of conduct he was pursuing. It can readily be supposed that Elizabeth, who was so impatient of restraint or contradiction, would not sit down quietly under this supposed censure of her policy, even though it came from the primate. She was deeply offended, and took the first opportunity of suspending him. For his successor, she selected Dr. Whitgift, whom she loaded with ecclesiastical preferment, not so much on account of his learning, orthodoxy, and exemplary life, as because he had made himself a very prominent enemy of the Nonconformists.

This prelate, shortly after his elevation to the Archbishopric, drew up a number of fresh Articles, to which he required the clergy to subscribe. Very many of them stoutly refused, and were in consequence deprived of their benefices. They respectfully remonstrated, and petitions from the laity in all parts of the kingdom were presented to him. So much were his arbitrary dealings disliked by the country, that letters on behalf of the sufferers were forwarded to him from all parts. They, however, produced no favourable results. He persisted in his cruel policy, and was seconded by Aylmer, Bishop of London. The proceedings of these two prelates against the Puritans were so oppressive, that the spirits of many Members of Parliament were roused; but all in vain, for the episcopal influence in the House of Lords was immense.

Volumes would be needed to fully detail the cruel wrongs inflicted upon the nonconforming clergy during Elizabeth's reign. In 1586, they again presented a petition, in which they, in reference to their being deprived of their livings, say: "The grounds of these troubles are, not impiety, immorality, want of learning, or diligence in their ministerial work, but for not being satisfied in the use of certain ceremonies and orders of the Church of Rome, and for not being able to declare that everything in the Common Prayer is agreeable to the Word of God."

Two servants of Christ—namely, John Greenwood and Henry Barrow— forfeited their lives for writing against the intolerant hierarchy. Their execution took place on the 6th of April, 1593. They employed their last moments in professing faith in the Gospel, and loyalty to the Queen. A Welsh divine, John Penry, also had the boldness to put his principles in print, for which he suffered death a few weeks after the above-named martyrs.

Although the loyalty professed by these martyrs caused Elizabeth to repent that she had consented to their death, yet the Archbishop of Canterbury paused not in his fierce career. He did not rest satisfied till through his agitation an Act of Parliament was passed, declaring that all persons above sixteen years of age, who either refused to attend church, or should deny the Queen's authority in causes ecclesiastical, or be at any private meeting under pretence of religion, should, upon conviction, be "committed to prison without bail, till they shall conform and come to church." If they would not subscribe the recantation the Act declared, "They shall abjure the realm, and go into perpetual banishment; and if they do not depart, or if they ever return without the Queen's license, they shall suffer death without benefit of clergy." The Archbishop's proceedings provoked the remark of Lord Burleigh, that "they surpassed the craftiness of the Spanish Inquisition."

The persecution, however, now began to moderate, for the Bishop of London died in 1594; and as the Queen was approaching her end, the prelates feared the power, and courted the favour, of him whom they expected to succeed her. She died on the 24th of March, 1603, about two years before Archbishop Whitgift.

Elizabeth was a great queen, and her reign, in many respects, secured glory to England. The following remarks of Dr. Warner give us a just idea of one part of her administration: "The severity with which she treated her Protestant subjects by her High Commission Courts, was against law, against liberty, and against the rights of human nature. She understood her prerogative, which was as dear to her as her own life; but she understood nothing of the rights of conscience in matters of religion; and, like the king her father, she would have no opinion in religion—acknowledged, at least—but her own. She differed from her sister in this, that she would not part with her supremacy upon any terms."

FREAKS OF A MUCH-DESIRED DECEIVER.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

DECEIVERS abound, and sometimes, for a season, abundantly flourish, even in this enlightened

age. Gipsies, under the pretence of revealing future events, can still occasionally persuade some silly servant-maid to place in their hands silver coin of her own earning, or silver spoons belonging to her mistress, to be then and there wrapped by the gipsy in seven folds of rag, and then kept by the maid-servant unexamined until the moon is full. Of course when the parcel is opened by the foolish young woman, she discovers that worthless metal has been substituted for the precious. There are knaves who so manipulate peas or cards that their victims feel sure that, by the friendly aid of a stranger who has taken a sudden liking to them, they will win a small fortune before supper-time. How much they lose depends on the condition of their pockets when the experiment begins. They lose all they then possessed.

In most cases the deceiver has to seek out his victims. In some instances he has to follow them very cautiously, and earnestly, and perseveringly. There, however, are victims who do not occasion so much trouble. Weak-minded young women will sometimes take considerable pains to find opportunity of going to the tent of wandering gipsies, or of discovering some filthy cottage, wherein an ignorant, vulgar, and selfish woman pretends to reveal what the wisest of human beings are utterly unable to foresee. Shallow-brained young men will employ a holiday in delivering themselves up to the operations of those who are intent on defrauding them. We have now to consider a deceiver who, because of his magnificent attire, and pleasing demeanour, and silver-toned voice, is followed by multitudes who not only deem themselves wise, but are deemed wise by their associates. It is generally supposed that the object of pursuit can be employed as a servant of unlimited powers, like the fabled genii. It is expected that, when once secured, he can be retained, and will fetch and carry all manner of desirable things at the bidding of his lord. Instead of doing so, however, he frequently is guilty of freaks of a very hurtful kind, and then breaks away altogether from his temporary thraldom. We do not affirm that he may not be employed to good service, but only state what often undeniably happens. We speak of Wealth, as distinguished from the mere supply of real need. Now, we are distinctly warned against "the deceitfulness of riches," and taught not only that we may be injured thereby, even to an exclusion from heaven, but also that this is likely to be accomplished in a way which the unwary and prayerless may not be prepared for. Wealth, though generally and earnestly wooed, is a deceiver. It tantalizes many by always keeping a little ahead of the pursuer, so that his hand is stretched out continually to lay hold on the fugitive, until youth ripens into maturity, and maturity becomes old age, and the empty hand is still stretched out when the pursuer, no longer fleet of foot, stumbles into the grave. But we have now to speak of mischievous pranks played by wealth when seeming to do service to some successful man. The much-desired servitor is constantly promising to impart true satisfaction, yet eludes the fulfilment of his promise in ways which would be ludicrous if they were not mournful.

True blessedness to be produced from the Wardrobe.—This is one of the many promises made by this wondrous servitor. It cannot either be

denied that something in this way may be accomplished, if the possessor of the talisman knows how to proceed, and is resolute in doing so. In some cases the giant has almost unlimited power. Some men have a servitor so mighty that if he is directed to bring without delay a thousand warm top-coats, and a thousand woollen shawls, and a thousand jackets, and a thousand girls' frocks, with four thousand pairs of boots or shoes of suitable sorts and sizes, the work is done at once. But we at once perceive that no man will be foolish enough to try to put all these things on his own body. Two or three coats are deemed enough even for a jockey who finds that he is a few pounds too heavy, and desires to reduce his weight by exercise as speedily as possible. It is clear that other backs and other feet will have to be employed in addition to those belonging personally to the owner of the talisman. When he has set the giant to the task of bringing the clothing and shoes, the man is on the right track for getting real blessedness out of a wardrobe, but he must push the affair to its proper termination. There is a sacred Book which will give all needful instruction, and there are instincts and sympathies of our humanity which will aid in enforcing the lesson, and the Good Spirit will write it on the believing heart. But there is nothing in Wealth to teach this. No accumulation of property will incline its possessor to act thus wisely. The tendency of riches is to substitute a worthless counterfeit.

Let us mark carefully what is too often produced from the wardrobe. Rich people are put off with the mere sham, and eventually become content therewith. By-standers perceive that they are imposed on. An hour will arrive when they must discern this themselves. But meanwhile it is like parting with real jewels, and then receiving back mere paste jewels. Women are generally supposed to be more frequently tricked with counterfeits of blessedness belonging to the wardrobe class, and we will therefore speak of their error. Rich ladies have been led to expect that the mighty servitor will produce true satisfaction from the wardrobe for their benefit. But what do we see? An Empress is engaged in earnest consultation with three or four dress-makers and as many milliners. She is preparing for a race as though empire and life depended on the result. She is saying to the obsequious, yet not altogether unselfish attendants, *keep* me ahead of these duchesses *and* countesses, lest chaos return, and the foundations of human society be upturned in general ruin. So the Empress starts in the race, and the ladies of high degree, aided by their retainers, start in pursuit, each one saying to those around her, "Save me, O ye needlewomen, from being overtaken by those untitled people!" The wives of bankers and merchants are straining every nerve to frustrate the purpose of the puffed-up aristocracy. But there is a further following; of women whose husbands or fathers have prospered marvellously through shoddy, rags, refuse of metal, or other disreputable things. But money is forthcoming in abundance. So these upstarts are well equipped for the race, and are not far behind the representatives of "old families." Close at their heels are a crowd possessing neither titles nor gold. But, having nothing to lose, they risk nothing in the race; and, so long as by impudent pretence they can obtain credit, they will run

with the most honoured. Let the mantua-makers look to the result. Maid-servants by myriads run as fast as they can, and attract as many admirers as the foremost. Besides, as the race is in a circle, and the old ground has to be, consequently, retraced, it is difficult for those who merely cast a cursory glance to say who is first. Is the Empress just behind the last scullery-girl? When all are running in a ring, over and over the same ground, who shall affirm which woman is foremost? But we ask, Is a desired place in that race all that wealth intends to bring out of the wardrobe? He must be a cunning rogue, an arch deceiver.

True blessedness to be placed on the Table.—This promise, also, is made by the slave of the talisman, if his owner desires to listen to such a promise. Now, we do not deny, nor wish to deny, that much in this form may be secured, if the possessor of the talisman is resolute in the right. The mighty servitor can really accomplish wonders if he is really looked after by his master. We read that Joseph, when he was the Viceroy of Egypt, and his brethren had come down a second time, gave them wagons and provision by the way: "And to his father he sent after this manner; ten asses laden with the good things of Egypt, and ten she-asses laden with corn and bread and meat for his father by the way." Now, there are men living at the present time who could have twenty times that quantity of pleasant and nutritious food carted to their door in six hours' time if they gave the needful direction to their servitor. The giant Wealth which waits to do their bidding is almost unlimited in capacity for this kind of service. A step towards real blessedness would be taken. Yet caution is needed, or the master of the slave will be deceived after all. Neither Reuben, nor any one of his brothers, could have eaten all that was on the asses. The fortunate man to whom we have just referred, who has at his command, in unlimited quantity, the good things of Egypt, and of all other lands, must take heed how he proceeds. Let him engage a few score of hungry and vigorous stomachs, such as belong to orphan children, and they will suitably deal with the corn. Then let him press into his service a few score of delicate stomachs such as belong to aged folk and sick people, and they will use the nice things profitably. Thus the man will find true blessedness in what pertains to the table. By a judicious employment of proxies there is scarcely any limit to the pleasure which may be derived from eating and drinking.

But this Wealth—surplus money—is an arch deceiver. He will, if possible, entice his master to do the work with his own stomach. As dealing with the quantity would be manifestly absurd, the supposed quality is to be chiefly regarded. The much money is thus to be placed on the man's own part of the table. What a sad blunder! There is one deluded victim groaning because of dyspepsia, and another writhing in the agonies of gout, and a third lying under the table through the effects of the old port and choice cognac, and a fourth dying amid the horrors of delirium tremens. Had they been poor men they might have escaped those evils. But they became wealthy. The treacherous genius entered into their service, and misery, not happiness, has been the result.

True blessedness to be provided in the Safe.—Sometimes the iron safe does not prove to be secure. It may in the ordinary sense be both fire-proof

and thief-proof. But there are many ways by which gold, and bonds, and scrip, and such like, may be reached. A commercial earthquake, such as a Bank-failure, has opened many a safe, miles distant from the scene of the catastrophe. But if the cash or the securities remain in the safe, it does not follow that true blessedness is there stored. It may be so. A man who can go to his safe, and does go, bringing from thence the means of promoting God's glory and human weal, has attained the art of governing the wondrous servitor who professes to obey him. We know there must have been blessedness in the strong-box, because we see much brought forth. But if the contents of the safe only make the man's heart harder, and his anxieties greater, and his dread of death more terrible; while his neighbours despise him, and his debtors hate him, and his kindred wish him dead, it is evident that the servitor whom he long pursued, and at length took captive, has cheated him after all. Happy are those who, whether they have much money or none, are rich towards God, and daily laying up treasure in heaven.

HINTS ON TEA MAKING.

THERE can be no doubt that our London waters are perfect for tea making. This was a subject of Government inquiry in 1851. The Commissioners reported that our London water of about 5 degrees of hardness, after boiling, made as strong tea as water of 2·5 degrees, the flavour being superior in the former case, because, with the softer water, a slightly increased bitterness was detectable, owing to the solution of some of the bitter principles not dissolved by the harder one; and this shows us that the practice adopted by some frugal ladies of adding "just a pinch" of carbonate of soda to the tea, originates from a mistaken notion that depth of colour and beauty of flavour are synonymous terms. It is true that carbonate of soda makes the tea dark, but if you care for taste and flavour I should strongly advise banishing the carbonate of soda bottle from the tea-table.—*The Food Journal.*

THE MAGES.

BY MISS PATMER.

THE MAGES! the Mages!
Those sunrise sages,
What marvel of the vault do they spy?
What thought is in their heart,
As suddenly they start,
Their finger on the chart,
And their eye
On the sky?

The Mages! the Mages!
What cloud uncages
A star at this season of the year,
By nebulæ obscured,
Until their eyes inured
To watching have secured
Its own clear,
Proper sphere?

The Mages! the Mages!
No star engages
Their thoughts, though they call it by that name;
Rounded with fullest ray,
There rises like the day,
Then plunges on its way,
A bright flame,
Like to Fame.

The Mages! the Mages!
Their embassages
From the sunrise unto Salem hie:
"Newborn King of Jews,
Accept our lowly dues;
The night tells us news;
In its sky
Is no lie."

The Mages! the Mages!
How Herod rages!
But rage in his double heart keeps down,
And softly speaks to them,
"Not this Jerusalem,
But little Bethlehem
Is the town
Of His crown."

"O Mages! O Mages!
Mid tender ages
Your Monarch dons Majesty for you;
Speed swiftly o'er the ground,
Your Master shall be found,
And your 'All Hails!' rebound—
Bring me too
In your crew."

The Mages! The Mages!
Their desert stages
Have not blighted hope, nor crippled limb:
Again upsprings the day,
And, rapt into its ray,
They, without sense of way,
Seem to swim
Unto Him.

The Mages! the Mages!
They drop their gages
Of pity, of homage, and of prayer;
The lovely light of gold,
The myrrh in tearful mould,
And the frankincense old,
Rising rare
In the air.

The Mages! the Mages!
That gold presages
The sceptre Immanuel shall assume;
That incense sweet to stir
The prayers men shall prefer;
That antiseptic myrrh
The perfume
Of the tomb.

THE INNOCENTS.

The Mages! the Mages! they do not return;
The time is enough to have emptied their urn
At the feet of their Baby King;
The time is enough to have back'd from his bed,
And Herod His master who longs for His head,
To have handed a leading string.

"When those dotards departed, I asked a clue,
That where they had worshipp'd I might worship too;
But my worship is of the sword:
With words of allegiance, wherein death I swore,
And with an anointing of blood and of gore,
I would come to this Baby Lord.

"The Mages! the Mages! they mock at my sway,
And double to Araby some other way:
It is but a little more death:
If all I shall slay I need no searching out;
As butcher of Bethlehem, not as its scout,
I doom every babe that has breath."

The tramp of a host is in Bethlehem's street;
The wondering inhabitants turn out to meet,
And stare on the silk and the steel.
"O troops of Jerusalem, who is the foe?
On whom leaps the sword, and for whom
do ye blow
That clarion's challenging peal?"

Ah, mother too rash, with a babe at thy breast!
In answer they tear it away from its rest,
And toss to and fro on their spears;
Then on to their work, till the welkin is rent
With the wailing of mother and innocent,
And, if to the grave it can make a descent,
Even Rachel in Ramah hears!

O Herod, O monster! your work is in vain;
In vain are the ghosts of the innocent slain;
The Christ you shall never inurn:
Alike independent of frown and of smile,
With Mary and Joseph, by floods of the Nile,
He waits but your death to return.

A NATIVE AFRICAN'S TOUR IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

Ilminster, Somersetshire, October 4th, 1871.

REV. AND DEAR DOCTOR,

I BEG to remind you that the time for my departure to Africa is rapidly advancing. If all be well, it is my intention to sail from Liverpool by the packet of the 24th of October. I must leave myself entirely in your hands, trusting that you will make for me all necessary provisions.

I hope to leave Taunton finally for London, on Friday morning, the 13th instant, will call at Myddelton-square about ten o'clock on Saturday morning, and obtain your advice and direction in reference to my departure.

I have had a pleasant tour of seven weeks into Cornwall, and only returned to Taunton last Monday, whence I left again yester-afternoon for this place.

On my way to Cornwall, I took the route through Torquay. As I had never before been to Torquay and up the Dart, I was desirous to see these places on my way down, consequently I changed train at Newton, and took the branch line to Torquay. I was very much pleased with the scenery here, which, indeed, is worth seeing. Spent a night at Torquay, and left next day by train to Dartmouth. After seeing what might be seen in this place, I took a passage in the steam-boat from Dartmouth, up the river Dart to Totnes. The banks of the river presented a magnificent sight. The Dart is in this part of the country called the "English Rhine," and those who have seen both rivers, have allowed that this epithet is not unmerited.

I spent a night at Totnes, and left the next morning for Camelford, in Cornwall. Having changed at Plymouth, we passed over the Royal Albert bridge, which spans the river Tamar, and soon rode over Cornish soil. I got out at Bodmin-road station, and took the omnibus for Camelford, where, after a long, slow drive of nineteen miles, we reached our destination. This is the only way of access to Camelford, it being one of the farthest places from railway communication.

I remained nearly three weeks in Camelford, and while here I visited the cliffs of Tintagel, where are still shown the ruins of King Arthur's Castle, ascribed to the sixth century. I was also at Slaughter-Bridge, and hard by a great stone marks the resting-place of this famous British hero.

I also spent a day at Launceston, and walked over the ruins of a castle formerly the property of the old Dukes of Cornwall, but now made into a pleasure-ground by the Duke of Devonshire. I had a peep into the new Wesleyan chapel opened last year by the Rev. S. Coley, who on that occasion preached from two very short texts: in the morning, "Jesus only;" in the evening, "Rejoice evermore." There is no Methodist chapel, I believe, which approaches in structure so near a church, as that of Launceston. It has a tall spire, and is built with a nave and transept.

While in Camelford, I preached one Sunday evening at the new chapel in Pengelly. It is situated near the Delabole Slate Quarry, and has a congregation almost exclusively of quarrymen and their families. When in Cornwall three years before, I preached at this place in the old chapel, which has since been replaced by a new one.

Before leaving the neighbourhood, I preached on the last Sunday evening in the Circuit chapel at Camelford.

On leaving Camelford, I spent a fortnight with an old fellow-student at Bokiddick, a farm three or four miles from Bodmin. While here, I visited New Quay and Fowey, both on the sea-side, the former on the north coast, and the latter on the south. The latter is an old sea-port town, once represented in Parliament, and is remarkable for having been attacked by the French during one of the French wars.

At Gunwen, just a quarter of a mile from Bokiddick, a new Wesleyan chapel has been erected since my former visit.

(*Tintagel Castle.*)

In both the old and new, I have had the pleasure of preaching. On the first Sunday of my recent visit, I preached in the evening at Gunwen, and on the second Sunday, preached in the morning in the Circuit chapel at Bodmin, and afternoon and evening at Gunwen. On the Thursday following a public meeting was held, preceded by a tea. The Rev. Mr. Swinnerton, a Wesleyan Missionary, lately returned from Demerara, with myself, took part in the meeting.

On leaving Bokiddick I proceeded to Redruth to spend a few days with the Rev. J. R. Berry, whose first three years in the ministry were spent in Sierra-Leone.

While at Redruth, I visited Camborne, the famous Gwennap Pit, and two or three other places in the Circuit, and was

taken over the surface-work of a tin mine, the works of a tin smelting-house, iron foundry, brewery, and fuse works.

On the first Sabbath, I preached at Redruth Wesley chapel, morning and evening. The evening congregation was the largest I ever addressed. There were between eighteen hundred and two thousand present. I also visited and addressed the Sunday-school in the afternoon.

On the next Sunday, I preached in the morning to about three hundred in the new chapel at Carn-Brea, and in the evening, to about the same number in another new chapel at Skinner's Buttom. On Monday evening I preached at Blackwater, and on Tuesday afternoon at Carn-Brea, and spoke in the evening at the public meeting which followed a public tea.

I visited Redruth twice; both on my way down, and again on my way up. My first visit occurred at the time of the Financial District Meeting, at whose afternoon sitting I was allowed to be present. The Rev. S. Romilly Hall, recently appointed to Cornwall, was in the chair. Among the assembled Ministers of this District, were some who have toiled on distant shores. The Rev. Mr. Mason, now of Truro, was for some years a Missionary in South Africa; the Rev. Mr. Hutton, Superintendent of the Redruth Circuit, was eight years in China; the Rev. Thomas West, of St. Just, laboured in Fiji, and is brother of the late Rev. Daniel West, who was sent on a deputation to the Gold Coast; the Rev. J. R. Berry, was three years in Sierra-Leone; the Rev. Mr. Swinnerton, of Bodmin, and the Rev. Mr. Broadbent, of St. Austell, both laboured in Demerara.

I also proceeded to the extreme west, spending a few days at St. Just, and preached on the Friday evening to some five or six hundred persons, chiefly miners.

While at St. Just, I visited the Land's-End, Cape Cornwall, the Logan Rock, and went down the famed Botallack Mine, some one thousand and fifty feet deep, and advancing nearly half a mile under the bed of the sea.

On the whole, I enjoyed my visit, and feel much benefitted by the change, both physically and spiritually. With four pounds five shillings, I have economically just managed to pay my expenses for the past eight weeks.

With kind regards,
I am,
Rev. and dear Doctor,
Your obedient Servant,
J. Claudius May.

Rev. Dr. Hoole.

JOHN R——,

THE STONE-BREAKER OF L——.

(*Concluded from page* 344.)

I left home for a few weeks, and the first Saturday after my return was a very cold, rainy day. I was extremely anxious to know how my poor old friends were getting on. It seemed a risk to venture out on such a day, but I felt that I must go. On reaching their cottage, to my dismay I found it empty. I inquired from the neighbours what had become of old John; but none of them could tell me, and for that day I had to give up any further pursuit. After making many inquiries, at last I succeeded in finding them in a much more comfortable dwelling than they had before. They were rejoiced to see me. I sat down, and they recounted to me the troubles which had befallen them since my last visit. The weather for some time had been most inclement, and, in consequence, the poor old man could not work. Each week he had found that he could only pay half of his rent, and the remainder of his allowance was barely sufficient to sustain life. They were soon seven shillings in arrears with their rent, and for that small sum they had been turned out of their home.

In this new distress they cried unto God, and He heard and answered them. A small shopkeeper in the village told old John that he had a comfortable little cottage, adjoining his own, which was

empty at present, and they might go into that on condition that he would leave it when he found a better tenant. To this John agreed, and also to pay him one shilling and sixpence a week for rent, so long as he might remain in it. They had been there a fortnight then, and each Monday morning, as soon as they received the parish pay of three shillings and sixpence, he carried in the eighteenpence for rent. In this state of bitterest and most extreme poverty, when almost every earthly comfort seemed withdrawn, the good old man continued to maintain his habitual cheerfulness and grateful trust. He said, "I am now eighty-six years old, I have come very nearly to the end of my course, 'goodness and mercy have followed me all my days.' His promises cannot fail; He will not forsake my grey hairs; I shall have bread and water, so long as I require it. I praise Him for the grace which enables me to say, 'Thy will be done,' and for the glorious prospect beyond the grave. I shall soon be at rest, and these eyes shall 'behold the King in His beauty.'"

A very pleasing incident was related to me about this time, when in Lincolnshire, of the present Earl Brownlow. Soon after coming into possession of his title and estates, he visited all his poor tenantry, inquired into their circumstances, lowered their rents, etc.; himself distributed the weekly allowance to the old women in the almshouses, and passed through the village of Mansthorpe, dispensing joy and gladness to all around. As he was returning to his home, he observed an old man at work on a stone-heap on the roadside. He immediately ordered his carriage to be stopped, and inquired from his coachman whether he knew anything of the old man, and upon being told that he had always borne a good character for honesty and industry, the noble young earl went up to him, asked his name, and told him to throw down his hammer, for he should break no more stones; took him into his carriage with him, told him that he would allow him one shilling a-day so long as he lived, and a comfortable cottage to dwell in. I admired this beautiful action, and for once really wished that I had been rich, that I might have acted so by old John. It grieved me much to think of such an aged man being compelled to toil on at such cold, hard work as stone-breaking. He had frequently been told that they had better go into the Union; but this was an alternative they both dreaded, for two reasons: they had lived together for more than sixty years, and could not bear to think of being separated; and they would be prevented from attending the chapel and the various means of grace which were so dearly prized, especially by poor old John. So we determined to do what we could to keep them. I called in to see his landlord, as I left his cottage, thanked him for taking them in, and told him that he must not think of turning old John out for any other tenant. He said he could not afford to let him live rent free, and he thought he would not long be able to pay the eighteenpence a-week; and, besides, the cottage was really worth much more than that. I then appealed to his feelings of humanity, laid before him the unblemished character, and deep, uncomplaining poverty of old John, and promised to see him again in a few days. In the interim I called on several families in the neighbourhood, and solicited their help; they kindly responded, and I soon collected nearly thirty shillings. Then I called again on old John's landlord, showed him my list of subscriptions, to which he generously added his name for a small amount. I asked him for a memorandum-book, and further requested that he would put down thirteen weeks' rent in advance, which he accordingly did. I then paid him, and had the book receipted, then carried it into old John's.

When I gave him the book, and explained that he was now rent-free for so long a time, and also gave him three shillings of the money which I had left, tears of deep gratitude rolled down his

happy face, and dropped on the floor. At last, after several attempts to speak, he said, "I cannot thank you, I cannot find words; but I can thank God, and He can, He will reward you tenfold into your own bosom. I have tried and struggled on for a long time, and done all I could to help myself, and when I seemed to have got to the far end, and could do no more, then God took the matter into His own hands, and has helped us far better than we could have helped ourselves. Yes!

'I'll praise Him while He lends me breath.'

He hath sent you to keep us alive as it is this day."

As compared with some time past, old John was now tolerably comfortable. An interest was awakened in the neighbourhood in behalf of the good old man. Until now, no one had taken the trouble to inquire into his case, and from his constantly cheerful and uncomplaining demeanour, none suspected the extreme privations to which he was subject.

Two ladies kindly promised to give him sixpence a week each, in addition to what we were giving, and requested me to direct him to call on them every Monday; and from time to time they kindly ministered to his wants in other respects. I called on the relieving-officer, and told him of the straitened circumstances of the poor couple, begged him to use his interest in their behalf, and try to have a little added to their weekly pay; pleaded his untainted character and industry, and his increasing infirmities. His heart appeared softened, and he promised to do all he could for him. On coming away, he and his wife begged my acceptance of a very large custard. I thanked them, and carried it in to my old friends for their Saturday afternoon's tea. They were very grateful for it; said they had not tasted one for many years, but would keep it for their dinner on Sunday.

"Life is made up of little things," and all these little things added much to the temporal comfort and present happiness of the worthy pair, and called forth their thankfulness.

The public means of grace, as well as the more private ones, were "wells of salvation," from which the old man did draw with joy of the water of life. His countenance beamed with holy radiance, and his earnest, hearty responses testified of the intelligent devoutness of his spirit. Music, too, had its charms for him. Under the sacred strains poured forth from the organ, he has frequently been melted into tenderness, and big tears, unbidden, have chased each other down his soul-lit countenance.

One evening, as I came down from the orchestra, he was waiting to speak to me. I said, "Well, John, I am glad you are able to be here to-night." "Yes," said he, feelingly, "I am glad, too; it has been good to be here. I am fain to see you. It stirred my spirit within me to listen to the playing and singing. I never heard anything like the last tune. It was grand; it seemed to speak the words of the hymn,—

'His death is my plea, my Advocate He.'

Ah, yes, we need no other! May the Lord bless you, and give you a bright crown yonder." Raising his eyes upwards, he added, "It made me think of the music of heaven; may we all take a part in that." I replied, "John, there are some lines of Charles Wesley's which embody my wish, and are often on my lips, they are these:—

'Mix'd with that bright musician band,
May I a heavenly harper stand,
And sing the song of love,'" etc.

"God grant it!" rejoined the old man, with much fervency.

Allured by the charms of music, some are drawn to the house of God, and the word spoken finds a way to their hearts, and they have yielded themselves to be "saved by grace." An instance of this kind occurred about this time. A man in the village had once enjoyed religion, but was now a backslider, and for some years had not attended any place of worship. He was fond of music and singing, and at length old John succeeded in persuading him to come to chapel to listen to it. He came, and was much pleased. Dur-

ing the week he frequently spoke of it. The following Sunday evening he was there again, and the attractions of music led to the attraction of the Cross. The man mourned over his departure from God, and earnestly supplicated for mercy, and a restoration to His favour. He went home in great distress of mind, and in a few days sent for a pious gentleman to pray with him. He had been taken suddenly ill, and was unable to leave his bed, being prostrated by an attack of typhus fever, which terminated his life in less than a week; but not before God had restored unto him the joys of His salvation. He left behind him a satisfactory testimony that he was gone to be with Jesus.

During a lucid interval, a day or two before his death, he said to the gentleman who visited him, "O, Sir! if I had not gone to chapel to hear the music and singing, I should now have gone to hell, with all the weight of unpardoned sins upon my head. Will you please tell the organist, that the playing of that organ has been the means of saving my soul."

The friend before referred to came again to the neighbourhood on a visit. Together we sought the cottage of the good old man, and were delighted to find that his path was that of "the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day." He recounted God's dealings with him, and thanked us for our kindness, then exclaimed joyfully, "I am come very nearly to the end of my course; I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith, and soon I shall go to claim the crown which is laid up for me. Sometimes I am afraid that I am impatient; I long to depart, and be with Christ; but 'all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.'" We told him that his allowance should be continued, and that we had made arrangements for a person to act as my deputy, as I was leaving the neighbourhood. The old man said, "The will of the Lord be done! He sent you to us as an angel of mercy, to save us alive, and to help us on in our way to heaven; and now He is removing you to another part of His vineyard, to save the lives, and minister to the necessities, of some other poor creatures. We have much to praise Him for; and we must try to bless Him when He takes away, as well as when He gives." And the old man wept.

In a few months old John lost his wife; and having become very feeble, he was glad to find refuge in the Union. Here he sank rapidly. The earthly tabernacle was gently and gradually taken down, and in a short time he passed peacefully away.

"The best Christians are frequently found among the very lowest of the lowly sons of toil, men from whom the highest may be proud to learn." Such a man, and such a Christian, was old John B—, and his well-spent life, and character uprightly maintained, is no mean legacy to leave to the world.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." M. A. W.

THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

We have sometimes seen old Christians sit silent, as if listening to the chantings around the throne, or angel footfalls upon the crystal pavement, and seeming to breathe an atmosphere purer, clearer, and holier, than that of earth. We remember an old woman whose hair was silvered, and shone like autumn dew congealed on leaf, and bud, and spray by a sudden frost, and lit up by the gentle beams of the harvest-moon. She wore a white well-starched cap with a band round it. The borders like a frill encircled her face, and were tied below the chin. She had prayed much in early life, and her features now bore the impress of communion with God. Her mental powers were giving way, but, like the bough which retains the bent it received when a twig, so her mind retained its heavenward tendency, and her wandering talk was about grace and glory, peace and joy, and victory, and heaven. Before her faculties decayed, her character was stereotyped for heaven.

The aged poor are sometimes respected by their children and their children's children, and are placed in the most comfortable corner, and their advice is listened to, and their stories of life's struggles are heard without any sign of weariness. The little ones show their toys, and tell their plans and sorrows to grandmother, and grandmother puts on her spectacles and examines the doll, and gives sage advice as to how it should be dressed; or carefully wraps up in a bandage the finger terribly wounded by a pin. What a blank is left at the fireside when grandmother's chair is empty!

Old soldiers are an interesting class. They love to go in pairs. We have seen one of them meet a comrade accidentally, and heard the mutual inquiries as to what company they had served in, and where they fought. As they found that they were both engaged at Inkermann or Waterloo, we have seen the form bowed with age gradually get erect, and as the incidents of the charge were recounted, the excitement became intense. The glow of satisfaction which spread itself over the features as each recognised in the other a comrade in the grand march to death or victory, was incomprehensible to any but an old soldier.

And old preachers, too, are at least as interesting as old soldiers. We met one of them a while ago, dressed like a genuine Irishman, in the garb of his forefathers. His coat might be in the ministerial cut of Columbkill or Saint Patrick; yet he was cheerful and happy, and preached soul-refreshing sermons till within a few days of his death. Old Ministers, like old soldiers, love to talk of the weary marches, of the charge, the conflict, and the victory. To an old Minister, few things are more cheering than an hour's conversation with some other veteran of the Cross. As they try to count the Ebenezers by the way side, they rejoice "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." But there is one thing even more cheering to an old Minister than the conversation of a companion in arms—the visit of a young recruit. How his heart throbs with delight as he gives him a few lessons in drill, instructs him how to wear his armour and wield his weapons, when to attack and when to retreat; tells him of the difficulties and dangers he is likely to meet with, and then of the encouragements, the wells of water and springs in the desert.

If there is one thing to be admired above another in this world, where everyone seems competing for pre-eminence, it is an old preacher of the Gospel who has stood between the living and the dead for forty or fifty years; "in weariness, in watchings, in labours abundant." Sometimes labouring in a barren soil, with few who cared either for him or his message, standing firm against innovations that would sap the foundations of piety, rejoicing over returning sinners more than over hid treasure, or a returning long-lost child. He is old now, wearied, worn with the din and dust of the battle, but he has never lowered his standard to the foe. When unable to hold the banner erect, he handed it to his sons in the Gospel. If there is anything worthy of admiration anywhere, it is the aged Minister of the Gospel of the blessed God. Tend him gently, give him a warm corner and an easy pillow, and let the Church listen when he speaks.

Belfast. J. M.

THE HISTORY OF A HOME-MISSION CHURCH.

In looking at the history of Methodism in the past, and also at the various places into which it has been introduced, we find that in nearly every case, and in every age, its introduction has been according to one plan. Some one, who having felt a sense of sins forgiven, having in some measure partaken of the spirit of Jesus, and whose heart is full of love for souls, goes out into the villages, or visits some darkened spot, and there in his own simple way speaks to the people of a Saviour's love, or of their need of salvation. The word is clothed with power and listened to with gladness. A Society is formed; regular

preaching services are commenced, and at last the Minister finds his way there to exhort, edify, and comfort the flock. In this way our Churches are formed; very rarely do we find an exception to this rule. The case before us is one exception; its origin is quite different, and its history so remarkable that it cannot fail to interest the people of God.

Stewarton is a busy little town, pleasantly situated in a valley in the northern part of Ayrshire, and distant about five miles from Kilmarnock. For many years it has been celebrated as the centre of the Scotch bonnet trade, an occupation which furnishes employment to nearly all the inhabitants. Previous to the period at which our story commences, Methodism could find no footing in the place, although the town was often visited by its Ministers. At last, God in His providence opened a way of entrance, which being taken advantage of, has proved very successful.

In the town, there is a small Congregational Church, founded and endowed by the late Mr. Cunningham, of Lainshaw, lord of the manor. This gentleman was brought to the Lord through the agency of a Wesleyan Minister, and during the remainder of his life rejoiced in being called a Wesleyan-Methodist. His name is well known as the author of a number of works on the Millennium and the Second Advent of Christ. During his lifetime he, in person, attended to the pastoral and pulpit work of the little flock, offering to the people a full, free, and present salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. A short time previous to his death, he inducted into the pastorate a man in every way capable of being his successor, both by learning and ability, also making provisions for his support by setting apart a portion of his estate, the rental of which was to support the Minister.

For some time previous to the summer of 1867, misunderstandings were continually arising between the pastor and people. These culminated towards the latter part of that year in a division of the Church. At a congregational meeting, called for the transaction of business, matters were so conducted that three-fourths of the members rose *en masse* and left the church, determined never to return. Upon the next and succeeding Sabbaths the malcontents met in a hall, where a simple service was conducted by two of their number. Being thus left as sheep without a shepherd, they began to look about for a Minister, whilst yet undecided as to what section of the Church they would join. In their wanderings, they were directed to apply for aid and advice to the Rev. J. Drake, Chairman of the District, who happened at that time to be on an official visit to the Ayr Circuit. The doctrines which they loved, and to the expounding of which they had always listened, being similar to those held by the Wesleyans, and their old friend, Mr. Cunningham, having been a Wesleyan, they were prepared to look upon the counsel with favour. A deputation was appointed, and at once waited upon Mr. Drake. After they had stated their case, and promised to make suitable provisions for the support of a young Minister, Mr. Drake promised to render them what assistance he could, and, if possible, provide them with a preacher. The services of a young man from the President's list of reserve were secured. He entered upon his work with the understanding that as the thing was altogether an experiment, and the materials upon which he had to operate were of the most inflammatory character, should he fail to organize them into a Methodist Church, the blame was not to rest upon him.

Upon his arrival in Stewarton in the first week of 1868, the preacher found his work anything but inviting. About seventy-five persons were met together, desiring to be formed into a Church, but altogether ignorant of Wesleyan polity or usages; not one of them knowing anything of the system which they were willing to adopt, except that it offered salvation to all. The memory of the past quarrel was still fresh in

their minds, rendering them excited, and making them doubly suspicious of any one who would try to touch their rights, or take from them the power they considered as belonging to themselves. To form them into a Church, or to introduce any discipline, was a difficult task. Often did the preacher feel as if all were going, the reins slipping from his hands, and all his plans frustrated. The first Sunday's services were conducted under most disadvantageous circumstances; but the congregations were good, and the Word received with gladness. The first week was spent in gaining a personal acquaintance with the people at their homes; here the preacher received a cordial welcome, every one expressing a readiness to do all he could.

After having seen the ground upon which he had to work, the young man determined to begin in earnest. The second Sunday was marked by the commencement of a Sabbath-school, Minister's Bible-class, and Sabbath evening prayer-meeting. The last-mentioned was commenced under great difficulties. The people had not been wont to pray in public. Like many others, upon the Minister they depended for both preaching and praying. Remembering the power of prayer not only in bringing a blessing upon the pulpit ministration, but also in preparing the minds of the people to receive the truth into sincere hearts, the preacher was desirous to set on foot this means of grace. After the evening service a hymn was given out, but no one offered prayer. Determined not to be beaten, the preacher again led the devotions. He prayed three times, at last pronounced the benediction, and permitted the friends to retire to their homes. Thus ended the first prayer-meeting. Next morning, when visiting some of the friends, he was informed that a deputation was about to wait upon him to ask him not to continue the prayer-meetings until they had learned to pray. At once the preacher replied: "The sooner they learn the better, as I purpose praying them into a praying spirit." The deputation never appeared, and before the next Sunday arrangements were made with a few who promised to take part in the meetings. Every Sunday evening the greater part of the congregation waited for the hour of prayer, and we believe these meetings were made the source of blessings to many souls. Cottage prayer-meetings were commenced. In these the members were trained to pray audibly in the larger meeting. The congregations increased, until the hall became too small, although capable of seating four hundred people. Often numbers had to go away unable to gain a standing.

The greatest task was still in store. No Methodist Church can exist without all the appliances of Methodism; no Church is Methodistic unless it have the Class-meeting in full operation. This the preacher knew, but the difficulty with him was how to introduce this peculiarity of Methodism. When they applied to Mr. Drake for help, they knew nothing of this means of grace, never for a moment suspecting that such a thing existed in the Church of their adoption. If they had known what it was, it might have altered their course. To them it was something new, and the hasty introduction of it might have defeated its purpose. After labouring among them for six weeks, the preacher considered that the time had come for introducing the subject. He explained the nature of the Class-meeting, and advised its adoption. At once he found himself beset by opposition; some considered that it savoured of Popery, while others looked upon it as impracticable through the want of individuals qualified by the Spirit of God to lead them. To overturn the first objection, and give them correct ideas of what it was, he met the whole Church as one class, speaking to each one about the concerns of the soul. When all was ready, he divided the members into classes, and had men appointed as leaders. Through the introduction of the class a few were lost, but those who were steadfast acknow-

ledged the benefit they derived from holding converse with each other. One said, "Previous to the introduction of the class amongst us, I felt I wanted something in my religious life; what that was I could never say; but when I listened to you leading the Church as one class, I saw at once the thing I needed,—it was Christian communion."

Meanwhile, March was approaching. It was necessary, if they purposed at the ensuing Conference to request the services of a stated Minister, that some arrangements should be made and submitted to the March Quarterly Meeting of some Circuit. Here another difficulty arose. The members felt that if they had to support a Minister themselves, without receiving any aid, and pay a rental for the hall in which they worshipped, their resources would be overmatched. During that year trade was very bad, and all the families were feeling the straits of poverty. If only some fund were in existence which would help them until they were firmly consolidated, then their way would be clear. The preacher considered there was a possibility of the Home-Mission Fund rendering some help. A meeting of the members was convened, to whom he stated the conditions of the fund. At once a load seemed to be lifted from them; every face brightened; they thought that there was a chance of help. The matter was fully discussed. A resolution was proposed, and adopted by all, binding themselves to agree to the terms of that fund, if the Conference would give them a Minister. With this resolution in their hands, the office-bearers repaired to the Quarterly Meeting of the Ayr Circuit, and requested that meeting to forward their petition to the District Meeting.

Whilst waiting for the meeting of Conference, although to a great extent their future was uncertain, the members were not idle. They proved themselves to be possessed of a true missionary spirit, heartily entering into open-air services and cottage prayer-meetings, showing that they were anxious for the prosperity of Zion. The Conference met, their prayer was heard, a Minister was appointed to labour amongst them.

The labours of the young man were drawing to a close. The evening previous to his departure, a few friends met together to say good-bye to him. The meeting took the form of a love-feast, the first love-feast held in Stewarton. The testimonies borne there to the goodness of God were encouraging. One said: "I never knew the power of religion till the Methodists came to Stewarton in the beginning of this year." Said another: "These last eight months have been the happiest part of my life." Another spoke as follows: "I'll never forget the death of our little Tom. Whilst our Minister was saying a few words at the funeral, I determined to give my heart to God: I have never been sorry I did it." Many more who spoke showed what the Lord had done for them, all evidencing that the seed had not been scattered in vain.

Three years have gone since that time. The young Church has not been without its trials. The pruning-time came, and many who in the heat of excitement became members, have gone back to their old place; whilst others, we are afraid, have not only forsaken the Church, but also their God. During that time the labours of God's servants have been blessed to many souls. Although mourning over the withdrawal of upwards of a score of the first members, yet they rejoice that the number has been more than made up by the ingathering of men and women who love Methodism, and who are trying to find their way to heaven.

The Methodists in Stewarton have done well. Not contented with worshipping in a hall, they determined to have a church. They felt that they never could make any great progress whilst they had no sanctuary of their own. Their wishes are now realized. On September 7th, 1871, they dedicated to God's service a neat, substantial stone structure, capable of accommodating four hundred persons, and costing nearly seven

hundred pounds. The opening services were conducted by the Rev. G. S. Rowe, of Edinburgh. It was a day long to be remembered as one of rejoicing and gladness. It is our sincere prayer that the newly-dedicated place may be the birthplace of many souls.

T. J. M'C.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

We stand upon the threshold of the year,
So full of strange enfolded mysteries;
For God omnipotent, the Good, the Wise,
Wraps all in mistiness; yet still we fear
To plant our foot upon the future near:
Timid to traverse what before us lies,
For veilèd things seem harsh to human eyes,
Which oft are pleasant when they do appear.
Then, doubting heart, grasp firm again the Hand
Which hitherto hath led thee; through the door
Pass trustingly, so shall the dark cloud-land
Illumined be thy timorous steps before;
And all the dreaded mysteries shall prove
But blessings of a kind Dispenser's love.

Uttoxeter. M. A. H.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE.

A PLAN FOR DAILY BIBLE-READING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

DECEMBER.

Day.	MORNING. *To be read together.*		EVENING. *To be learned.*	
6.	Psalm cix.	Acts i. 12—26	1 John iii. 11—15	Isaiah xxxii.
7.	Isaiah ii. 1—3; Joel ii. 28—32	ii.	16—20	Acts iii.
8.	Psalm ii.	iv.	21—24	v.
9.	John xv. 18—27; xvi. 1—13	vi.	To be recalled	vii.
10.	Matt. x. 16—33	viii.	1 John iv. 1—6	ix.
11.	John x. 16; Isaiah liv. 1—8	x.	7—11	xi.
12.	Psalm xliv.	Romans viii. 35—39	12—16	xii.
13.	Isai. xlix. 1—6	Acts xiii.	17—21	xiv.; Isaiah xlix. 7—12
14.	lxv. 1—5, 13—16; Amos ix. 11, 12	xv. 1—29	To be recalled	xxv.; Acts xv. 30—41; xvi. 1—12
15.	Acts xvi. 13—40	Philip. i. 1—8, 27—30	1 John v. 1—4	Revelation i.
16.	xvii. 1—13	1 Thessalonians ii.; Philip. iv. 15, 16	5—8	ii.
17.	14—34	1 Thessalonians iii.	9—12	iii.
18.	xviii.	2 Corinthians xi. 1—15; xii. 12, 13	13—16	iv., v.
19.	xix.	Ephesians ii. 11—17	17—21	vi.
20.	xx.	Revelation ii. 1—4	To be recalled	vii., viii.
21.	Luke vi. 20—26	Acts xxi.	Psalm li. 1—5	ix., x.

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE, *continued.*

Day.	MORNING. *To be read together.*	*To be learned.*	EVENING.
22.	Acts xxii. Ephesians iii. 1—8	Psalm li. 6—10	Revelation xi.
23.	xxiii. 2 Cor. iv. 8—18	11—15	xii.
24.	xxiv. v. 10—15	16—19	xiii.
25.	xxv. 2 Timothy ii. 8—13	To be recalled	xiv.
26.	xxvi. Philippians iii. 4—11	Jude 1—4	xv., xvi.
27.	xxvii. Romans i. 13—16	5—8	xvii.
28.	xxviii. Philippians i. 12—26	9—12	xviii. xix. 1—10
29.	Philemon ii. 14—30	13—16	11—21 xx.
30.	2 Timothy i. 2 Timothy iv. 5—18	17—20	xxi.
31.	2 Peter i. 2 Peter iii. 1—14	21—25 To be recalled	xxii.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

JOHN FIELDEN.

JOHN FIELDEN was born in Walsden, July 1st, 1804. His mother was a Wesleyan-Methodist. Her godly example and pious counsels were, under God, the means of bringing about religious decision in him.

At a very important period in his history, when just entering upon the duties and responsibilities of married life, she, with unusual earnestness, urged him to get religion. Her words sank deep into his soul. The voice within, and all the voices from without, seemed to follow up his mother's pleadings, and urge in loud and still louder tones the important advice,—get religion; and very soon he became quite absorbed with thoughts of his own sinfulness, and the claims of God upon his service and love. Day and night, indoors and out, he sought repentance with tears.

At length his sorrow was turned into joy, for God spoke peace to his soul one evening while wrestling with Him in prayer under the shade of a forest that skirted his dwelling-place. Most rapturous were his emotions then, and loud and long his ascriptions of praise to the God of his salvation. But instantly a temptation threw its shadow for a moment across his happy spirit. How, thought he, shall I meet my companions in sin, who are at this moment waiting for me in the village? In an instant his decision was formed: "I will go right into the midst of them, and at the commencement of my Christian career will make a bold stand for Christ;" and he did so. He walked right through their midst, on his way to the house of God, and so the snare was broken for ever.

He joined the Lane-bottom Society, was soon made a Class-leader, and having felt drawings from above, with reference to the work of preaching the Gospel, at the call of the Church he was made a Local-preacher, and as such went round the Todmorden Circuit. Prayer-meetings were his delight. He travelled many miles, up steep mountains and over rugged roads, night after night, and morning after morning, to attend the various cottage prayer-meetings that were then held in that neighbourhood.

He not only loved to commune with God in the presence of His people, but he loved much to be alone with God, and would often pour out his soul in prayer to Him in the fields, lanes, woods, and

on the mountains around his humble home. And there he received that inspiration which nature gives to devout souls. The meandering stream and warbling song-bird seemed to mingle with his praises, and heaven's high vault overhead furnished him with such ideas respecting the sublimity, wisdom, and goodness of God as mightily assisted him in his devotions. There are those still living in that district who have known the various parts of that rural neighbourhood to echo with his voice when thus engaged in holy communion with God. His daily walk at this time was altogether as becometh a Christian. Those who knew him best then speak of him as the most consistent Christian they ever knew.

As his family increased, it became necessary for him to look out for increased means of support, so he removed to Bacup in the spring of 1839, and there he remained for thirty years. During all that time he sustained the offices of Class-leader and Local-preacher in the Bacup Circuit.

In conducting religious services, his manner was earnest and full of animation. It was stated by the Superintendent of the Bacup Circuit at the last Quarterly Meeting he attended, that no class in the Circuit was in a better spiritual state than John Fielden's.

Christ crucified was the chief theme of his pulpit discourses. His style was the practical and experimental. His ministrations were often attended with great spiritual power. As in his former Circuit, he still took great delight in prayer and prayer-meetings. He daily repaired many times to his closet to pray, and daily conducted family worship in his house. He was diligent in his attendance upon the means of grace, both Sundays and week-days. He ever felt them to be times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

As a visitor of the sick and dying, he was much thought of, and much sought after, in the immediate neighbourhood in which he resided. He never refused to minister, as he was able, to the spiritual necessities of the large numbers who applied to him, both day and night, in times of sickness and of trouble; and often, uninvited, he would search out such cases, in order that by any means he might save and comfort some. There are hundreds of houses in that neighbourhood in which he has offered prayer. He has visited scores of individuals in their dying moments; and as the departing spirit has spread out its pinions for an eternal flight, he has exhibited to it those rich provisions of grace which God has made in the Gospel of His Son, with all that earnestness and faithfulness which was demanded by an occasion so solemn and momentous.

He was a man of transparent honesty and unimpeachable integrity. He was a great lover and a great promoter of peace. He seldom suffered his own tranquillity of mind to be disturbed. He took his troubles to the Throne of Grace, and left them there, thus proving the truth of God's Word, which says, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." And in all his dealings with others, he strove to carry out the apostolic injunction, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." His cheerful piety and godly walk won for him the esteem of all who knew him; and when he left Bacup, and removed to Accrington, nine months prior to his death, his loss was greatly felt in the Society and Circuit, but more especially in that part of the town in which he had lived so long, and laboured so usefully.

The following extract from a letter to the Rev. James Carr, (who preached his funeral sermon,) by one of the Ministers of the Accrington Circuit, will show in what esteem he was held during his short stay in that town.

"Dear Sir,

"In my Superintendent's absence, I feel it my duty to take notice of Brother John Fielden's death, and to express the esteem which was felt for him by all to whom he became known during his short sojourn amongst us.

As a Class-leader, his kind and fatherly counsels were much prized by every member of his class; and as a Local-preacher he was everywhere welcome. His voice was a very familiar one in our weekly Band-meetings. To sum up all in a few words, he will be much missed for a long time. And while we submit to His will before Whom all things bend, we do not the less regret the somewhat sudden departure of one who was much beloved amongst us.

"Yours, etc.,

"EDWARD R. EDWARDS."

His friends observed in him for many weeks past very marked indications of failing health, and he seemed himself to have a presentiment that his end was near. He threw out many hints to that effect in the Class-meeting and in other places; and it was noticed that of late he had increased power in communing with God, and that he manifested an intenser zeal for God's glory. God in all this was mercifully ripening him for the coming change.

He was only laid aside ten days prior to his death, which was brought about by an attack of bronchitis. He was calm and peaceful all through his illness. When asked if he thought he was about to die, he replied, "I am quite prepared either to live or die, just as the Lord shall will it." Many brethren in Christ visited him in his illness, and he greatly enjoyed their company, and heartily responded to their prayers. He assured all who visited him that he had no fear of death, because all was right with God. Sometimes his mind for a time was unbalanced; but even in his wanderings, spiritual things were uppermost. Once, in an ecstasy of soul, he quoted the triumphant language of the Apostle, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." He passed into the spirit-world, without a struggle, on Wednesday, December 28th, 1870. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. James Carr, in Mount-Pleasant chapel, Bacup, on Sunday evening, January 8th, 1871. A very large congregation assembled to join in a service which will be long remembered as a season of unusual spiritual profit. J. F.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR DECEMBER, 1871.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1871.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Nov. 27	7 37	3 58	4 27a	3 11m	6 33a	7 46a	6 8a
Dec. 7	7 51	3 52	4 48	3 24	6 35	7 4	5 33
17	8 1	3 52	5 13	3 42	6 39	6 20	4 59
27	8 6	3 57	4 59	4 4	6 44	5 34	4 26

PHASES OF THE MOON.

5th, Last Quarter .... 6h. 46m. morn.	18th, First Quarter .. 8h. 41m. after.
12th, New Moon ..... 4h. 2m. morn.	26th, Full Moon..... 9h. 35m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Dec. 12th ..... 3h. after., Perigee;	distance	221,933 miles.
,, 26th .....10h. after., Apogee;	,,	252,510 ,,
Mean distance for the month		237,222 ,,

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

December 1st, 1871	90,363,060 miles.
January 1st, 1872.....	90,138,720 „
Decrease of distance for the month	224,340 „

The *Sun* will be totally eclipsed on the morning of the 12th. The axis of the dark shadow touches the Earth at 2h. 22m. Greenwich mean time in longitude sixty-one degrees east of Greenwich, and latitude nineteen degrees north; touches the island of Ceylon, on the north, at 2h. 30m.; Sumatra, on the south, at 3h. 18m.; enters Australia toward the north at 4h. 35m., and leaves it at 5h. 9m.; and touches the Earth finally at 5h. 45m. near the Equator, about one hundred and seventy-eight degrees west longitude. The greatest duration of the total Eclipse in any given place will not exceed 4m. 22s.; at Ceylon, it will last about 2m. 15s.; at Sumatra, 3m. 50s.; at the point where it enters Australia, 4m. 11s., and where it leaves, 3m. 26s. Parties will be stationed at different points near the line of Central Eclipse, to observe the various features of the phenomenon. At present the interest chiefly centres in the *Corona*, which can only be seen during the total darkness.

The Sun will be in the winter solstice on the 22d, at 5h. 59m. morn., and in perigee on the 31st, at 5h. 47m.

The *Moon* will be close to Jupiter and Uranus on the afternoon of the 1st, and again on the evening of the 28th. On the afternoon of the 8th, she will be near Venus; and at noon of the 13th, near Saturn and Mercury.

Mercury will be at its greatest distance from the ecliptic, southward, a little before noon on the 5th. It will be near Saturn on the morning of the 12th. On the 13th, at two in the afternoon, it will be occulted by the Moon with reference to some parts of the Earth. On the morning of the 16th, it attains its greatest eastern elongation, twenty degrees. On the 23d it will be stationary; afterwards the motion becomes retrograde. It will be in the plane of the ecliptic going northwards on the 24th; and on the morning of the 29th, it will be at the point of its orbit nearest to the Sun.

Venus is the morning star. It is near Spica at the beginning of the month, and its progress eastward may be easily noticed night after night with reference to that star. On the morning of the 6th, it will be at its greatest elongation from the Sun, forty-seven degrees westward, when the form will be a semicircle, situated as is the Moon at the end of her third quarter. On the morning of the 14th, it will be in perihelion. The diameter diminishes during the month from twenty-six to nineteen seconds.

Mars may be seen low in the south-west early in the evenings. On the 13th, it sets just as Jupiter rises. It will be at its greatest distance southward from the plane of the ecliptic on the evening of the 16th; and on the 30th, it will be at its least distance from the Sun. It is too low to be examined with advantage.

Jupiter is within a degree and a half of *Uranus* on the 1st. Both are moving westward among the fixed stars, Jupiter not so slowly as Uranus, so that the apparent distance amounts to three degrees at the end of the month. The apparent diameter increases from forty-four to forty-six seconds, and a magnifying power of between forty and fifty makes it appear as large as the Moon does to the naked eye. The transits of the satellites across the disc of the planet possess a considerable interest, from the fact that several observers think they have seen on some occasions a great change in the light of the satellite whilst crossing. This hint is thrown out for the benefit of those of our readers who have access to good telescopes, and have leisure to examine this glorious system.

Saturn is low, and sets early in the evening.

INDEX.

A curious prayer, 207
A Methodist miner, 276
A Methodist rural gathering, 266
A simile, 154
"A tale that is told:" Meditations for the New Year, 7
A tract-distributor's report, 59
A visit to Aldershot, 43
An aged widow's experience, 346

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES: 31, 63, 95, 127, 159, 191, 223, 255, 287, 319, 351, 381

Belfast: a walk from Peter's-hill to Smithfield, Saturday night, 208
"Beloved," 326
Binding fagots, 12

Caution and recklessness, 339
Christ "the Brightness" of the Father's "Glory," 249
Christian conversation, 101
City musings: trifles, 22
Classification of coughs, 87
Class-meeting, regularity at the, 47
Concerning work, 184

Derby, early Methodism in, 55
Difficulty at death, 252

Etheridge, Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Ph.D., 48

Faith and prayer triumphant, 139
Female prayer-meetings, 202
Forsaken gold-diggings, 215
Found among the crowd, 106
Fragrant footprints, 103
Freaks of a much-desired deceiver, 362

GOOD SAYINGS: Self-surrender in prayer; the accuser of the brethren; God in nature, 15—Religion and morality; Christ's presence in the Sacraments; Self-questioning; Good manners, 47

GREAT CHARACTERS FROM HUMBLE LIFE: John Williams, 19—Samuel Leigh, 53, 83—Richard Watson, 115—Dr. Adam Clarke, 147—John Hunt, 166, 213—Conclusion, 246

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES:
A native African's tour in the West of England, 368
Ailsa Craig, 161
Amalfi, 112
Amsterdam, 336
Arndt, John, 304
Belfast, 208
Breedon Church, and its associations, 257
Crowland Abbey, 16
Dunbar, 80
Glencoe, 176
Guebwiller, near Strasbourg, 129
Jerusalem, 3
Leighton, Archbishop, 353
Pensance Bay, 144
Providential Deliverances of Wesleyan Ministers in Australasia, 33, 71, 97, 225, 321
Saarbrück, 289
Sunday afternoon with the children, 193
The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, 272
Warren Hastings, 240
Whitecross-Street Christian Mission, 65
Youngwoods, the birthplace of the Rev. John Wesley Etheridge, M.A., Ph.D., 48

Inside a gaol, 238
"It is only my way," 173

John R—, the stone-breaker of L—, 340, 370

La Harpe, 280
Ladies' appetites three hundred and fifty years ago, 127
Legacies to children, 105

LESS DISTINGUISHED NAMES IN THE WORD OF GOD: I. Eliezer of Damascus: the "good and faithful servant," 36—II. Amram and Jochebed, 74 — III. Bezaleel and Aholiab, workers for God, 137—IV. Othniel, 164 — V. Barsillai, 234—VI. Araunah the Jebusite, 274 — VII. Shemaiah the prophet, 327—VIII. Shallum and his daughters, 358

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved," 143

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED:
Allin, Mr. William, 254
Blamey, Mr. William, 92
Bustin, Mr. John, 284
Fielden, Mr. John, 379
Hall, Mr. John, 127
Helliwell, Mr. Joseph, 27
R—, Ellen, 60
Roseveare, Mr. Thomas, 316
Smith, Mr. Thomas, 158
T—, Mary, 189
Tapson, Mr. William, 350
Tennant, Mr. Henry, 221

Methodism, the magnitude of, 14—Early Methodism in Derby, 55—Methodism and the age, 152
My last week's work for Jesus, 141
My Motto—"Ready!" 9

New-Zealand, a trip to the Kaipara and the Albert-Land Settlement, 166, 267, 300, 329

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS:
Blanshard's "Life of Samuel Bradburn," 190
Father Hyacinthe, 223
Green's "Hints and Helps for Teachers and Parents," 95
Huston's "Sketches from my Note-Book," 318
Langley's "Life on the Waves; or, Memorials of Captain George Leonard," 94
Lelièvre's "John Wesley: His Life and his Work," 190
Maclaren's "Pattern of Service," 286
Moister's "History of Wesleyan Missions," 94
Prest's "Witness of the Holy Spirit," 286
Richmond's "Annals of the Poor," 319
Rippon's "Popular Literature of Ritualism," 287
Wesley his Own Biographer, 223
Workman's "Duties of Wesleyan Stewards," 286

Paris, earliest historical notices of, 24, 50
Phemmy's Bible, 236

POETRY:
A living monument, 48
An old epitaph, 27
Bethesda, by Charles Churchill, 206
Celestial scenery, by F. M. Keeling, 174
Far away, 16
Full satisfaction, by Mary Baskin, 348
"I know that my Redeemer lives," by Mary Baskin, 347
Israel in the Wilderness, by the Rev. Jabez Marrat, 125
Lines on the death of Mr. William Blamey, 93
May: a sonnet, 144
Morning, 281
New-year's eve, 378
On receiving a small bunch of hawthorn in bloom, 144
Ransomed, 303
Sonnet, 208
Sonnet, by Sarson, 15
"Taught of God," 155
The brotherhood of the universe, by F. M. Keeling, 336
The cocoa-nut tree. 136
The Mages, by Miss Patmer, 366
"The morning cometh," 240
The postman's life, by Edward Caparn, 252

POETRY, *continued*:
"The reformed pastor," by S. Joll, 80
The snow, by the Rev. W. D. Tyack, 57
The Valley of Baca, 90
The wayside watcher, 272
Walking in darkness, by Alice Almond, 314
What did Jesus do? by the Rev. David Jamieson, B.A., 110

Preaching, 109
Providential Deliverances of Wesleyan Ministers in Australasia, 33, 71, 97, 225, 321

Results postponed yet certain, 41

Saving faith, in its relation to the Word of God and the Christian life, 200

SCRIPTURE COMPARED WITH SCRIPTURE: a plan for Daily Bible-Reading throughout the year, 28—January, 30—February, 62—March, 91—April, 125—May, 157—June, 158, 188—July, 189, 220—August, 221, 253—September, 254, 282, October, 283, 315—November, 316, 348—December, 350, 378
Self-included retribution, 205
Sheep's clothing easily soiled, 170
Some account of the conversion of a Russian Jew, 119, 149
Star-dust, 347
Studies from the Acts of the Apostles: Stephen, 76, 104
Stumbling-blocks or stepping-stones, 295
Submerged islands, 243

TABULAR RECORD OF MORTALITY: 64, 192
Tea making, hints on, 366
The beauty of old age, 373
The Bible, the only rule of faith, 356
The captain and the Jew, 314
The collier's widow, 182
The glory of decay, 10
The history of a Home-Mission Church. 374
The lapidary's art, 311
The life-boat, 251
The lost treasure. 45
The Moorland poet: George Heath, 262
The persecuted Methodist widow, 346
The rise of English Nonconformity, 360
The sceptic and the Christian, 290
The story of my life, 306
"The Valley of Baca," 88
The way to hell blocked up with prayers, 344
Thoughts on national education, 38
Three odd preachers, 84
Toilers and talkers, 278
Tongataboo, 133

Waste, 250
"What is your life?" 27

FINIS

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.